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Houlka
Yesterday
Today

by Brad Harrill Reed.

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H O U L K A

Y E S T E R D A Y T O D A Y

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APRIL, 1914

HOULKA, MISSISSIPPI

TO MY FRIENDS,
WHO FREELY AND CHEERFULLY AIDED IN THE
PREPARATION OF THESE PAGES,
AND
TO HOULKA, THE PLACE OF MY BIRTH,
THIS VOLUME IS HAPPILY AND
LOVINGLY DEDICATED

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Rad Harrill Reed.



Writing a Letter.

Typewriting Manuscript
Houlka Yesterday Today

The Happiest Boy on Earth.

INTRODUCTION



HAVE no apologies to make—nothing to offer but thanks to my friends for the help they have rendered in the preparation of this book. It is finished and I am happy. My appreciation has no limit for all the kindly wishes for success of the book and for those who gave me valuable suggestions as to its mechanical makeup. The keynote of the book is a desire to perpetuate the life story of the Houlika people—and they are the best on earth—to boost the town—to make it one big harmonious family. Along that line I have done my best—read the book and tell me what you think. It may help me to write another about you if you will show me my faults in this one. I expect it to be criticised—that is human nature. Just at the last moment I can see dozens of places where a bit more study would make it appear better—but it must go to press.

With the letters received from the “Hoo’s Hoo” I have tried to give each man credit for all that he has accomplished and maybe a tiny bit more. Some of the letters left me to “imagine the rest” and you will notice from the length of each “writeup” that it is according to the outline I received and to the real facts of the man. Much of the data I had to gather from friends or “think it up” myself and so I have written the book without one thought of partiality—although some may think so. It was my plan at first to give each man a long “story,” but so many new men kept “jumping up” I had to cut them shorter than I wished them to be. Therefore the longer articles written herein were typed several weeks ago.

Here it is. If you want to fight about anything I have said—wait until I get there. Remember, I can’t walk. To everybody who reads these lines, I love you and wish you the richest blessings of a happy life.

Happily yours,

RAD HARRILL REED.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

There are 1,455 names of people mentioned in this book—look closely and you may find yours—if you cannot find it, I’m sorry, for I tried to remember everybody and his cousin. If you want another copy, write me.

HISTORY OF HOULKA SINCE 1835



N the year 1812, Andrew Jackson cut a road from Nashville southward, called the Natchez Trace, running through the vicinity of the future-to-be town of Houlika. To be exact, it runs a few feet west of the James F. Brown home one mile east of the old Houlika cross roads and down between the old Walker farm and the old Isbell place, on and on to Natchez, where Jackson and his soldiers rowed to New Orleans on rafts and in dugouts.

Twenty-three years later an Indian Agency was established between old Houlika and the farm now owned by J. W. Hamilton. Settlers began to come in. The first large house was built by the Isbells one and one-half miles south of present old town in 1837. A few months later, the first permanent home in the limits of old Houlika was erected by Warren Harrill. Three thousand acres of the Indian land was bought by this man and his brother, William Harrill, from Tum-hic-pa-ah under a government patent on January 25, 1836, where the present old and new town stands, the first real store being run by these men in the front yard of the present Harrill home, followed by the big Grange two-story store of Thompson & Hobson and later owned by W. H. Griffin.

All the land in those days of '35 and '36 was owned by the Chickasaws and Choctaws, living in peaceful plenty and with great respect for the palefaces. In 1837 they moved westward, looking for better fields of maize and game. Many arrowheads, beads, pieces of pottery and old graves can yet be found near the fish pond just southeast of the present James M. Harris home. A small stream running west of the present new town was named by the Indians "Houlika," and from that the town gets its name. Pronounced "Houlker," not "Hulky," or "Hulkie." Neither is it "Houlk," nor "Haulka." Think of the word "wool" rhyming with the first four letters of Houlika—"Houl" and then you have it. Curious, but it is home. The meaning is "low water" or "low land," exactly in agreement with the topography of the town. Many differ as to the correctness of this meaning; but the "low" nature of the land bears out the above definition.

Benjamin Bugg was the first man to represent this section in the Mississippi Legislature in 1837. Tom Ivy and Charlie Gates were the wealthy men of the County, along with John C. Holladay, who came from Nashville with a big bunch of slaves and cleared all the land from the Agency to the Taylor Marion home.

After the Grange came the stores of Savely, Sadler, Rockett, Mayo, Towrey, Thompson Bros., Baskin & Brown, Haney and Green. The postmasters were W. A. Harrill, W. H. Griffin, W. H. Savely, L. O. Towrey, Mac Abernethy, J. W. H. Baskin and J. S. Thompson. The latter being the present efficient and popular incumbent.

In those days everybody was a "fiddlin' po' soul." Not a week passed but what some home invited the younger people to come and dance until the daylight hours. The steps, flings, and jigs that those boys and girls cut back in the nights of the long ago would put to shame the modern twists and twirls, the wriggles and hesitations, the tango trottings, and all the rest of the crazy squirms of the poverty clothed limbs and bodies, so universally indulged in among the "society elite." Nothing in the way of old-time dances or parties can be heard of in this day of "grabbin' dollars." The social element is about gone. Box parties, and all the innocent games of snap, spinning pan, thimble and cross questions and crooked answers are relegated to the heaps of oblivion—even a little party of tots together for a happy evening, is seldom seen anywhere. Now it is Clubs, Circles, Literary Societies and other "flamboodies" where the guest goes in the front door with the latest salute and a wafer; passes on to the alphabet of a punch bowl; hears some one kill a piano and then out the back door with another wafer in her hand and with profuse words of "enjoyed herself" in her mouth. The old freedom is gone—too much stiffness about the host and hostess as they try to carry out plans, arranged a month ago, with their guests. About the only relief

is "refreshments," and then you have to nibble on them with careful precision and a fear that you are opening your mouth too wide or eating from the wrong side of the dish.

But back to Houlka. Among the later settlers in the old town were the DeLashmets, Marions, Walkers, Boyds, Saxons, Savelys, Moores, Steens, Browns, Astons, Harrises, and the Flemings. More and more came on until the little village boasted of a population of 104 for 25 years. If one died, another was born, and if one moved away, another moved in. Everything was harmonious—mayors and marshals were a nuisance—the people lived as neighbors should. Cotton was carried to Okolona for clothing and groceries. Rosenbaum, Parchman Bros. and Cole of that town made thousands of dollars from the trade of the Houlka farmers. For many miles around and from the jungles of Calhoun, wagon after wagon carried hundreds of bales to this market on the famous Mobile & Ohio railroad. At times there would be fifty or sixty wagons with from one to a dozen bales each going by Houlka to Okolona, sixteen miles to the east. To the boys of the town it was a thrill to see and hear the driver of a twelve-bale ox wagon stand on the top of the cotton and double pop his long rawhide whip with the perfect skill of the old-time punchers. Every boy tried it when he went home and generally succeeded in wrapping the whip in a few welts around his neck or legs. To make a trip to Okolona on a bale of cotton in those days was the greatest joy of the small boy's life—for Okolona was heaven, where candy, bananas and soda pop abounded. When nearing the town the boy's heart beat fast in the ecstasies of expectation—smoke from the trains he had never seen, and large houses loomed glorious on the horizon. When would he get there? The latter part of the long trip seemed an age. Trembling with the thrill of the city, he entered—his eyes dancing from side to side—his tongue plying questions by the dozens. Scared to silence was he, when fitted by the clerks in a new suit and shoes. The smell of progress was everywhere, and when a train whistled it thrilled his very soul. Finally he got permission to go down to the bridge and see the long trains of freights and passengers. Switching cars here and there was a revelation, and how much he wished to ride on the red seats of the passenger coaches. Then later on, he took his first ride. Wonders increased as the train sped onward—the conductor was the grandest man in all the world. It seemed almost a dream until the porter called out your station and you, with grip in hand, timidly and blushing followed the ones in front to real earth again and into the arms of your friends and relatives. But that is gone now and we no longer consider Okolona as we did of years gone into the realm of yesterdays. Houlka can boast of the same things, with its big mills and brick stores and railroads.

The young men grew and went out into the world to secure an education. Over 100 left the town to become professional men in the religious and commercial affairs of town, county, state and nation. Houlka being an inland town, and not much of a place for advancement in most of the professions, it was their perfect right to seek fame elsewhere. Therefore, Houlka is proud of all the children that she so carefully reared into manhood and sent with her blessings into a busy and wonderful world. Six preachers, over a dozen doctors and dentists, fifteen or twenty teachers, merchants, farmers, printers, railroad men, soldiers, bookkeepers, lawyers, pharmacists, lumber men, real estate dealers, traveling salesmen, clerks, bankers, county and state officers, stenographers, photographers, cotton buyers, post masters, baseball players, and many others in almost every profession known in the Southland.

Among the doctors of Houlka since its beginning in 1835, were Drs. Ragsdale, Sadler, Walker, Williams, Caffey, Harris, W. C. Walker, J. C. Walker and J. B. Mitchell, the last three being the present doctors for both old and new Houlka, and for a radius of ten miles and over. We can safely say that they have cured more people with their pellets and powders than they have killed. One good sign that corroborates my assertion is the fact that no cemetery can be found in the limits of the town—four miles being the closest—which speaks volumes in praise of their skill and the general healthfulness of the country.

In 1903, when Houlka was still in quite a state of hibernation, some surveyors pushed through the hills and valleys from the doodle-bug end of the

Gulf & Ship Island Railroad at Pontotoc, and hit old Houlika west of the Baptist church, or to be more exact, just a few feet behind the old home of the Flemings, or a few hundred feet east of the Savely branch. Hopes "riz and fell" and everybody who had land near the survey saw dollars coming their way. Finally a survey was made where the new town now stands, running through the Hobson place, a strip of the Savely estate and on through the old pasture and farm of the Harrills. For eighteen miles it ran straight from Algoma to Houston—cutting the log cabin home of Uncle Charlie Saxon in two parts. Much protest and dissension was caused by the survey; but the officials finally decided on the depot as it now stands—after the company had been given several thousand dollars worth of land as an incentive. Outsiders heard of the new town and at once began to move in. Mr. T. R. Roberts was the first man to put up a store, followed by the drug store builded by O. M. Harrill. The store of Mr. Roberts was burned before he opened the doors for trade. Then followed Mr. J. F. Haney, with a general store, doing thousands of dollars in trade with the railroad people and other inhabitants of the growing town. The home of Mr. T. R. Roberts was the first residence to be erected in the corporate limits. Other stores followed, and then a bank. D. H. Hall was the first president, with O. M. Harrill and Dan S. Johnson as cashier and bookkeeper. Later the bank was moved into its new white brick building on the west corner of the south row of bricks. For several years it has done a fair business with O. M. Harrill as president and R. E. Atwell as the popular cashier. Mr. W. H. Griffin and Mr. T. J. Phillips have been alternate vice-presidents with J. E. Cobb, J. C. Beasley, J. B. Mitchell, J. M. Black, T. R. Roberts, G. W. Stubblefield and others as directors.

The following men were once merchants: J. F. Brown & Son, Powell, Harris Brothers, Westmoreland, Hellums & Fair, Tolliver, Sam Phillips, Stacy Brothers, Easley, Robert Pulliam, Bullard and Andrews. The last two stores were burned in the month of January—Bullard losing every dollar's worth and Andrews saving all but the store. The stores of Lonnie Baskin and Uncle Billy Worrell were saved by the heroic efforts of the scantily clad midnight firemen.

The merchants of the present city are twenty-four in number—every one "there with the goods." Beginning with the postoffice with Thompson Bros., general merchandise, the next on the Jenkins block of brick is J. G. Johnson, with a general line. Then Bird L. Phillips with groceries and furniture, G. W. Stubblefield is next with dry goods and a new stock of groceries. Next is J. A. & A. Williams of general merchandise. South of the Bank are the offices of Drs. Walker and Doyle Stubblefield, and barber shop of Curt Saxon. Going farther south on that row is the office of Jim Shields, then the bakery of T. V. Turner, a tannery, shoe shop and the Thomas Livery Stable. Crossing over and going north, the famous beef market looms up, then the store of W. T. Brown, general merchandise. W. A. Cook, with a fancy line of groceries, follows. The Griffin Drug Store is the last before crossing over to the general store of T. J. Phillips & Sons. Combs & Green are next on the longest row in town. The grocery, hardware and furniture stores of O. M. Harrill, J. C. Beasley, J. E. Cobb and J. M. Black come in next with two big brick houses, one being on the lot formerly occupied by the Baskin two-story furniture store. L. A. Turner follows with a general stock. Howard Roberts is next with an up-to-date restaurant. H. Ashkenaz with dry goods, and Ross Kimbrough, with groceries, are the last of the wooden stores on that row. Three big bricks, first occupied by J. W. Howard & Son, druggists, next by S. S. Stewart, hardware and furniture, and then Gaines dry goods are the last of the west row. On the north row are W. C. Worrell and W. A. Baskin, two stores of fancy groceries. North of this row is the new livery stable of John E. Savely. Passing east, there is the depot, where dry goods, wet goods, groceries, furniture, hardware and drugs can be obtained before five o'clock in the afternoon if you can cough up the freight or express. East of the railroad is the three-story Griffin Hotel, run by Mr. — Johnson, and right north of this building is the small store of W. T. Turner, the one-time mayor of the town. West of T. J. Phillips is the general store of John Luker, and in front of him is the Sam Haney Hotel.

Farther west is the machine shop of John Peden. Then back to the clump of houses near the Thomas Livery are the shops of W. L. Guinn and W. L. Abernethy; the last named being the miller of the town, grinding any day of the week the best meal to be found in the country roundabout. The shop of W. L. Guinn is now in use by Thomas & Flanagan, who are contemplating an electric light plant for the town.

The carpentering trade has been extensively carried on since the beginning by W. L. Guinn, J. F. Brown, J. M. Kirby, Ehren Boyd, Nichols, Smith, Johnson, Pease, J. W. S. Perry, Doc Haney and L. H. Harris. The carpenters of the Houlka long ago were, Hill, Milton Fleming, J. W. Alexander and J. M. Kirby. The latter helping build the old-time boarding house and school building.

The ginners of the old and new towns that have gone out of business were J. W. Winter, Reed & Harrill, New Houlka Planing Mill Company, looked after by Mr. Dodds of New Albany, O. M. Harrill and Williams. Many hundreds of bales being ginned every year now by the present ginners—W. L. Andrews and C. A. Thorn. Mr. Andrews' mill is located a little northeast of the depot, and Mr. Thorn's occupies the old Planing Mill stand. There is great rivalry between them, both doing good work for the money.

At the very beginning of the new town a large lumber mill was established south of town by Hall, Langford & Robinson. The big white oaks, red oaks, gum and poplar went through its saws to the tune of millions of feet. Hundreds of cars loaded with quarter-sawed oak and high class pine were shipped to Northern markets during their stay in Houlka. Comparatively all the timber in the homes of the Houlka people was either sawed or planed by this firm, run under the supervision of R. B. Wessels and John Howard and Jim Shields. Tip Burge being the efficient sawyer. Much fancy lumber was worked up by this company, including banisters, posts and other embellishments for the trimming of a home. Almost at the same time, Robert A. Pulliam erected a modern brick plant just east of the railroad and planing mill. With a dozen sheds and two kilns he manufactured thousands of standard bricks for most of the buildings and chimneys of all the country adjacent to Houlka, shipping many cars to points North and South. Neither of the above mentioned plants are in running order except for the power produced in the old planing mill boiler for ginning purposes. The sheds of the old mill and the land are now owned by O. M. Harrill and the land occupied by the brick mill is owned by J. A. Williams, he having bought it from John Walls.

In the year 1912, plans were begun to establish a big saw mill west of town on the ground of Jefferson Kirby by the Ferguson-Palmer Lumber Company, of Paducah, Ky. It is a company of over a million dollars capital and owns several thousand acres of land and timber in the bottoms west of Houlka. By hard work on the part of two or three of the most progressive men in the town in guaranteeing a right of way, land for plant and a well of everlasting water, the company was finally induced to build their big mill at Houlka. It was work, and work that kept men busy, for the company intended to build either at Gershorn or Wallfield, where they could reach the timber quicker and cheaper by a standard gauge railroad far into the wilds of the Big Lake. Persistency won and after a right of way was secured, only by paying out a large amount of good money, the company began actual construction of plant and track. The well boring was at first a proposition almost impossible—there being so many failures of wells heretofore. A firm from Jackson, Miss., offered to do the work for an enormous amount, guaranteeing 50,000 gallons and over per day or no money demanded. After losing some parts of the drill way down in the land of fire and brimstone and having all kinds of bad luck, the well was finally finished at a depth of 980 feet. Pieces of bone were found 500 feet below the surface, agreeing with the geologist's assertion that this part of the country from Memphis to the Gulf of Mexico was once under water, the land as it is today rising from the tons and tons of sediment and trees that floated down the Missouri, Ohio, Tennessee, Cumberland, Arkansas and Mississippi rivers. The well is still doing its required amount and shows what men can do who know their business a little better than the other fellow. The mill is running full capacity,

cutting upwards of 100,000 feet per day. The engine and cars owned by the lumber men bring in logs every day from the logging stations between mill and lake. Much of the big timber is to be cut into stocks of fifty and sixty feet for the building of ships in the big navy yards of Portsmouth and Annapolis. It is quite an interesting sight to watch the band saws rip through a log in lightning time and to see the "nigger head" move a log with the ease of a man handling a small stick of wood. Donald Palmer, son of the half owner of the firm, is the general manager; George Seats is the sawyer, and Shauflner the yard foreman. The yard already is stacked with pile after pile of high-grade lumber, ready to be shipped at a moment's notice. Concrete walks or tracks help considerably in giving the "dollies" a level run from the live rollers. The building is the most up-to-date piece of work that could be done by skilled hands and plenty of money. Everything is automatic from beginning to end. Even the furnaces are fed saw dust and slabs by a skilful manipulation of machinery. Many families have come into the town since the mill began and over seventy-five houses, some of them of large and modern proportions, have been builded by the company and by men of the town for the homes of these welcome citizens. Instead of the company running a big commissary and a money proposition of their own, they kindly gave to the merchants and the bank all of their business in return for the kindnesses shown them by a few Houlka citizens. The plans of the firm are to stay here at least twenty years and push their track further into the rich timber lands of the Calhoun and Grenada jungles. When the timber is cut away, it is their intention to block up the bottom lands into forties and eighties and sell to incoming farmers at so much down and so much per month until paid. The Big Ditch being digged by Mr. Caldwell through the Schooner bottom and through the lands of this lumber company will make their property worth way into the thousands of dollars. Beginning up in Pontotoc County, it runs thirty feet wide and ten or twelve feet deep directly through the twists and turns of Schooner, making a five and one-half mile stretch through fifty-one miles of natural creek. At the beginning of this Canal proposition many of the kickers and knockers let up a howl—stormed—raged—flew into pale blue profanity—verbal pyrotechnics exploded all up and down the line. Never a thought struck them that it would increase property value, cause better crops, make the country a garden spot of the State. The bonds were at last pushed through and the work begun in earnest. Today they are biting out ton after ton of earth, working both night and day. The wealth that will come into this section can hardly be estimated, for the canal drains all of that cold, soggy land so destructive to crops at certain times of the year. The eyes of the country are turned toward this drainage district and in the course of a few years many homes will be builded on the future richest land in any part of the State—Schooner bottom. Already the valuation has soared from almost nothing per acre to ten, twenty and fifty dollars. From this section Houlka will look for trade, and she will get it if the merchants will co-operate into better harmony and spend a dime where it will later bring them one dollar. Houlka must build up a farming territory that will last—for the big mill can't stay here always. The only way is GET BUSY—STAY BUSY—KEEP ON KEEPING ON.

SOME CONTRASTS BETWEEN OLD AND NEW TOWN.

It seems strange that the customs of the Houlka people should change as quick as they have. That old-time hospitality, where yours was your neighbor's, and your neighbor's, yours—when life was one grand sweet song and everybody singing it—it's all gone—gone into the land of "Wynkum and Blynkum and Nod." Big dinners and barbecues, big singings, shouting revivals, big tacky parties, concerts, Woodmen blowouts, Masonic enthusiasms, big Christmas trees loaded with good things and a funny Santa to make the hundreds laugh, big hunts with men from Chicago, 'possum hunts and coon hunts, races with the elusive fox and the wolf—gone forever and a day. Where the town now stands, there could be seen, back in the old days, bear, fox, wild turkey, deer and all kinds of game. Civilization though has pushed

them farther on to make room for modern machinery and the fast life of the Twentieth Century. Gone to come no more.

THE LOCATION OF HOULKA.

To be exact, Houlka is situated in North Mississippi, County of Chickasaw, northwestern part. Okolona is sixteen miles to the east. Pontotoc is the same distance to the north. Houston is ten miles south, and Memphis is eighty miles away as the crow flies. Bounded by the counties of Calhoun, Pontotoc, Monroe, Lee, Clay and Webster—surrounded, as you see, by names of historical immortality.

Buy a ticket at New Albany for one dollar and two cents—board the second cousin to a real Pullman headed southward and pulled by a doodle-bug engine. For about thirty-four miles the train will glide slowly over a serpentine trail along two streaks of rust owned by the New Orleans, Mobile & Chicago "Wail Road Company." Even before the porter calls out "New Houlkie" you will know that the train is nearing the end of that thirty-four miles. The noise of progress in this "metropolitan" habitation fills the air. The whirl of machinery and the rattle of traffic sends a thrill over your system. The train stops—drummers and prospectors alight from the cars. Instead of taking a street car, they content themselves by walking to the nearest stores. Boxes of "medicinal purposes only" fall in thick showers from the express door—Sears-Roebuck junk follows in a half dozen mail bags—packages from the Standard Fashion and the Paris Fashion Companies come next, full of clothing that never fits and hair that never matches. The engine would take a drink, but the well was abandoned after losing part of the drilling down into a thousand and sixty-four feet of foreign country. Passengers get on, going to Houston on a pleasure trip—to pay their taxes. With a grind and crunch the train gathers momentum and rushes into Mobile two hundred miles away.

The first sight that greets the strangers' eyes in Houlka is the famous "Bilbo Stand," builded solely for him to make a speech of characteristic "hot air." It is the only monument Houlka can boast of and really it serves a purpose. The band boys can assemble and toot 'em up on any occasion. Also it serves as Justice of the Peace Court to make a "fine" impression on those who persist in the life of "shake, rattle, and roll." But here we are in Houlka just at dinner time to get the "God's Best" meal on the whole Molly Jackson line. Six hundred miles from Chicago—half of that from the Panama Canal and just as close to Heaven as any town of its size in all the land of America. We are proud of it—like to live in it—believe in it—want to see it grow and finally bring the Court House here where it ought to be.

HOULKA WEALTH.

The richest man in Houlka is he who has a wrought iron stomach, strong muscles, good eyes and teeth, a happy disposition, and thirty red cents in his pocket. That looks curious but it is the truth.

There are no millionaires in the town—except in hopes and dreams. About half of the population spend hour after hour thinking what they would do with a million dollars. Some would hoard it—chink it up in cracks—others would go crazy. Possibly some would pay their debts, some might invest in a cigar or "one on ice," many would pay the preacher for a longer ticket to the pearly gates, a few would buy a new pistol, others would move to some city and invest their money in other than a home town enterprise.

The valuation of the property in the limits of the town is about two hundred and ten thousand dollars—not so bad for a young town of ten years. Of course it could be sold for double that amount or more, but that is the "law of assessment." To some of the people this song fits perfectly: "When I can Read My Title Clear to Property Here On Earth." Others it is: "Only Trust Deeds Every Day," and "O Happy Pay" that "Revived Us Again." To

the business man the wail is: "Remit Ye" my "Rocks of Ages" for "Why Do You Wait, Dear Borrower?" and then, "O For a Thousand" because "All To Him I Owe." Then comes this: "Pass Me Out" some "Showers of Blessings" for I'm "Almost Jaded" "Just As I Am." Thus follows the old story: "What Shall the Harvest Be" "When My Money Rolls Away," or "Shall We Meet Again" in "Jordan's Houlka Bank?" Well, it's all in a lifetime, and somebody must sing them high and low. Human nature is everywhere, and Houlka has part of it. Therefore the old song: "The Half Has Never Been Told" fits a few to perfection, but the Assessor "Gathers Them In" when they yell: "My House is Built On Nothing Less" "Than the Kussed Lie That Binds" my tongue "From Homeland's Richest Domains to That Sorrel Horse of Thine." Anyhow, nevertheless and notwithstanding, the wealth of Houlka is "More Than Tongue Does Tell," for if they are "Abundantly Able to Save" a few good, sound dollars from the excessive tax rates and from the pockets of too many officials who are "Fully Busting" from incessant "Skin Him, O My Brother, Skin Him," it is their business and their right. Too many get wealthy by sitting down on the seat of their pants and grabbing like an octopus the hard-earned kale of the honest yeomen of the country. Still, if they have the brain to do it and get away with it, then what's the use of yelling "graft?" If you were in their shoes you would do as they do—so clam it.

HOULKA HEALTH.

With three doctors and two drug stores, Houlka can boast of over a thousand healthy inhabitants without the semblance of a "graveyard cemetery." Still there are some walking tombs possibly among that number. When a pain strikes some man's parabola of the thanatopsis, he rushes to the 'phone for a doctor. Before the doctor comes he is the "weltest" man in the town. But after an examination of his index, his doxology and his cornucopia wallet, he needs medicine. He takes it and in three minutes he is the sickest man you know. His liver begins a series of strenuous gymnastics that would put to shame any athlete living. The amendment to his constitution makes a Brodnax Madonna in his "e pluribus unum" and before he can grunt once the verbatim of his soul has fallen out and looks as if a fricasseed symphony had stopped in his ante-bellum with a nux vomica feeling coming up in his sarcophagus. "The conflictions run riot up and down his rinal colyum and in two more minutes he is thetined with the splayins." Finally he's all in—down in the mouth—and don't know whether it is his backbone or his tummy-tum-tum that is painning him. But what would we do without a doctor? They deserve much praise for keeping us as long as they have, and it is only reasonable that when they make a mistake, they bury him.

HOULKA EXPORTS AND IMPORTS.

From the very beginning of the new town, millions of feet of lumber have been shipped to markets of the North and to countries abroad. No doubt but what some of the quarter-sawed oak lumber that was sent to furniture factories has come back to us in tables, bureaus and beds. If Houlka just had the skill and the money to back up factories, all of this unnecessary expenditure for Yankee-made goods would decrease considerably. The old slogan, "Keep your money at home," is a good motto to follow, but how many follow it?

Besides the lumber shipments, many thousand dollars worth of cross-ties have been sold to the railroad companies of Mississippi, and even to systems in the state of New York. The tune of the broad-axe and the cross-cut saw has rhythmized from morning to night in all the post-oak lands adjacent to Houlka. Gasoline saw mill outfits have eaten through thousands of logs at the rate of several hundred ties per day. Other big mills up and down Schooner have sawed hickory logs into golf sticks, automobile spokes, buggy shafts, heading for beer barrels from white oak monsters of the forests, axe handles and other kinds of fancy cuts, to be shipped elsewhere for final



Home of William H. Griffin.



New Home of J. A. Williams.

touches. Poplar logs by the cars have been shipped to Houston for sawing when it should have been done here.

Many cars of cotton seed go to points North and South every year. Later, the people buy it back in Cottolene and foodstuffs for horses and cattle. Eggs by the thousand dozen go to Memphis and Mobile and New Orleans—we might say, chicken, for that is the condition of a “goodly” number when loaded on express trains. What few fryers and fossils that Uncle Billy Worrell doesn’t buy for his hotel, go to feed the hungry in Mobile or Memphis. Many hundreds of bales of cotton are shipped to compresses North and South—long staple, short staple, dirty, plated, blue-john, water-soaked, and every kind known to cotton men. As yet nobody in this town has made a fortune in cotton buying or speculation. They almost got there, but when that “margin” begins to loom at you—well, he isn’t always Johnny-on-the-spot. The “future” looks great, once and occasion; but the past looks “fleeced.” The Farmer’s Union tried to monopolize the whole situation, but failed just like all other cotton ventures indulged in by people of small means against overwhelming bulls and bears of ready money. Anyhow, the cotton business is the money crop of Houlka, and will always be, boll weevil or not.

A few carloads of cattle and hogs are shipped in the course of a year—many, many cars less than what it should be, considering the opportunity for money-making of that nature. As it is, most of the people are willing to raise two or three hogs and a calf or two and buy the rest of their meat and lard from kind-hearted merchants on the “pay in the fall” plan. Some people abuse the merchants too severely—remember, they have bills to pay and before fall, too. As he is, the merchant is the most accommodating man you know—supplies hundreds with food and clothes until they can pay, and then fails two or three out of ten to collect even the interest. Instead of having a harmonious one-price rate among all the merchants, some undersell, just to sell, and finally sing the old song: “I Know That My Receiver Giveth” starvation punches on his meager stock of goods. Right then it is time for him to hum, “Throw Out The Plough Line” and come back “Bringing In the Sheaves” “At the Frost.”

As the markets now offer good prices for truck, the farmers will no doubt begin to raise more of this commodity. When the railway gets into a real trunk-line system, then shipments of apples, peaches and other farm products can be handled easily—“IF” the farmers will ever utilize some of their latent energy. A start must be made—somebody will have to get enthusiastic—show ‘um how.

Cowhides and furs are a source of revenue—smaller though than it should be, according to the nature of the country roundabout. That concludes the list of exports that show an appreciable monetary value.

The imports are many and varied. Groceries and clothing comprise the bulk of the necessary things of life. Lard, meal, chops, oats, shorts and meat come in by the carloads—much more than the country can “afford.” Corn in shuck and hay in bales come from elsewhere—signifying laziness on the part of some easy-come and easy-go farmers. Really, it is far from “easy,” still they look at it that way. Flour used to be grown in abundance in this section after the war. It would be raised now, but it takes time and work and not so much going to town on Saturdays. Therefore, they had rather plant a little cotton and beg the merchants for flour and meat “ON TIME.” Canned goods come in large quantities—put up by some energetic man or woman a few miles away. Next to the biggest import is “TONICKY” or chemical death that stupefies, kills. Enough money goes out each year to build the finest gravel roads Houlka could ever wish for. That peaceful panacea of the soul—the eternal optimism of happiness—the nectar of the gods—the exuberant hospitality of brotherly love—listen, “Praise Memphis From Where All Spirits Flow.” The money spent for this stuff in the town of Houlka would build three brick churches and a larger school building. But if they want to buy it, that is their business. If they want to sell it, that is their lookout, too. Speaking of blind tigers, Houlka may have them and she may not. Anyhow, when an eagle screams from the hot clasp of somebody itching to spend it, the old blind tiger opens his eyes. Make a noise

like a dollar, and he shuffles around on two legs with a perfect knowledge of just what you want. Other towns have all this blind tiger business, Houlka's never even had the sore eyes. Many propose a law enforcement, but who knows anything about his den? Who will tell it, even if they do know it? Again, what's the use? If they want it, they are going to have it, and law or no law, it will keep on until the end of time. Possibly if it were pure goods, there wouldn't be so many burnt stomachs and shattered brains. Still they are satisfied to drink dope that hasn't seen a grain of corn in forty years. John Paul Jones is dead, but his spirit still comes to town. So is Hayner and Harper, but their memory lingers. When all is said and done, Houlka does mighty well for Houlka, exports or imports, julep or no julep, we love it, believe in it—our home.

It is said that a few people who live in the confines of Chickasaw can sing with much feeling, "Praise Memphis From Whence All Liquors Flow," and "Reel Not to Temperance" for "Fill Me Now" with "Just One Dram." Then they sing, "Have Courage to Shay, Yes" and "Pilot Me" to "My Old Kentucky Own." To wind up the shongs as they are shung they shing, "When Shall We Treat Again" down on the "Soiree Liver."

HOULKA NECESSITIES.

The first is adequate fire protection. With that installed, a system of water works and sewerage would necessarily follow. Then would come electric lights. It's costly, but Houlka needs some of them anyhow, and especially a better equipment for fighting fire. As it is, a bucket brigade is the "municipal fire department," commanded by everybody and composed of everybody. Water is there all right; but hard to get in emergencies. An iron tank sixty or seventy feet high situated in the public square and equipped with mains and hose along the business sections would make things look good to investors and insurance companies. The rate now charged by these people is exorbitant, owing to the inadequate supply of fire-fighting material. Better protection—then lower rates. Some steps toward an electric light plant have been taken, but failed to get much farther than the wobbly and blinking stage. Houlka with a "Great White Way" would be some smile along with the other shining towns. Naturally, it would help the blind tiger see what he is doing a little better and not have to guess at the brand or make change in the darkness. The town needs the lights, for the juice of Standard Oil Company is ruining more good eyes than old Rockefeller is worth. Need them, want them, and will have them soon.

Other needs are a good sewerage system, better kept streets, more harmonious dealings between the business men, a one-price system to stop so much cut-throating among the merchants, a better attitude toward the development of the public schools, a get-together movement to bring other industries to town, (many want to come if you offer them inducements), and a more complete law enforcement. On the whole, Houlka ranks as high in moral living as any town we know and goes easily along without a continual calaboose activity. At times a few transients stop over as guests of the calaboose, but after they have seen its wonders a repentant feeling creeps over them and big-hearted Uncle Doc Freeman bids them "Get thee to Helena out of here."

The town people are to be commended for the prompt action shown when the stores of Bullard and Andrews were burned in January. Many other stores were saved by quick attention on the part of the bucket brigade. It was some excitement—people threw thirty-cent fits, one right after the other, and enough ammunition was sent into the air to fight a Mexican revolution.

HOULKA IN FACTS AND FIGURES.

Houlka is composed of over 1,000 people—as good socially and morally as can be found on the two streaks of rust running from Middleton to Mobile. Of course, this 1,000 population makes up the corporation of the town. Hun-

dreds and hundreds more live in close proximity in good homes and on fine farming lands.

In all there are twenty-six stores—doing a fairly good business the year 'round. The old town boasts of one general store, lately begun by Mr. W. W. Williams from below Houston. Besides the stores, which are chiefly brick, there are two livery stables, three restaurants, three hotels, two ice houses, one bank of \$10,000 capital, a one-hundred-thousand-dollar lumber mill, three churches, big brick three-story school building, a tannery, cobble shop, bakery, two gins, two grist mills, three miles of concrete walks and a retail pine lumber business. In the rear of the bank are three finely equipped rooms for dental work, barber chairs and doctor's office. Skylights make it quite a modern office annex. One meat market that changes proprietors about as often as it changes beef is situated near the Thomas livery stable on the opposite side. Two cotton yards, three blacksmith shops, one cala-boose, Woodman Hall, one pressing shop and a Bilbo stand complete the realities of Houlka.

A law passed by the Board of Aldermen that no more wooden stores could be erected in limits is one of the good laws they are progressively evolving in the way of town improvement. Bonds for walks were made after so long a time, and work has begun in earnest, running through the main sections of the town and residences.

The well-known Joe Reeder from Okolona is contemplating a machine shop near the store occupied by Lonnie Baskin. All kinds of modern drills, lathes and wood-working machinery will be installed. With this man, John Peden, W. L. Guinn, W. L. Abernethy, Arleigh Bishop and Flanagan, Houlka will be fixed. In the carpentering business, and also brick work, Houlka is represented by Charlie Morris, Guinn, Nichols, McKnight, J. M. Kirby, J. W. S. Perry, and many others who work at this profession during the rush season of building homes and stores. With the new stable owned by J. E. Savely, and the old one of Uncle Bill "Howdie Buddie" Thomas, the traveling men can secure good service at any time.

One more—Houlka has a brass band, and she loots 'um up occasionally when the town spreads herself to a "blowout." Houlka is growing and will continue to grow in prosperity and morality.

ADVANTAGES OF HOULKA.

No other town of its size can boast of more natural advantages than Houlka. The lay of the land, the climate and the fertility of the soil make the town an ideal location for the quiet, hospitable Southern family. Everybody is mutually dependent upon the other—the "spirit" of neighborly frankness and the common cause of all "seems" to pervade the whole community. The people live in "almost" Utopian realities, and always ready to help those in distress by personal attention or indirect giving of clothing, food and money.

It is naturally healthful, being away from malaria-infested districts. Very few cases of typhoid ever appear and that is combated with skill and great success by the three well known doctors of the town.

Every commodity that can be grown in the Southern States is grown right here in Houlka. The town is fast coming to the fact that more things than cotton must be grown in order to live comfortably and wisely. Some of the land can and has produced over one bale per acre and at least 100 bushels of corn. Even that estimate looks small to what will be done in the coming years of the town.

In a commercial way the town is equipped very substantially, although at times, the money problem is the hardest big thing Houlka has found in her arithmetic. Still she goes, leaning up against a few men for support "until fall." The Bank of Houlka can be complimented for the showing it has made through very strenuous times of panics and dull periods of the commercial world. It is a safe institution and can be depended upon to deliver the goods when called on.

Among the various stores, everything from a rat trap to a gasoline engine or from a hair rat to patent leather pumps can be secured at prices same as elsewhere and sometimes much lower. Houlka does a big trade and deserves it. In the other lines of business, the best can be had at any time. The best hair cut and shave on the "doodle bug" can be had in Houlka. The best meals, the best water, and especially the water of old Houlka is available in large quantities. One artesian well is located south of town near the home of Mrs. Alexander, and in old Houlka, the famous "Rock Springs" flows the whole year round. Many other fine springs dot the hillsides of the country. Two large artificial ponds fed by dozens of springs and full of bass fish delight the fishermen any time during the year.

A stock company is under consideration for the establishment of a fish pond one-half mile in length and a quarter wide. The place for the building of this pond, resort, swimming addition, boat course and for general recreation is just southeast of Mr. R. N. Boyd's home. A levee alongside the road forty or fifty feet at the highest point would push the waterway into the back yard of Ike Gordon. It would certainly be well worth the money spent for construction.

As to schools and churches, Houlka is blessed. The churches are in good shape and surround the large school building on the north, south and east. The best sermons and the best courses of instruction are given at the regular hours in all these helpful institutions of the thriving little town. The attendance noted in both church and school shows much to the advantage and morality of the people.

Houlka is in direct touch with Memphis, Mobile, New Orleans, Jackson, Chicago, St. Louis and Birmingham. From these cities comes much of the Houlka necessities, and to them goes most of our money. The railroad has helped the town wonderfully, and we can look wise into the future of another railway that may be constructed between this place and some town west of here on the Illinois Central Railroad. To get the Schooner country, Sarepta, Banner, Judah, Randolph, Toccopola and other little towns out in Calhoun and Grenada Counties in touch with Houlka, then would come prosperity by leaps and bounds. What an avenue of trade it would open for the benefit of Houlka and its people! Now is the accepted time to boost and keep on boosting. Boost 'um up, toot 'um up, open up. Get some Northern capitalists interested—they are "eeching" to spend some money around Houlka if somebody will tell 'um something.

Houlka is noted for good people—people who stand high in education, religion and social life; as good people as ever lived—people that are happy, friendly, lovable. Hospitality is not exactly the same of ages ago, still it is all that can be desired by those who visit during the vacation or at any other period of the year. The visitor is "at home" really, truly, easily.

Withal Houlka is an ideal place to live—many know that to be a solid fact and live here from sheer pleasure alone. Some haven't any other place to live and don't want to live elsewhere. Happy, harmonious, hustling Houlka.

WHEN THE RAILROAD CAME.

It was in the winter of 1904—everything was expectancy. The right of way had been finished in quick time. The graders came along with the boom of "bomonites" and hundreds of mules and wheelers. Then came the sound of a train in the distant north. People rode miles and miles toward Pontotoc to see the rails laid by machinery and singing negroes. At last the old engine 74 poked its nose into new Houlka to the wonderment and fear of the natives. Everybody was there and his dog. At exactly eleven fifty-seven and one-half o'clock on December 15, 1905, the rails were laid at the main crossing going into town from the east. When the whistle tooted it sent a thrill through people that roused them to millionaires on the spot. New Houlka was "some class" in those days, and even today the people haven't seen the train enough to still take a long look at the thing as it glides by for smaller towns away. Nevertheless, many of the Houlka people have taken

their first ride on the cars since its inception and not a grander thing could ever happen to anybody anywhere. The puzzle is, why more haven't been killed than one or two? An ox wagon would sometimes be a delight supreme—still we are proud of it and it is proud of Houlka. The money they make from freight and passengers from and for Houlka is much more than a nickel's worth, and goes to help the "receivers" of the company every year.

HOULKA POLITICS.

Every four years Houlka begins to warm up with handshakes and "Hello, Bill," "Set ups" and "How's yer folks" rhythms into the rush and rattle of progress. Candidates are thick. Now they wear a collar and tie; clean shaved and a hair cut; the grippingest hand you ever shook or that ever shook you; you wince and squirm under the "loyal and friendly" pressure, and your toes turn over. Electioneering is on in full sway—the grand rounds bring dozens of voters to town with wives and baskets. Such oratory—never in all the world does such "rhetoric" leap wildly into the air. Everybody is running for something—looking for Easy street. There are too many offices—too much money paid them for sitting down on their royal chairs and to doze peacefully into four years of Utopian rest. There must be some men to do the work, but not as many as we have. Why, Houlka is even thinking of making a new county out of a strip of Pontotoc, Calhoun and Chickasaw, and calling it "Bilbo." Then with a court house here it opens up offices and therefore more candidates. When this happens though, Houlka may have whiskers seven feet long.

On big elections Houlka comes across with about 300 solid votes. Houlka put Vardaman in the Senate (?) accordingly did they so do unto others for lower offices. When the voters here are for a man, they are for him strong and tight. When they are against a man, they are "sho agin' 'im."

It is quite an amusing pastime to watch voters come in to vote. Tobacco juice and smoke run riot. Many ask a clerk to do the voting for him as he tells it, complaining of the "fact" that they left their "specks" at home; the clerk confidentially makes out the ticket, knowing full well that in some of these cases the man can't read or write, never tried nor cared, never read the Constitution, never heard of it—still he knows who to vote for when it comes to choosing between several. So, many vote from opinions of others, having no reason whatever why they voted thus and so.

Houlka is Democratic almost to a man—still half of them couldn't tell in a satisfactory way why they are Democrats. Most of them are of that faith because their father was. Withal, Houlka is as good in politics as any other of her sister towns and has some just as good politicians.

HOULKA SCHOOLS.

Houlka has always had good schools. The best teachers that could be had for the size of the place were always here from one to four years. Many times in the sessions of the nineties did the enrollment almost reach the 300 mark. One or two years that number was increased by twenty-five. The teachers of the schools at old Houlka are, as best I can remember, the following men and women:

Misses Hattie McJunkin, Sallie Hodges; Profs. Gladney, Fitzpatrick, Smith; Mrs. E. A. Smith, Misses Lily White, Annie Harris, Callie Sue Hobson, Estelle Waldrop, Blanche Hodges, Hattie Carter, Hattie Haney, Randle, Fanning, Daisy Lester, Maida DeLashmet, and Mrs. Maggie Davis Carter; Profs. Powell, Eubanks, Beard, Kelly, Bob Thompson, Armentrout, Sanderson, Hiller and Dan Johnson.

Those who have taught in the old Presbyterian church since the removal of the town are: Misses Estelle Jameson, Eula Boyd, Ola Neal, Inez Abernethy and Mrs. Mary Peden.

For four years Prof. Price taught the new school in the large brick building east of the depot. Many boarders were enrolled as students and the four years were marked by extensive progress along all lines of education, music and also in the plays and concerts. When every patron co-operates with the teachers and tries to show some enthusiasm over the work, then will come schools "you read about." In every town though there is always a lack of a get-together spirit, just like Houlka. Wrangling does not give the children whose minds are just in the stage of grasping whatever falls, a good example, and just so long as people disagree, fuel added to the flame every day from some whine of the children, we will never have a school to the credit of the town. Now, it seems that the pupils and teachers are getting right into business and are doing some splendid work in the advancement of the real fundamentals of life.

The following men and women have been the teachers up to date of this book: Prof. Price with Misses Annie Laurie Dabbs, Juanita Clifton, Annie Barnard, Leola Morris, Kate Donaldson, Lucretia Harris, Kate McKennon, Mary Sue Thompson, Ethel Hansell, Claudine Morgan, Jettie Wade, and Alice Campbell. The teachers with Prof. Newell have been in the past three years: Misses Carrie Lee Harris, Annie Medlin, Maud Cox, Evie Sue Holladay, Velma Avent, Anice Newell and Mary Countiss.

Through the efforts of Houlka's most progressive citizens the big school building was erected at a cost of over ten thousand dollars. After many glooms it was completed and turned over to the children of the community. Houlka is proud of it and wishes for the school better progress than ever before.

LYCEUM COURSES.

For several sessions a lecture course has been a great feature in the uplift of the town and vicinity. Music masters, readers, cartoonists and clay modelers, singers and "talkers" have delighted their audiences with wit, wisdom and pathos. Men and women of national reputation have come to us in the happy names of Booth Lowrey and Emma D. Randle. We appreciate their coming—their sacrifice and their "mum" thoughts as to Houlka and its people. Many of us waked up two weeks later with one of their points sticking square in our verbatim and we shouted from sheer force of "have to." It was mighty hard on a lecturer, when he absolutely knew that he had made a "sho nuff" point and no response greeted the jab. Others had laughed and called them great—what was wrong with Houlka? What inhumanity to man—what an appreciative world—my sympathy to them all.

THE HOULKA HUMMER.

Listen! Houlka will in a very few weeks issue a paper and the above name has been chosen by its editors. The word "Hummer" tells the character of the four-page paper to be printed in Memphis and ready for the mailing list at Houlka every Thursday. The business men have enthusiastically agreed to support it with ads and influence. Circulars will be mailed to all the people telling them of its inception and soliciting subscriptions. The columns will be filled with live news, feature write-ups about all the people and their professions, lists of the Woodmen, the Masons, members of churches, how many went to Sunday school and who they were, comings and goings, editorials on things about town, farm and household departments, names of subscribers as they pay in their dollar for the paper, bang-up advertisements written in convincing and "take notice" manner, society news, reports of Aldermen meetings, bank statements, quotations, questions and answers, brief summary of weekly events, and everything that will help the town to hum—to be a "humdinger."

Houlka needs a paper and she will support it, if the editors will come across with the "dope." No patent matter is the plan now, and no piano contests will be allowed. It will not be the "official organ of Chickasaw County" but will be solely gotten out for the interests of Houlka and its people. What-

ever is left out of this book about Houlika will appear in the paper. "Hoo's Hoo" articles about the prominent men and women will be run each week, written in different style of these in the book. We are working up "steam" for the paper and want to get out first issue in few days after this book is printed. See Grady Cook for more information and leave your dollar with him for a year's subscription. He is the business manager and local editor, and yours truly will assume the editorship. We can't even hope to make a fortune out of the venture, but our love for the town and people, their advancement into one big harmonious family and for the progress of commercial enterprises, inspires us to push this necessity with vim and vigor into the hearts of all the citizens. We want all the people to subscribe—to help in giving news and make suggestions for the good of the paper. You are free to write "opinions" and we will gladly publish them in the "Vox Populi" column. We cannot buy a press yet, so the work must be done in Memphis. It will take money, and lots of it, to publish the "Hummer" and we respectfully solicit your co-operation and subscription. Look out, we are coming "a-humming."

TRUCK FARMING.

Houlika was once a section of much fruit and good fruit. Big orchards were the pride of every family—they made their own brandies and lived like millionaires with more wine on the sideboard than in their stomachs. Drinking in those days was a sip now and then—today it is gulp a gallon at a time and yell for more. Gardens grew thick and fast with the best vegetables that the South could produce. But the people grew lazy and let the orchards and gardens dwindle to almost nothing. Scrub bushes can be seen about the country, bearing wormy apples and peaches. Only a few men have anything along that line to sell during the seasons of ripening.

Mr. Joe Hamilton, who lives on the former Walker farm, deals extensively in fruits of all varieties. Has a model orchard and grows prize-winning Elbertas and big red apples. Besides his truck farming, he has won many County Fair prizes with his thoroughbred Berkshire and Poland China hogs. He believes in combating the high cost of living, and is enthusiastically making great progress in the fight.

Along with Mr. Hamilton comes Mr. John Ingram, who does a good work in raising underground fruits for the local market. He sees the necessity on the part of the farmers for crops of this nature. The boll weevil must be reckoned with and he is preparing for the time they will come. This year he is planning to raise quite a large variety of vegetables to supply the local dealers and for personal delivery among the mill people. He is a hustler and is always "Johnny on the job."

The Marion family market many apples and other fruits during the summer and fall, and can much of the fruits for home consumption. They live in a fruit section and hope later to make the truck farming a big help to the country.

Mr. Silas Aston, who lives northeast of old Houlika, has quite a large orchard, and realizes a nice amount for his apples and peaches. He sells in his home town and in Houston. His love for "nursing trees" keeps his orchard in better condition than many others in the country roundabout him. So many bugs infest the young trees these days that it keeps a man working all the time to keep them from working.

Mr. James M. Harris and Mr. W. S. Savely have done a fine work in grafting trees into the production of better fruits and better made trees. It is an art to grow two kinds of trees into better ones and they have made it quite an exhaustive study for profit and pleasure. Both have sold many trees to the Houlika people and have sold their fruits all over the county. Mr Savely ships some of his peaches from Okolona to Tupelo, the housekeepers wanting all they can get of his variety.

The Holladay family four miles north, the Reid family four miles south, and many others in the radius of five miles, raise much truck for market purposes.

Most of the above men raise watermelons for the local trade, and with them are Messrs. Bob Ware, Neely Marion, J. W. S. Perry, R. B. Richardson, Clifton Aston, Jim Bray, Gip Grimes and a few more who sell some of the finest that can be grown in this section.

In the realm of flower land comes John A. Marion. From the most beautiful rose to bananas and lemons he keeps the Marion yard in the glories of the rainbow and the homes of his friends with artistic bouquets. Memphis florists "tain' no stir" to John Marion, "the genial flower of Houlka."

Houlka needs more men to make truck farming a part of their crop. Cotton is a lazy man's job and if they don't begin now the boll weevil will, so there you are. The merchants can't supply everybody "on time," for they have bills to pay like anybody else, and, fact is, they have to pay it. The average farmer begs and begs for time, never thinking of the hardship on the merchant's part. The people must raise more hogs and bread and quit buying. How can a people prosper by living hand to mouth? Too many rely on the colored population to work the land and fork over the profits. If you think about it, the land is worn out by their lack of attention and the buildings go to ruin in quick time, just from the white people's laziness in "seeing-to things." Somebody ought to start something—who will it be? You—you can do it. You've got to or kick the bucket.

HOULKA CHURCHES.

Houlka has always been known as a quiet church-going community, believing strictly in the worship of the Blessed Master in happy accord with the teachings laid down in the great Book of Life. Every home is supplied with Bibles and literature of their respective denominations, keeping up with the progress of Christianity at home and abroad. The Sabbath is observed rigidly as a day of rest, reading and visits among friends.

On the 18th of April, 1873, the Presbyterian church was organized by the Rev. A. H. Barkley, with M. H. Roberson, R. G. Hobson, J. F. Hobson, J. C. and W. D. McJunkin and W. T. Steen as elders. The deacons were F. T. Marion, J. L. Roberson, J. E. and R. T. Hobson. Its pastors have been the Revs. J. D. West from '74 to '83; W. V. Frierson from '83 to '94; G. H. Steen to '96; A. H. Barkley to '99; D. M. Armentrout to '01; J. F. Turner to '03; T. T. Kimbrough to '04; D. L. Barr to '10; John Goff to '12, and F. D. Daniel to the present time. In 1910 the membership was moved into the new church they had builded, leaving the old church for school purposes during winter months.

Some years later the Methodist people erected a church near the old-time boarding house, and was for many years the leading church in number of members and converts. When the town was booming into importance the old Houlka church was sold and a new one constructed near the large school building. Its pastors have been, as far as I can gather: Revs. Roberson, Anderson, Park, Bell, Johnson, Lester, W. C. Carlisle, T. J. Durrett, Davenport and W. N. Dodds.

The Baptist church was organized about '93 or '94, and a strong house of worship was erected just west of the old school building at old Houlka. Mr. Joe Hamilton, J. R. Mayo, W. S. Savely, James Thompson, Aquilla DeLashmet and others, were the founders, and brought their memberships from Shiloh after its completion. Before this, the Rev. Gideon preached for the Baptists in the Presbyterian church. Rev. R. A. Cooper served as pastor for twenty years, until at the beginning of '14, he moved to Canadian, Texas, leaving the Baptists without a preacher and the people a great, good man. The church as it now stands was rolled from the old town through woods and over creeks without a mishap whatever.

Houlka churches have had great revivals, carried on by the best men that could be found in the State. Some of the visiting preachers and evangelists were Revs. Gilderoy Porter, Norsworthy, Fleming, Wesley, McCain, Preston, Farrell, Simpson, Clark, Henderson, Rogers and Holder.

In Sunday school work and prayer meetings the churches are doing a great good in the development of the younger minds of the town, and much better harmony seems to have crept in with excellent results. Both men and women are getting interested in the class work and help teach the lessons with eager enthusiasm. The ladies of the various churches do a good work in helping the orphans and others who need the charity funds. Plays and suppers are sometimes given by the church people to help in the support of home and foreign missionaries.

The Christian church, although they have no home of worship, has several members—enough for their preachers to stop over sometimes and use any pulpit they may wish. Houlika hopes to have this fourth church in a town of 1,000 ere many moons sink into occidental oblivion.

With these four, Houlika is fixed religiously. The people go when the “go” germ gets in them, and truly most of them carry the little fellow somewhere about their energetic anatomy. Still some of them fuss over the other fellow’s religion and never think of the Scriptural saying about “motes in their eyes.” It’s natural though, and if we didn’t have something to fuss about—well, we might just kick the proverbial old bucket or pass in our checks and be done with it. Everybody has a perfect right to his opinions—and that has been said over a million times in that many places. But how many give the other fellow that right? Some men and women in this town will not acknowledge that members of other denominations will go to Heaven. They admit that others may be “trying” to get there and “if” they only belonged to “my” faith, they would scoot to the ambrosia so quick the devil would never hear about it. When one man or woman, or a dozen men and women, tell you that you do not read your Bible right, then there is something wrong somewhere. Matthew, Mark, and Luke, saw and heard the same thing and their version is similar in essentials, but far different in the manner of telling. Just so with men and women today—not all interpret the Bible exactly the same. Then when the learned bugs of all religions fuss over this form and that form, it seems best to go on and trust God for salvation and leave out the worry. Anyhow, it is best for us, and to my mind old Uncle Peter will not ask you what church you belong to, but **HOW HAVE YOU LIVED?** There are said to be 2,800 religions, each just as sincere in its belief as the others—all with an eye single to some Great Power on high. Then if there is only one religion or way or form that is right in the sight of God, there will be 2,799 religions of many millions of people left in a scorching fix. Still, that is the way some people believe, and cross your heart it shows weakness and disrespect. Many think they will sit in God’s lap and play with his watch-fob, while the rest of the “poor devils” will have to work the crops and prepare the ambrosia. Somebody, some day, somewhere, somehow, will get the biggest “April fool” ever perpetrated on humanity, and they will be about the most foolish looking fool “they is.” Then, again, some people jump into a great heaving fit about the “stummick” and the education of a two-year-old African baby, thousands of miles beyond the pond, when they can’t see with eyes wide open the needs right at their front door. People at home suffer for bread and clothing, but never get it. Slimy, nude “furriners” get what ought to stay at home. Just so long as an American dollar provides food and clothing for those foreign people, just so long do they accept our religion. When the missionary leaves and the dollar comes no more—think. Why don’t things be done here where the result can be seen? When the home is provided for then it will be time to go to other places. Their belief is just as sincere as ours, and if one of those slimy, half naked Africans or Chinese should come to our door and try to teach us his religion and help our sick with his money, we would throw eleventy-eleven fits in four seconds and wouldn’t have enough “kuss” words left in our system to say “bing it.” Think about it right seriously. You need not agree with me unless you want to. But take a slant at the numberless things you can do at home—think—act.

GOOD ROADS.

When speaking of "good roads," it means nothing less than from five hundred to five thousand dollars per mile. Just now Houlka needs good roads, and needs them quick. Too much trade goes away from us just from lack of suitable roads. Especially is this so of the western country. The roads are fierce; not the supervisor's fault; but because there is no money to spend on them. People are afraid of just what they need and just what will have to come—a bond issue. Continual hauling over the western roads at a time when wagons go hub deep in the mud and slush have torn them to "smithereens." If the road is graded nicely then comes hundreds of wagons to cut it to pieces again. Gravel is the only remedy for the Schooner roads, and they certainly need to be dosed liberally. People "holler" high taxes, but you can't blame them. Nevertheless, the land near a good road increases threefold. That is, if your property was formerly worth one thousand eight hundred dollars, when a good road is run through it or by it, then the value of your property jumps to three thousand or three thousand five hundred dollars. Do you get me? It is a fact that Houlka would get more than five hundred extra bales of cotton to gin and to market. A road is not for one man nor two men, but for everybody. Plain, isn't it? Then, the thing to do is build roads. Spend a dime and make a dollar. Get together, stop cussing the supervisor; hand him a line or two of help.

LOCAL ORDERS.

The Masonic Lodge, John S. Cain, No. 259, of course, comes first, as the oldest order in Houlka. It was once a flourishing institution in the old town, but dropped into hibernation except for a few meetings every two or three years of six or seven loyal members. In the last year it has "kinder" waked up and rubbed the scales from its eyes for better work in the future.

When the W. O. W. was begun over a dozen years ago, it was enthusiasm rampant—the old goat had things butting his way. Logs rolled quick and fast. In a few years it went to sleep. When Grady Cook was chosen as Consul Commander the axes got to chopping and a hall was builded for the 110 membership. Thanks to the hustling of Grady and his cohorts. The meetings are very frequent and from 80 to 100 attend each time. The initiation ceremonies cause much merriment and the real "pretty work" as the drill team so nicely interprets, makes things hum for Woodcraft. Grady Cook keeps his men going, going all the time, teaching them the great truths of the W. O. W. by strict attention to the ritual and his own originality in training the men in the various marches and intricate formation. Houlka is some smile now on the Woodman map.

The Tribe of Red Men and the Knights of the Maccabees haven't made quite as strong a hold on the town as the two above orders; their wigwams and tents having been blown down by an inharmonious wind.

The Eastern Star and the Woodmen Circle are struggling along for better things in the future.

The Woodmen are preparing to organize the Boys of Woodcraft some time this summer. Boys from ten to eighteen are eligible, paying ten to fifteen cents per month, and if they should die before joining their larger brother when eighteen, they are entitled to an hundred dollar monument.

The town moves peacefully along without any "Daughters of the Revolution," or "United Daughters of the Confederacy." We are happy without a "Votes for Women" club, or a S. P. C. A. There are no societies of the S. P. U. G., W. C. T. U., W. F. C., M. M. M., or any other "Untied Daughters" of X. Y. Z. There are no suffragettes nor suffragists, thank goodness—not even a Sewing Circle. Everybody belongs to the society of "Happiness Get Together," and live joyously without purple teas, linen showers, forty-two parties, Rook Clubs or Missionary fiascos.

TEACHERS AWAY FROM HOME.

Miss Eula Boyd
 Miss Maylene Boyd
 Miss Ara Bullard
 Miss Stella Harris
 Miss Susie Harris
 Miss Oda Howard
 Miss Huzie Kirby
 Miss Nellie Rose Marion
 Miss Pauline Newell
 Miss Myrtle Phillips
 Miss Mary Sue Thompson

BOYS AND GIRLS IN COLLEGE.

Edwin AstonPort Gibson
 Miss Ruth BoydColumbus
 Ray HamiltonA. & M. C.
 Earl HamiltonBuena Vista
 Harley HarrisOle Miss
 Miss Arrilla Perry.....Nashville
 Miss Ruth Reed....Blue Mountain
 W. Mac ReedOle Miss

"FASCINATING FACTS."

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Langford, the first child in the new town.

T. R. Roberts occupied the first permanent home.

Mose Pinson was the first man to be arrested.

Frank Smith bought prescription number one.

J. F. Haney sold the first nickel's worth of tobacco, Brown Mule, to Ned Beeson.

Ben Thompson got the first shave in new barber shop.

O. M. Harrill deposited the first dollar in the bank.

W. H. Griffin sent first money order through postoffice.

T. J. Phillips bought first bale of cotton brought in by Jno. Walker of Schooner.

J. A. Powell received first package of express. "Cap" Walker bought first ticket.

The oldest residence in new town belongs to J. C. Kirby.

PROGRESSIVE HOULKA FARMERS.

Will Abernethy
 Silas B. Aston
 Henry Aston
 Neely Aston
 Allie Aston
 Mack Aston
 Clifton Aston
 Arthur Aston
 John Aston
 W. W. Bolding
 R. N. Boyd
 Bert Boyd
 Dave Bray
 Lee Bray
 Jim Bray
 J. F. Brown
 Frank Brown
 John Brown
 Will Brown
 Dave Brown
 F. E. Brown
 Jim Brown
 Vester Brown
 Arthur Brown
 J. N. Bryant
 Wade Burgess

J. J. Burt
 W. R. Burt
 Tom Carter
 Race Chapman
 J. O. Clark
 Jim Clark
 Clint Clark
 Lou Clark
 Jack Cole
 W. R. Corder
 Jim Corder
 M. L. Cowsert
 D. L. Cowsert
 J. D. Culpepper
 Thompson DeLashmet
 Andrew Easley
 Herman Easley
 Will Flaherty
 Everett Flaherty
 J. H. Fleming
 J. F. Fleming
 Will Gregory
 Gip Grimes
 Ulmer Guinn
 J. W. Hamilton
 W. I. Hancock

John Hancock
 J. F. Haney
 Marshall Haney
 Sam Haney
 N. H. Harmon
 O. M. Harrill
 J. M. Harris
 L. H. Harris
 T. V. Harris
 A. B. Harris
 Tom M. Harris
 Ellis Harris
 Ernest Harris
 Seales Harris
 Woodbury Harris
 J. T. Harris
 Andrew Harris
 Ferman Harris
 W. F. Herndon
 John Hill
 Carrol Hillhouse
 Curry Hobson
 Lause Hobson
 John Holladay, Sr.
 Wyatt Holladay
 Ike Holladay

John Holladay
 Henry Holladay, Jr.
 G. W. Hollingsworth
 Hal Hollingsworth
 John Ingram
 Leonard Ingram
 Vardie James
 D. S. Johnson, Sr.
 George Johnson
 J. M. Kirby
 J. C. Kirby
 Clifton Kirby
 Rowland Kirby
 W. L. Kirkpatrick
 Jodie Lester
 W. L. Long
 J. H. Luther
 M. D. Lantrip
 H. M. Lantrip
 V. Y. Lyons
 R. B. Marion
 W. R. Marion
 R. L. Marion
 Will Marion
 James H. Marion
 John A. Marion
 Edward Marion
 Neely Marion
 Sam Mathis, Sr.
 Sam Mathis
 Walker Mathis
 Lacy Mathis
 Cleveland Mathis
 W. L. J. McAbee
 Evans McAbee
 John McCormick
 Bunk McCormick
 J. D. McDonald
 Richard McKnight
 Jimmie Lee McKnight
 Earl McKnight
 Willie McKnight
 Obe McLaughlin
 Robert McJunkin
 Joe McJunkin
 R. L. McWhirter

John Mize
 G. M. Morphis
 W. M. Morphis
 Columbus Nance
 Wallace Nance
 Frank Nance
 Jesse Nance
 Roy Nance
 Clarence Nance
 J. D. Newell
 O. P. Norman
 C. W. Norman
 Fletcher Norman
 Festus Norman
 Leland Norman
 Roy Norman
 D. R. Patterson
 J. L. Patterson
 W. A. Patterson
 Walter Peden
 T. W. Peden
 Waddie Peden
 John Peden, Sr.
 Luther Peden
 Tommie Peden
 J. W. S. Perry
 Grant Perry
 Sam Perry
 Lee Perry
 Newton Perry
 Sam Phillips
 R. L. Reeder
 Elijah Reeder
 Rice Reeder
 J. T. Reeder
 W. D. Reid
 Evans Reid
 Joe Reid
 R. B. Richardson
 Eddie Richardson
 Noble Roy
 Clyde Sansing
 W. S. Savely
 W. H. Savely
 Scott Savely, Jr.
 John Savely, Sr.

Frank Savely
 Elisha Saxon
 Glen Saxon
 J. J. Saxon
 Tom Saxon
 Fed Saxon
 Bud Saxon
 C. K. Saxon
 Ivy Seay
 Jim Self
 W. J. Shelton
 Bob Shelton
 J. W. Smith
 Rush Smith
 Word Smith
 L. B. Stewart
 Stanton Stewart
 Davy Stewart
 I. D. Stacy
 Balaam Stacy
 Columbus Stegall
 W. A. Thomas
 Frank Thompson
 Henry Thompson
 J. R. Thompson
 Sam Tiller
 J. O. Turner
 B. W. Turner
 J. S. Waldrop
 Johnnie Walker
 G. Washington
 Ivy Washington
 J. H. Warren
 B. G. Weeks
 Luther West
 J. D. Wilson
 J. W. Winter
 W. F. Winter
 A. M. Westmoreland
 Fife Williams
 El Williams
 Smith Williams
 J. A. Williams
 Richard Williams
 W. H. Yarbrough
 Boyd Yarbrough

WHO'S WHO AT HOME

After writing to all those away from home, a desire to perpetuate the life story of our "Who's Who" right here in Houlka caused my good mother to write for me 78 letters to the "homefolks." I am sure that some were left out, having been away from town three years and not familiar with the new population. So none were shunned intentionally. Sixty-six answered the letters, some short, some long and some almost blank. Those who failed were: Ashkenaz, Zenas Bullard, O. T. Gaines, J. G. Johnson, John Luker, T. J. Phillips, Leo Phillips, W. V. Roberts, J. E. Savely, Frank Thompson, R. B. Wessels, and W. C. Worrell. They are arranged alphabetically and not according to chronology or prominence. All are men who make Houlka a good town, a pleasant town and an enterprising town.

WILLIAM LARKIN ABERNETHY.

Miller and Mechanic.

Near the little town of Red Land, in Pontotoc County, W. L. Abernethy was born on July 11, 1845. His education was limited to the Red Land and Shiloh public schools. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Vance Abernethy, were in humble circumstances and little Larkin had to work, and work hard, to help keep the pot boiling and some clothes on his back. They were of Irish and English ancestry, moving from North Carolina to Alabama, and thence to Mississippi.

In 1866, after he had served in the war, he returned to the old home and began work on the farm. For six years he "shined" around the hoops of the various flowers in the country and finally on January 2, 1872, he and Miss Francis Savely came to a definite understanding, looking square at the preacher.

The following children were born to this union: Thomas Franklin, Samuel Richard McCane, Addie Ann, Evvie Jane, Walter Lee, James Arthur, Eldridge Gates, C. M. and Jasper. On October 9, 1891, his wife, and a most estimable and beautiful lady she was, died after a very severe illness.

After four years as a widower, he was married to Mrs. D. L. Enochs, of Ellzey, Miss., a lady of excellent Christian character and industry. To this union have been born six children: Francis Lorene, Curtis, Belon, Vance, Mitchell and June.

He belongs to the Missionary Baptists and carries through life the excellent motto of "Honesty is the best policy." His occupation was formerly that of a farmer, but now he does shop work in town and grinds the best meal that the Houlka people have had the pleasure of eating in a long, long time.

He thinks Houlka is a good average town and lives here "because he has no other place to hang his hat." His home is in old Houlka and his shop in the new town near the Thomas livery stable. A man who attends to his own business and lets the other man's alone—kind and sympathetic—a genial, good man.

DAN H. ALEXANDER

Section Foreman.

"Big Dan" was born on August 2, 1882, four miles south of Old Houlka, near the one-time postoffice of Ridge, Miss. His father, James Warren Alexander, was from South Carolina, and his mother, Mollie Flanigan, was a native Mississippian. Both of Scotch-Irish descendants.

Dan attended only the Houlka school, finishing most of the prescribed courses. During the 'teens of his life he worked on a farm and did public work when opportunity afforded. For several months he worked in Southern

lumber mills as grader of fine lumber and held other jobs connected with the company.

On September 2, 1904, Dan was married to Miss Myrtle L. Williams, daughter of Justice Fife Williams, and a lady of most excellent character and refined womanhood. One child, Loys Hilda, brightens the lives of this devoted couple. He belongs to the Methodist church and is a member of the great W. O. W. His present occupation is track foreman for the N. O. M. & C. R. R., obtained after a patient and persevering effort for three or four years. His work is strictly up to standard and holds the distinction of having one of the best roadbeds on the line according to the soil it goes through. The height of his ambition is to climb higher on the ladder of fame and do all the good he can do to all the people he can in all the ways he can. With iron rails and crossties he is building as strong a ladder to better position and salary in railroad circles as could be builded anywhere in the realm of traindom. His motto is "Honesty, Truth and Friendship." Quoting—"I live in Houlka because I think I can make as honest a living here as elsewhere, and am in reach of good churches and school. I think Houlka is a very good place for any one who desires to locate among good people, and good health, good schools and good churches, and I think the time is very near when Houlka will rank high on the map with other cities of importance."

Dan has striven and has succeeded. He is always a gentleman—never forgetting that there are others besides himself. He's a small man in stature but big in heart and goodness.

WILLIAM HENRY ANDREWS

Machinist.

January 25, 1863, when the clouds of war were bursting from the Gulf to Gettysburg, with the mighty thunder and rumble of booming cannon and the rattle of musketry, there was born in Chickasaw county to David and Nancy Ellen Crenshaw Andrews a little boy, who is now known by hundreds of people as Will Andrews, popular miller and ginner. His parents were of Scotch-Irish descent and pioneers from Pennsylvania to Mississippi, 94 years ago. They finally settled on the banks of the Chuquetonchee four miles east of old Houlka, and for many years ran a gin and grist mill from water power that was easily controlled to move the big wheel into a steady motion. So around this old mill Mr. Andrews grew into manhood, going to school for a few terms in the Okolona, Shiloh and Red Land schools.

Miss Mattie Lee Savely, a very excellent lady of industrious womanhood, and the very helpmate that Mr. Andrews needed to make him a happy home, became his wife on January 7, 1887. Willie Frank, John David, Henry Lee, Susie and Leroy are the children of this union.

Mr. Andrews is a Baptist and lives the teachings of that church with a spirit of good will to man and with the motto of "Be sure you are right and then go ahead." In the upbuilding of the town he has been a factor that meant something in the way of industry and strict attention to business. Hundreds and hundreds of cotton bales have been turned from his gins into the markets of the town, and thousands of corn sacks have left his grist mill with as fine bread as could be ground on any rocks in Mississippi. He is a careful business man and knows the this-and-that of machinery with thorough knowledge of its practical application.

"I live in Houlka because I like the town and the people."

WILLIE FRANK ANDREWS.

Merchant and Cotton Buyer.

May 4, 1888, goes down on the great page of history as the date of one and only one important event, the birth of Willie Frank, first son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Andrews. The woodland about his home rang with the glorious melodies of the birds, flitting from ground to nest in the happiness of build-

ing their wonderful little homes. In an environment like this, as the water swished over the dam and rumbled the old mill into movement, as the axe of the choppers and the saws of the woodmen sang their way into the heart of the leviathans that grew in mighty proportions near his home, and the sound of a thrilling fox chase as the hounds leaped fast and still faster through the hills and valleys—was Willie Frank, reared from babyhood into a sprightly boy and into manhood.

Going to the school near his home for a few years, he afterwards moved to Houlka and studied through a part of two terms in the High school of the town. Then he attended the Memphis Business College and completed a commercial course that has done him much good in his profession as a merchant and cotton buyer.

He is a Baptist and a W. O. W. Lives the motto of "Be sure you are right and then go ahead." Lives here "Because it is my home and I think opportunities are better here than elsewhere. Don't think the people can be surpassed by any town of its size."

In January last, he had the misfortune of getting his store burned, the goods being saved by quick and faithful efforts of the scanty clad brigade. It did not daunt him and he is back in business and making good. Willie Frank is a strictly good man—makes his point with a quotation—looks knowingly at "futures"—can spot a man in mischief—never fleeces a man, still he deals in the article—doesn't try to corner the market, but goes his way buying and selling according to the standard of the business world. Withal, a good sample.

ROBERT E. ATWELL
Cashier Bank of Houlka.

"Shay, Misser Attle, shay whut 'oud yer charge a feller fer keepin' er hundud er bout hundud bucks fer me an' old lady in dis er bank?"

"Why, Mr. So-so, we don't charge for keeping your money, we pay you to let us have the use of it. Do you get me?"

With a flash of wonder over his face and a "Shay yer do?" he cautiously and tremblingly pushes under the little gate the crumpled hundred that had possibly been worn in his wife's belt, or stuck in some crack for many years. He gets a slip of deposit and a checkbook, enquires more into its safe-keeping, and stumbles out. Next day the depositor makes a run on the bank for his hundred for fear it might "bust" like he dreamed the night after depositing the wad. Such is the daily life, sometimes more tedious and bothersome than the foregoing, of the popular and genial Bob Atwell. Born in Batesville, Miss., on October 9, 1886, he immediately informed the family that he wanted pants and a chance to get out and hustle. His parents, Robert Marshall and Nannie Hamerick Atwell, were descended from the Scotch-Irish, the father coming into Mississippi from North Carolina in 1870, and his mother from Missouri about the same year.

Batesville High School first taught him how to "figger" and to add a column with accuracy and rapidity. "Interest" grew as the days and months flew by and he accepted it all with grace and cheerfulness. Played safe as he changed from book to book, making every spare mement count so it would amount to better account later on. Every item worthy of note went to his credit as an asset to his already good stock of knowledge. Next, he attended the Southern Normal College and then to Bowling Green Business University, Bowling Green, Ky. Before coming to the Bank of Houlka he worked in the Bank of Vardaman, giving up the position there to the very great regret of the Vardaman bankers. At Houlka he has served as Cashier with all the faithfulness and squareness that any banker in the world could desire from their employees. He never registers a kick, nobody has a mortgage on his heart nor a draft on his soul, has never entered the bonds of matrimony nor delved very deep into a "sinking fund to pay a floating debt." A man without liabilities, a man who can cash up the kale, a man who can vault over a big bunch of checks with a good balance, and the man who listens to the golden shower on the marble slab without a thought of trying to Hunter

Raine. His fixtures are of Presbyterian and Masonic type, and for their cause will gladly "teller" tale of "truthhood" when occasion demands.

His motto is: "If you want a thing well done, do it yourself." He's Bobby to the quick, too. Believes in smiling out loud and can rip the cover off a laugh with all the rippling and ripping rhythm that comes from the gleeful gurgles of his funnybone. Even in church he can rake his tongue across his vocal chords and sling showers of distressings over the congregation that would make the Rock of Ages wobble with seasickness and slip off on a visit to the Titanic. Honest, though, he can "sing" the tangotrottum with as much hesitation, or even dance it with as much poverty-stricken shivers and quivers as the great Pavlowa or any of the Metropolitan monstrosities.

"Houlka is the coming town of North Mississippi. I believe in the people, their genius, their brain and their brawn. I believe in their honesty, their integrity and their dependability. Nothing can stand in the way of their commercial advancement and prosperity, and I believe that in our town are being worked out great problems, the solution of which will be for the benefit of all the citizens."

JOHN WESLEY HOLLADAY BASKIN
Real Estate Dealer and Telephone Manager.

"Hello! Thatchoo, Mister Editor of Okolona Messenger?" The grapevine line was buzzing from Houston to Okolona in 1864 with the news of a new-born babe. That little fellow was J. W. H., and his parents were William P. and Sarah Holladay Baskin. Both pioneering from Georgia and Tennessee in 1838.

His education in text books was limited to a few months in the school near his home. Owing to meager circumstances, brought on by the ravages of war, he had to work from sheer necessity of making a comfortable living. He persevered—kept plugging—dreamed of future ease from work well done. Established a small store north of Houston, said to have been constructed from goods boxes brought on his back. Most of his stock was carried from Houston in a similar manner and it wasn't long before he had made a few nickels to enlarge the business. From that little store and "stick-to-itness" came his present day "goods."

Later on he moved to Houlka; but, before this, married Miss Fannie Howell, of Van Vleet, a lady of unlimited geniality and good cheer for everybody, on July 16, 1882. Two children, both now grown and married, William Alonzo and Modess, are the joys of this union.

In Old Houlka he established a general store on west side of Houston and Pontotoc road, at the crossing, and after a few months sold goods under the firm name of Baskin & Brown. In that store the first telephone Houlka ever had was installed, causing much wonderment among the natives. It was a long time before all the people roundabout believed in voice transmission from Houlka to Pontotoc, Houston and Okolona. The funny things Mr. Baskin has seen and heard in his 'phone business would fill a book. Foolish questions about "boxes" have tickled his very "goozle." When men with cotton going to town sixteen miles away could get Mr. Baskin to 'phone to some man in Okolona to please order for "so and so" from Jackson, Tenn., one gallon of firewater, and it was ready for them when they got there, then the telephone as a fake was no more. It was then a high step to "civilization."

When the new town was in its infancy, Mr. Baskin moved his stock of goods and immediately began a new business of groceries and furniture and undertakers' supplies. He builded a comfortable cottage on the corner south of the present Methodist church. In this home he has a large switchboard connecting most all the homes and stores in the old and new towns and on "speaking terms" with several towns nearby and as far as Memphis. He has sold out his business of merchandising and has gone into the real estate world with energy and enthusiasm. He has quite a number of valuable homes and lots in the new town and is enjoying, in his life of over fifty hard-working years, the dream of his boyhood. Is a member of the Methodist church, and

is engaged actively in its Sunday school work. His motto is "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so unto them," while his ambition is "Prove all things and hold fast that which is good." He lives in Houlka because "I like it best," and "I think Houlka has some as good people as can be found."

Mr. Baskin is an influential business man—sound business sense and a potent factor in the upbuilding of the town and country.

W. ALONZO BASKIN Grocery Merchant and Alderman.

Lon Baskin began on May 3, 1883, and he has been beginning ever since. Not stopping in the middle either, for when he begins a task he believes in finishing it. He's some hustler, too, even if his avoirdupois does run to the rotund region of his equator.

He is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. H. Baskin, and was born near Wesley Chapel, "when a much smaller boy than he is at the moment you are reading this line." Climbing the stairway of life, he developed from the toddling steps into a more youthful view of the top and then glided into maturity with a practical knowledge of applying one thing to promote other things in the rush and rattle of modern business manipulations.

Besides the schools around his home, he went for a while to the A. and M. college and became familiar with a gray uniform, shoot the zip, sinkers and salve, bunks of fine feathers and lessons that were so easy that he felt ashamed to hurt the Professor's feelings! Milking sixty cows before breakfast and hoeing four acres of cotton by dinner, drilling all the afternoon and feeding "eleventy-leven" goats after supper, "kinder" looked too easy for Lon and he came home to go to work "sho nuff."

After working in his father's store at old Houlka for some months, he and Miss Sallie Sue Harris of Tuscumbia, Ala., came to a plain case of Appomattox and joined the union on August 18, 1904. She was "jes' nacherly" born for Lon and not a more pleasant, refined Christian character could he have found if he had searched from "Memfuss" to Michigan, or from Meninigitis to Mentholatum. They are happily "snugged" in a neat little cottage east of town.

Lon is a Methodist, a W. O. W. and member Improved Order of Red Men. His ambition is "To have plenty," and his motto is the very life he lives—"To treat all alike." He lives here "Because he can't get away." Lonnie—the gentleman.

J. C. BEASLEY Hardware Merchant and Bank Director.

Alabama has one date in her history that she just smiles out loud when she "thinks" about it. That date was June 30, 1862, and since that time it has been celebrated as the birthday of one Jake—jolly, jovial, jiggling Jake Beasley. That old State lost a good man when his parents, William Anderson and Delph Ann Pyron Beasley, moved into Calhoun in 1865.

His education was first begun in the schools near his home and then to the Houston High for further advancement in the science and literature of that day. With that and what he has learned from the natural association of many classes of people, he has made himself into a man of extraordinary judgment and business acumen. So in his work he knows what's what, when, where, why and whithersoever whence, the whereas of wherein and withal the wherewithal of various pocketbooks.

On March 23, 1902, a lady of rare mental attainment and Christian character changed her name from Mary Eleanor Crosthwait to Mrs. Jake Beasley forever happily everafter. To this union have been born three children—Eldred, Wilma and Madge. To rear these children into useful man and

women, to keep his wife supplied with bread and meat for the table and to succeed in business is his incessant and glorious ambition.

Uncle Jake is a Mason and a W. O. W. Belongs to the great church of "Kindness" on "Good Will" street, and has the most unique motto of "Put yourself in the other fellow's place." If that isn't Jake Beasley, who in—is it?

"I live here because I like the place. The town is second to none, considering size and natural advantages. The people as a whole, are energetic, generous and hospitable."

Moving here from Calhoun when the doodle doodled down to Houlka with its dinky engines and "Pullman Palaces," Mr. Beasley helped establish the Houlka Hardware Co., and, after having this partner and that for several years, it was finally merged into grocery, furniture and hardware business that now occupies two big buildings on the west row.

He has no ax to grind with anybody—keeps the hatchet buried—always hits the nail on the finger—bridles his tongue—always in harness for duty—makes investments pan out—sells hardware that won't wear out your strength—deals on the square—whips things into spick and span display—plows through work like a traction engine—shovels bad things in the bucket—keeps the furniture of his brain shop polished—has an iron will and leather lungs—"tins" to his own business—dishes out wise saws now and then—never bolts his food to tighten his belting—chisels his way into trade—almost went "buggy" when he thought the meningitis had struck his head—sometimes gets stove-up—keeps a bit to brace the other fellow—never slips a cog—never knifes a man in the back—"plumb" on the level—"heels" a lame leg with rubber—has corns on his sole—is a clean cut, Keen Kutter man, and on the fiddle it is "Jakey get the gun." To "wag-on" would wear hard on his collar and to rake over any more harrowing details of his machinery as a lubricant to the wheels of his shafting and to dig further into the links and chains of his life might snap a trace or lock me in a trap or get me at logger-heads with his point of view. So he has been "handled with care" according to the standard idea of the key to this book, and that is to bolster up the stock of the men herein with a little oil of praise for work well done, poured willingly on the bearings of their system to make the axle of life run smoother, better and for good will toward man.

DAVID STAFFORD BISHOP Rural Mail Man For Uncle Sam.

Born to John Robert and Julia Rhodes Bishop, whose ancestors came from South Carolina and Alabama into Chickasaw, and who trace their nationality from Scotland and Ireland, a little boy, who is now known as Staff by hundreds of people in this section. Van Vleet was the town of his birth, and among the steep hills and gullies he wore out more pants possibly than he did books, still he obtained a good common school education along with the big experience of learning the efficiency of certain bottom lands during the nice "warm" season of the year.

Moving to Houlka when things were booming with industry, he did public work with his team of almost white mules, hauling lumber, and later on running the scraper for the brick mill. Then on August 1, 1908, he was chosen by civil service commission to take charge of Route No. 2, running out to Mr. Winters, on around nearly to big lake, and back into main road again this side of Schooner Valley. It was the heaviest route of the three, and for four years he carried the mail through rain and storm, finally having to stand an operation for appendicitis that caused him to lose much valuable time. Then in the beginning of '13, he was given the East Route, going north to old Isbell place, then to Shiloh, thence to Coleville, on through to J. W. Hamilton's farm and then back to Houlka. All the people like him, love him, appreciate his coming through any kind of weather. In a month he handles nearly 5,000 pieces of mail of all kinds, together with numerous money orders and registers. It is some job, but he is "Stafford on the dot." You can rely on

him that he will do what you ask him to do, and more, too. Kindness with him is just Staff, that's all. He is friendly, sympathetic, original.

After Uncle Sam had carried a few letters to and from Miss Mamie Holladay, the most industrious daughter of Mr. John Holladay, who lives four miles north, and a lady whose excellent Christian womanhood would make Staff the happiest man in the world, they decided to cancel all disagreements, stamp out all trouble forever, and on December 10, 1905, they made a special trip to the preacher, and were "jined" for life, part and parcel, and no postage due—except ten bones for the preacher. They have one child six years old, Lounette, and Daddy Staff wouldn't take a billion tons of money for her "no time."

Staff is a Methodist and a W. O. W. Believes and acts the Golden Rule, and has a great ambition to become the owner of a big rich farm, well stocked, watered, and all necessary buildings in good shape. Lives in Houlka because he likes the people and his work is here.

ARLIE BISHOP

Mechanic.

Arlie, the village blacksmith, the man with the strong arm, the man who the children watch as they trip homeward from school, eagerly watching the flaming forge and the white hot iron shooting sparks into every corner, and Arlie the blacksmith "under the spreading chestnut tree," was born in Van Vleet, in 1890. His parents are Mr. and Mrs. John Robert Bishop, and when they moved near Houlka, Arlie came too and decided to follow the trade of his father, that of a mechanic.

Van Vleet and Old Houlka schools were the limit of his book education, but even yet he finds time to keep in touch with the pulse of the world by reading the modern magazines that come to his home. He is a well rounded young man, and capable of battling any problem that means an honest living.

September 15, 1912, he was married to Miss Georgia Thomas, a very genial lady of Christian character and "get busy" hustler. If Arlie ever frowned while in her presence, something must certainly have been wrong. He is a Methodist and a W. O. W. His ambition is "to strive to go higher," and in going that way he carries in his daily duty the motto of "Do right."

"I live in Houlka because I like the place and the people. It is a grand little town, and we have some of the best people on earth."

Arlie is on the job from morn till night, and his work is up to standard of any mechanic in the town. He is happy in his work and devoted in his home.

JOHN M. BLACK

Hardware Salesman and Bank Director.

The longest day of the year '67, June 21st, had quietly slipped into the shadows of a sultry night. Then, just as everybody had blanketed their chickens for bedtime, a tiny baby opened two little eyes into a big Alabama world. John was the young man's name, and he made the home of William Miller and Elizabeth Louisa Rogers Black his first important visit and continued therein as a regular and free boarder for many years. His people were Scotch-Irish, and settled in Alabama long before the mighty war of brother against brother. His mother still lives in Old Alabam'.

His education was obtained in the State of his birth, completing nearly all of the prescribed courses available in those days of meager school facilities. Gathering knowledge here and there in the church and speaking halls, and in observation with eyes wide open, and in listening with ears well "laundered," until he has come into a well-informed man, well-equipped with good business perceptibility and thorough acquaintance with the evolution of commercial and religious problems. Not a better salesman or a more polite man can be found; he is one of the few very best. He's Johnnie on the deal.

Miss Modena Aycock, a sincere church worker and a most excellent and rare character, became the wife of Mr. Black on December 24, 1896. They are a devoted couple and live for each other the true fellowship of Christian people.

From Troy they moved to Houlka about the year 1905, first living in the big boarding house at old Houlka. Later on he bought the old W. J. Green home west of town, and there he now lives on one of the richest plots of 98 acres of any ground in Houlka bottom.

For several years he has been working as salesman for the Houlka Hardware Company. He has the confidence of all the citizens of the surrounding country and especially of the men he works with in the big furniture, hardware and grocery departments of the new company. Easy, quiet, unassuming, pleasant. Has a smile for everybody, a helping hand in times of unfortunate disaster, and is a valuable asset in the religious upbuilding of the community.

He is a punctual member of the Baptist church, and also a very efficient teacher in the Sunday school. Besides this, he is a loyal Mason. His motto is "Square deal," and his ambition is to be a stock raiser and a good one. He thinks the town "A1," and lives here because he likes both town and people. Everybody believes in Mr. Black as a genuine good man, free from taint of any kind. True as steel, neat dresser, full measure of kindness, and a level-headed man.

W. M. BLAND Railroad Agent and Operator.

The subject of this sketch was born into the home of Robert Galbreath and Sallie Driver Bland on June 26, 1886, in the town of Mathiston, thirty miles below Houlka. His parents are of Scotch-Irish ancestry, and moved from South Carolina to Mississippi about 1856.

Mr. Bland's schooling was obtained at Mathiston, Maben High school and M. C. C. College. After several years as a student in these schools he was employed by the N. O. M. & C. R. R. Co., being transferred to the Houlka Agency in the year 1913. As the Agent here, he is popular with all the people and serves everybody with politeness and "despatch." He is always on time to the dot and when it comes his time to answer the message of the angels to meet them in the great Union Station of the far beyond, he ought to have a clear track, a through ticket without punches and stop-overs and a Pullman berth, for the worry and wear and tear of a country depot. It is due him, for his bill of lading is correct according to the rules of the railroad. So far his life has been a signal success, although it has been filled with dots and dashes, spaces and "ticks." His code of life is "Make friends, not enemies."

He belongs to the Methodist church, the Masonic Lodge, the Order of Railroad Telegraphers, and the W. O. W. On Christmas day of 1905, he married Miss Alvie Horton, the sweetheart of his dreams, and a lady of splendid character. Three children, Lillie Edna, William Odus and Lloyd, bless this happy home.

To express a line or two of his letter, he says: "I think Houlka is the best town of its size in North Mississippi. It is building very rapidly and people who have not visited our town in the past twelve months would be astonished at the improvements made during this short time. I believe in the next five years Houlka will double the population of today. Don't think the people can be surpassed and it is a pleasure for me to state that I am highly pleased to be a citizen of such a growing town."

ROBERT NATHAN BOYD. County Supervisor.

In the beginning of Chickasaw it was without form and Boyd, and darkness was upon every trace of its birth. And the evening and the morning

were many years later. Roads had been cut through from village to village. People fussed and fumed over it but the roads grew on apace and waxed muddy and impassable. God said let there be no fight and there was a fight. For the Supervisors could not make the Board smooth to the whims and eccentricities of the old chronic complaints. And the evening and the morning was December 16, 1856. For it came to pass on that day that the great Supervisor of all the counties of the Universe sent into the home of George W. and Nancy Caroline Bramlett Boyd, near old Houlka, another Supervisor made in His own image, yea created He him, in the present well-known Robert Bob Boyd. His ancestry is of Scotch-Irish, French and English, his parents moving from South Carolina to Mississippi about 1851.

First at Houlka, and then for a while at the University of Mississippi, Mr. Boyd obtained all of his text book education. Constant thought and application since that time have blended within him all the essence of a well-informed, reasonable, conscientious and practical man.

At the Methodist church in Houston on the Valentine Day of 1883, Miss Eliza Naugle, a most estimable lady of Christian character and industrious womanhood, marched with Mr. Boyd to the front of the pulpit, and they were bound together with a string of words about a million feet long, for better or for a little bit better forever and three days. For, lo! these many years they have followed the injunction of "I will obey when I can't disobey," until they have grown into the happiest of couples and the "bestest" of neighbors. Both will never forget how young "Bob" trembled, blinked at a knot in the floor and wilted when the "I will" part was heard above the music as it strained itself into melody.

Seven children, Eula Carolyn, Anna Estelle, Robert Ehren, Maylene Elizabeth, Ruth Naugle, John Bertrand and Bernice Bramlett, have blessed this happy union, and Daddy and Mommie Boyd live just for the great ambition of educating and rearing them to become useful men and women.

Mr. Boyd is a true Presbyterian and a Mason. Lives the motto of "Always look for good in others." For most of his life he has been a farmer. But for a few months after his marriage he changed his focus on five dollar Williams to a better point of view, as he thought at first, but after he had broken several good cameras and plates on the mugs and maps of the people over the county, he finally decided to develop some farming lands near old Houlka. Picture-making didn't show up as good as he expected—too many solutions to fix—there was no opportunity to mount higher, and he didn't relish dark-room work anyhow. So he left his handprints on the faces of the patients who had the courage to sit and watch the proverbial bird jump from the lens and back in again. From that time he has farmed with the average success of the farmers.

In 1911 he ran for Supervisor in second beat and won over his opponents. With what money the Board could give he has done the best a man can do for the roads of Houlka. But people fuss if this hole and that hole is not fixed in three jiffies even if they are ten miles apart. Those who fuss never think of the worry attached to such an office and never think he can be in only one place at a time. He goes on though, knowing full well that it is impossible to please everybody, everywhere, everytime and all the time. His work is up to standard in every way and the roads show that improvement has been the result of his administration. He says this in his letter:

"I live in Houlka because I think it is as good, if not better, than any place I could find. Living here all my life and as a neighborhood and town, its people are hospitable, social and religious."

WALLACE T. BROWN.

Merchant and Progressive Farmer.

In Union, South Carolina, in the year 1856, there was born into the home of John and Sarah Golding Brown, a wee-wee boy, in the person of Wallace T. Brown. In the red gullies of that State he played with the other school children, wearing out patch after patch in sliding down the scoot-the-scoots



Howard Drug Co. Woodmen Hall. S. S. Stewart Hardware Co. Telephone Exchange.
O. T. Gaines, General Merchandise. Office Rooms.



Train Load of Logs and Waste Conveyor.

near the "Little Red School-house." So just in the public schools, all of his education was gained. From that he went into the big world of experience and broadened his mind with constant observation and open ears.

When he was twenty-one years of age, he moved to "Old Missipp," and engaged in tilling the fertile fields of Chickasaw with average success, and then later on established a general store at Brownsville, near the old Shiloh church.

In the year 1879, he was married to Miss Margaret M. Holladay, a highly esteemed lady of fine Christian spirit and industrious womanhood. Eleven children have been born to this happy union—Willie Frank, Curt, Arthur, Vester, Tom, Robert, Calvin, Virgie, Pearl, Mattie, Lucille.

Mr. Brown is a member of the Methodist church, and lives up to its teachings with all the zeal of a Christian man in the great ambition of his life "To do right." His motto is "Equal rights to all," and in his daily labors he practices that precept with faithfulness and truth. He is now a merchant of the new town, his store being just south of the Cook grocery. Carries a good line of general merchandise and does a very good trade with all the surrounding country. Quoting: "I live in Houlika because I like the place, and on account of its healthfulness. Its people are composed largely of the best citizens that could naturally congregate in a town of its size and industry, therefore making it a good place to live."

B. C. BULLARD Merchant.

Over in the County of Ittawamba, the subject of this article was born just sixty-four years ago on July 5. His parents were James G. and Anice Lindsey Bullard, their nationality being of English and French—the father coming to Mississippi from Virginia in '35, and the mother from Tennessee in '37.

His education was limited to the public schools of Ittawamba and Pontotoc counties, and the war coming on in all of its destruction of property and legal tender, kept him from going higher in the lore of literature and science, to which he so ambitiously aspired. Living through hard times and good, he has come into a man of sound business judgment.

December, 1881, he married his ideal of womanhood in the person of Miss Annie Lesley. To this union have been born—Zenas, Ara, Minnie and Grady. He is a Cumberland Presbyterian and lives the good motto of "Onward and upward, never looking backward." His ambition is "To make the world better by my having lived in it." He says: "I live here because I like the people and location. A wide-awake little town of progressive spirit." Mr. Bullard is now one of our enterprising merchants.

JAMES EDGAR COBB. Merchant and Bank Director.

Houlika is largely made up of former Calhoun county citizens. So many of them seeing the possibilities of financial advancement and school advantages, moved with their families to the booming little town and happily established themselves in the social and moral life of the growing population. With all these good people came James Edgar Cobb, and not a better man could old Calhoun send to us if the county was raked and scraped from "kiver to kiver." They grow good men, useful men, honest men, in that section and then send them to Houlika to show us how to live, how to work, and how to make the most of our opportunities.

Banner was the place of his birth, and the day was November 12, 1872. He is the oldest child of Thomas Henry and Mary Jane Pennington Cobb, who trace their ancestry from the sturdy Irish families coming into Mississippi from Georgia and Alabama, long before railroads were familiarly known in the Southland.

His father having died when "Ed" was just ten years old, the responsibility of the farming interests was left almost entirely upon his young shoulders, and on account of that his literary education was regretfully limited to a few months in the public schools of the county.

Miss Laura C. Lewelling, the very lady Mr. Cobb needed to help him on his way to success, by her excellent traits of character and her energetic capacities of making things hustle, became his wife on December 24, 1893.

In the fall of '96 he moved with his wife to a town near Little Rock, Ark. Living there about two years, they moved back to their old home in Banner and established a general merchandise business in the firm name of Cobb & Stewart. Until the summer of 1905, he carried on this trade with remarkable success for an inland store, and on account of his popularity with the people as a man of sound business principles and straightforward dealings with everybody.

So in the year '05, he moved to Houlka and began a mercantile business in the store now occupied by L. A. Turner, living in the boarding house of old Houlka until he could build a home of his own. He chose the corner lot east of town where the old crab apple tree landmark stood for so many years, and there builded a handsome little cottage for one of the most devoted couples in the city of Houlka.

On January 1, 1908, his stock was consolidated into the Houlka Mercantile Co., and for six years he served as the popular and efficient manager of the firm, making for the business and for himself, a reputation for honesty, truthfulness and accommodation. He was and is the gospel of hard work. His mind is on his business constantly and not on the other fellow's. Nothing is too late or too early for him to do—he is "Cobby on the job" always. He doesn't know what idleness means, and really doesn't know there is a word like it in the language, surely not in his vocabulary of action. Unobtrusive in suggestion on any subject, but when asked for advice, he can give it and plainly. Ten out of ten times you will find him to be correct. His business acumen—knowledge of human nature, foresight in trade conditions and expert application of his "think," brands him as the foremost business man in the town of Houlka. He deserves it and more. Show me a better set of books than he keeps and you've got the "set ups." Every day he knows to a cent just the condition of the finances and can tell you your account in two jiffies and a wink. The memory of this man is wonderful, nothing escapes him and therefore he shows up four-square to all the world. It was my pleasure to work with him for a few months, and in all his business transactions he was as honest as the day is long—accurate, quick, proficient. With both white and colored people he gave equal squareness. Never having to "hum and haw" over anything, for what he said was fact, and facts were his trademarks. In 1913, the Mercantile was moved into the Houlka Hardware, and under the firm of Houlka Hardware & Furniture Co., run by Cobb, Beasley & Harrill, they have developed into the biggest merchants in the town.

His motto is "Treat my fellow man like I want to be treated, and honest at all times in my dealings." With that is his ambition "To succeed in any business I undertake." He says: "I live here because I think Houlka is the most prosperous and enterprising town in North Mississippi, and made up with congenial people of both social and moral qualities." He is a man of his word—what he says he means, and thinks three times before he speaks it. Kind, sympathetic, liberal, moral, jolly and "all round" gentleman.

WILLIAM A. COOK Merchant.

Billy Cook, as his friends know him, was born on May 9, 1865, in the western part of Calhoun County. His parents, Archibald and Malinda Everette Cook, were of Scotch-Irish extraction, and came into Mississippi from Tennessee and Alabama in 1828 and 1832.

His schooling was limited to the Calhoun County public schools and Normal College at Houston. Four years after his last year in school, he was married to Miss Emma Lantrip, a lady of great beauty and refined Christian character, on February 22, 1891. His children are, Myrtice, Grady, Otis, Vivian, Merrell and Doyle.

Mr. Cook is a member of the Methodist Church, W. O. W. and K. P. His occupation is that of a merchant, having followed the business of gents' furnishings and groceries for several years. For a year or two he was head clerk in the dry goods store of G. W. Stubblefield and was considered the best stock-keeper in all the country roundabout. His store is a model of neatness and cleanliness. Everything is arranged in strict accordance to business principles and always in easy access. Carries a complete line of fancy groceries and a side line of fine shoes. In whatever department he works, there is no disorder.

His ambition is to attain a greater success in his profession, and all through life his motto has been fair dealings with all men. Quoting: "I think the people of Houlika are up to the standard in every respect. It is as good a town as I can find for a man of my ability to live."

Mr. Billy is an all round, trustworthy man. Careful in business, firm in convictions and polite in manner and word with everybody.

GRADY COOK Editor and Merchant.

Grady Cook, oldest son of the Mr. Cook just preceding, was born at Ellzey, in Calhoun County, February 17, 1894. A future great man had come into its borders.

Very early in life he applied himself to the intricacies of a First Reader and Speller. After several sessions in the Cherry Hill school at his home, he moved with his parents to Houston and there advanced further into text book lore. Always he has leaned toward a literary education and on into the unlimited fields of journalism. When a little fellow he was an enthusiastic reader of the page in the Commercial Appeal devoted to young writers and their drawings. To that page he contributed many little articles that brought forth praise from the editor and from many of its members. A contest was on and the boys and girls were to write on what they would like to be in life. Characteristic of Grady, he wrote his very heart in something like this: "Many may want to be a president or a senator, a doctor or a lawyer, a preacher or a lecturer, and on and on through the great professions, but of all the ambitions of all the world I would rather be a MAN." That is Grady, day in and day out. Along with that ambition is his wish "To be more than a mere atom of humanity," and in living up to that wish he exudes the practical motto of "Help those around me."

Besides helping to sell goods in his father's store, he helps his brother Otis as the "proprietor" of the Houlika Pressing Emporium, and does his very best to impress into the "duds" of the Beau Brummels a new life of "in-creased" beauty. He is the Upholsterer of Old Age, as he puts it in his ad. So the old jab that his time is pressing, suits him fittingly. There is not a wrinkle or a spot about his character, never a hole or a patch in the life he lives.

Grady is a member of the Methodist Church and also a W. O. W. Houlika has never had a more enthusiastic Woodman than Grady Cook. He injects life into their meetings—gets out in the highways and talks up the Big Doings—makes the fellows interested. That's the loyal Woodman and the kind Houlika needs.

"I live in Houlika because of its many advantages, and because I like the people. The people are up to the standard and the town has every facility needed for big business. The co-operation is not as good as it could be, still it is better than most towns of its size, and very much larger. There is an excellent surrounding country of farming lands and if the people would

display a more harmonious attitude in a get-together movement of extension, the complete trade of a big radius could be brought here easily. We need good roads and more of them. Outside of this, Houlka is as near perfect as can be."

Grady is a moral young man, cleanly of tongue and habit, friendly and appreciative. When people speak of him, and that is often, the expression is always, "That's a good boy." Grady the manly man—the gentle-man!

Grady is the youngest Consul Commander in a W. O. W. membership of 700,000.

WILLIAM T. COMBS.

Merchant and Telephone Operator.

"Tallyfoams," or "phoneboxes," as some of the people dub them, had never come into much prominence when W. T. Combs made his first "Hello" into the land of hanging grapes in Pontotoc county. Nevertheless, on February 13, 1870, all the natives of the vicinity were called in to speak to the little man, and the more they transmitted or connected kisses from their snuffy lips to his, the more he would ring off into spasms of louder, still louder. So when the batteries of kisses had been disconnected, he slipped a peg or two deeper into the happy arms of his parents, William Marion and Ella Neely Combs. Their ancestry being of straight old English stock, having moved into this country long before the war from Georgia and South Carolina respectively.

His early schooling was obtained in the rural schools of his home county, and coupled with that of books, the big experience of bucking up against the world has made him a good citizen and business man of the town.

He now runs the exchange of the new Neely system, giving excellent service through dozens and dozens of phones. Under the firm name of Green & Combs, he sells groceries of first-class brands in the store once occupied by Phillips, and later by Westmoreland.

On August 23, 1896, he was married to Miss Nettie Brooks, a lady of intrinsic worth and industry. Their children are: Vera, Louella, Erlene, Lany and Mary. Vera and Erlene have been popular "hello girls" since the new line was put in.

His motto, "Equal rights to all and special privileges to none," while his great ambition is to be "Worth something to his country." He lives in Houlka "because I think it is a good place, and good enough for the average man."

Mr. Combs is a Methodist and a W. O. W. A man of smiles for everybody, and a good word for the rest of them. Sympathetic, kind, and a friend to man.

WILLIAM NEWTON DODDS

Methodist Minister.

Numbers of preachers were going about the nation in the days of '77, doing "Colossian" Acts among the people, singing Psalms and quoting Proverbs, making Revelations of all the Chronicles in the Bible and altogether making a great Mark in the ripe fields of Timothy for the King of Kings. They had made an Exodus from "Generations to Revolutions," as the old minister commented on his sermon, but the Job was not complete; there were not enough men to carry the Gospel into the byways and hedges, and so it came to pass that on the third day of February, '77, another good Samaritan was come unto the house of Dodds in the land of Union county. His father and mother, William Preston and Martha Franklin Ross Dodds, christened the little roly-poly boy with the name of William Newton, and that it has been for, lo! these many moons. His ancestral nationality is straight Scotch-Irish, the father coming from Macon, Tenn., in '51, and mother from Peach Grove, Tenn., in January, '58.

Rev. Dodds has been a farmer most of his life, knowing what it is to go barefooted until eighteen, and to church in a bumpy-bump back of a wagon on a quilt. In the winter he studied in the inefficient public schools and calmly admits in his letter that he had a thought now and then as to what he was and what he was going to do in the future. He was twenty years old before he ever owned a ready-made suit or any of the seeming necessities of a young man's life. It was work and work all the time, and during the many turns of the row he was ploughing through life there came to him the wonderful call to preach. The modesty of the man fought it off and kept on fighting it, thinking of his unfitness for such a great work as the mastery of speech or interpretation, would necessarily require. So he went to Arkansas to get rich and shun the call, leaving the sweetheart of his dreams for the other fellow to "shine" around without fear of rivalry. He failed to get rich, came home, sent his rival to Arkansas and married the girl—the "best lady in all the world," in 1901. Ten years of the best part of his life he admits "were fighting God and that man."

In '07 he began the ministry on the Rainey Circuit in Tippah County, having six churches, three each in Benton and Tippah. In '09 and '10 he was on the Tishomingo Circuit with seven churches. Then to Baldwin in '11 with five flocks to "feed." From there he came unto the green pastures of Houlka where "a few are stalled and some are frozen." He is now in his third year and serves Concord, Wesley, Asbury and Houlka. Sometimes he gets a shekel or two and then it is yum-yum ham and gravy.

His ambition is "To help make the world better by my life and by the word of God." His motto is "Do good to all, from the richest to the poorest." In his ministry at Houlka he has come into the hearts of the people with all the love and affection that is due him for his work in the church and for the public interest he has for the uplift of the town and country.

Three children—Carey Preston, Perry Ross and Nannie Ruth, brighten this happy home of true Christian workers with characteristic cuteness of the modern child. Going from flock to flock, he carries with him the simple salvation of Christ, the great Shepherd, who meekly traveled hither and thither showing mercy and kindness among the multitude.

J. E. FERGUSON Rural Route Mail Carrier.

In the little town of Pittsboro, Mr. Ferguson was born on November 14, 1856. His parents, William Franklin and Sara Elizabeth Shirley Ferguson, were of good old English stock, the father moving from Tennessee at the close of the war and the mother a native Mississippian.

His schooling was limited to Pittsboro and Water Valley, having to hump for himself early in life. He farmed for several years until he was given the position of mail carrier on Route Three, running over twenty miles through the Saxon, Norman, Waldrop and Burgess neighborhoods. He has served in this capacity for four or five years very efficiently and satisfactorily. The patrons of his route have much confidence in him and know that their mail will be attended to with faithfulness and accuracy.

January 6, 1878, he was married to Miss Loraine Haselline Collums, a lady of industrious womanhood, and from this union have come the following children: Sim, Pearl, Cora, Alice, Price, Forrest and Lillie Bell.

He is a Baptist and a Columbia Woodman. Is ambitious to "Make an honest living and pay my just debts," while his motto in life is "Do as I would be done by." Quoting from his letter:

"I think that Houlka is one of the best towns of its size I ever saw, and one of the most pleasant places to live in I have ever lived. The people are among the best that can be found. Law-abiding, high-toned and accommodating, ever ready to lend a helping hand in times of distress."

Mr. Ferguson is a quiet, unostentatious man. Attends strictly to his own business and meddles not with the affairs, either small or great, of others.

SIMEON MATHIAS FREEMAN
City Marshal.

"Oyez, Oyez, the court is now open," so sayeth Uncle Doc, with a twist of his face, three blinks of his eyes and a great big puff. Who ever saw a happier man? Uncle Doc, the long and tall, Uncle Doc, "the poor boy," and Uncle Doc, the campaign singer! History records the songs he slung at the voters of Pontotoc many years ago. The woods rang with rhythm of "When the vote's counted out, he would have 'em all." He will admit though now, and with a wink of his wonderful eyes, that he didn't get 'em all as he so eagerly hoped in the outset. Finally he won out and now is the present and popular marshal of Houlka. He runs them in when things get tanked along the equator; as the expression goes, "He puts the power to 'em." Everybody likes Uncle Doc, and he likes everybody.

On May 7, 1858, he made his first appearance in the great court of Pontotoc County and grew up and up and still up among the red gullies and grape vine swings of that section. His father's family came from Georgia in '32, and his mother's from South Carolina in '30. Both of Scotch-Irish descent and sturdy people of the pioneer type that are fast going into the land of never-come-back, and where the trails are blazed with the glories of the stars.

His schooling was limited to the courses given in the Banner school of Calhoun County, where he had moved from his home in Pontotoc. For many moons he has tickled the earth for dollars and succeeded fairly well in the accumulation of sufficient property to live comfortably, happily and peacefully.

Quoting a few lines from his letter, he quaintly says that: "I live in the city of Houlka from choice. I chose Houlka merely because I chose to do so. Houlka people are as a rule like they are everywhere else—good, bad and indifferent. Houlka has one of the brightest futures of any town in the State. My motto is: 'Do unto others as I would have them to do unto me,' and my ambition is to be 'a better man than I have ever been.'"

On September 1st, 1910, he was married to Mrs. Ballas Herndon Tutor, a lady of very industrious traits and Christian character.

Uncle Doc keeps the muzzle tightly tied on the "bad men" of Houlka and can use his "forty-some-odd" with quick aim if occasion demands.

WILLIAM JOSHUA GREEN
Merchant.

Uncle Josh, as he is familiarly known from Bugscuffle to Froglevel, and from Kalamazoo to Pleasant View, is the man who lives in Houlka because he is unable to leave. What would Houlka do without him? How could the town keep on if Uncle Josh should pack up his bandanna and leave forever? Bad thought; don't think of such a catastrophe!

Over in South Carolina, when the year 1855 rolled into view, there came with it this Uncle Josh, "being a small boy at that particular time." His parents, William J. and Caroline Kirby Green, were of Scotch-Irish stock, descending from the great families of Green and Kirby that were so numerous in the population of that new country. Then when he was twelve years old he came to Mississippi in '67. Having to work continually from day to day, winter and summer, he did not get to enjoy the school advantages of his richer neighbors. But he kept plugging, making a dollar here and "fo' bits" yonder, in farming and in trading various commodities about the country. His fame as a horse-trader went over the country in a trot and before he was thirty years old, half of the horses and mules in the State of Mississippi had passed through the "swopping" and trading fingers of this Uncle Joshua. He went the "gaits" from running walk to single footing, and from racking to the buzzard lope. They put the "boot" to him, too, and finally he bought himself a farm. So, time grew on apace, and he decided to make the biggest trade of

his life with a human being for keeps and no rue back. Then on December 25, '78, Miss Mary E. Kirby, a very estimable lady of great industry and lovable Christian character, agreed to make Uncle Josh a Christmas present of herself forever and forever. The trade was settled, and they have been working in harness for good ever since, or "happily ever after." Five children have blessed this couple in the persons of William Oscar, Claude Vernon, Julius R., Valley E. and Mary Alice.

His motto is "Honesty," and his great ambition is "Power." He is a Baptist, a Mason, a W. O. W. and a "Good Fellow." Everybody likes Uncle Josh for his jolly wit and his way of taking life with sunshine. Perpetrating jokes is a pastime with him and he enjoys it from sun to sun. For a few years he ran a store in old Houlika and then joined the Houlika Mercantile Co. Until 1913 he worked in that business and then sold out to begin another grocery trade under the firm name of Green & Combs, located in the store once occupied by T. J. Phillips, and later by Westmoreland. He lives comfortably now in a large home east of school, and is a true type of the self-made man.

WILLIAM HENRY GRIFFIN Capitalist.

Mr. W. H. Griffin, the genial Southern gentleman of Houlika; the vice-president of the bank, and one of its directors; the man who owns the nicest and most comfortable home in town; the man who has striven, although handicapped by the scars of wartime conflict, and has succeeded through persistent and intelligent application of an energetic mind, was born on the 21st of October, 1844, at Tuscaloosa, Ala. His parents, Gen. Jack T. Griffin, of Kentucky nativity and Irish descent, and Elizabeth McConnell Griffin, of Georgia nativity and Scotch-Irish descent, moved into Mississippi when the subject of this sketch was only four years old.

Until 1860, he was educated at Houston, but in '61 he became a student at Houlika under the able tutorage of B. F. Fitzpatrick, until March of the following year, when he was mustered into the army of the Confederate States of America on the 21st of March, 1862. Arriving at Fredericksburg, Va., he joined the 11th Mississippi Regiment of Infantry, Company H., under Gen. J. E. Johnston. Later the army was reorganized and fought the seven days' battle around Richmond under the command of the great and noble Robert E. Lee. Here, Mr. Griffin experienced some real hard military service right in the beginning. From there he went into the battle of Manassas, suffering privations of awful war; but coming out ready for the next battle of the famous Bull Run conflict. In this engagement he was twice severely wounded in the arm and hip, and was carried with a train load of other wounded Confeds. to the hospital at Lynchburg, Va. His "downy couch" was composed of straw in an old tobacco factory. Then on December 16, 1862, he and A. L. McJunkin were granted furloughs and went to their Mississippi homes, where they remained on crutches until the spring of '63, when they returned to their regiment at Orange C. H., Va. On October 5, '63, Mr. Griffin was given an honorable discharge from army service on account of said wounds.

About the first day of April, '64, he was re-enlisted in army of C. S. A., in Company E, Eighth Mississippi Cavalry Regiment, under Gen. Forrest. Almost immediately he was engaged in the battles of Brice Cross Roads and Harrisburg; was present at Selma when the arsenal was exploded, and then fell into retreat to Gainesville, Ala., where he was surrendered (a word that he wishes no good fortune) on the 9th and 10th of April, 1865. "Weak and wounded, sick and sore, ragged and hungry, his money of no value, began the march back home with his servant, Charlie, and three mules, finally reaching Houston about the middle of April." Everything that belonged to his father had been taken away or destroyed by the Yankees, and so Mr. Griffin had to get right down to hard work in the preparation of the season's crops.

In winter of '66 and spring of '67, Mr. Griffin was Deputy Probate Clerk of Chicksaw County. Giving that up, he went to St. Louis and entered Bryant & Stratton Business College, where he was graduated in the summer of '67. Instead of going to work at once as a business man, he helped on his father's newly acquired farm, the old Isbell place, until he went to work for Frazee & Son, of Okolona, Miss., in '69. In 1870, he and J. S. Frazee, Jr., went to Louisville, Ky., and engaged in the wholesale and retail trade of sewing machines. He sold his part of the business at the end of same year and secured control of Georgia and Florida for the sale of same machines, with headquarters at Atlanta, conducting the trade under his own name until '72. In the summer of same year he moved to Memphis and established a business of concrete walk and tiling construction in the firm name of Langesser & Griffin. After bidding for Court Square walks and fountain basin they were informed that city warrants were worth the great sum of 40 cents on the dollar, so they quit the business and Mr. Griffin returned to his home in Houlka.

Quoting from his good letter, a part of his life since '73: "On the 10th of July, 1873, I purchased from Warren Harrill a stock of general merchandise, creating a burdensome debt. Then on October, 1877, W. H. Griffin was happily married to Miss Missouri Baskin: his first homestead thereafter being a log cabin where he and his beautiful and good wife resided about one year before we contracted for about four acres of land and a three-room plank home with William Harrill. Selling out at Houlka he bought the Jack Buchanan place at Red Land and conducted a successful trade for five years. Then moving back to Houlka he purchased the Grange Store at auction, and also buying the I. E. Garrett home. After returning from Red Land, W. H. Griffin continued the mercantile business for twenty-eight years with good success all the while, investing his surplus money in real estate, of which he accumulated quite a large acreage of fine farming lands and several quarter sections of timbered lands. From '92 to '94 inclusive, W. H. Griffin served the county as Supervisor and he, with P. W. Shell and J. E. Dendy, et al, made a business record of which he and they feel justly proud.

"He is a Master Mason, having been so for 27 years, and has been advanced to the Hamasa Temple of A. O. O. Nobles of Mystic Shrine. He is Commander of Camp No. 1700, Confederate Veterans, of which distinction he is highly appreciative and proud of the honor. On January 1st, 1871, he joined the Floyd and Chestnut street Christian Church, of Louisville, Ky., and in May of same year joined the Odd Fellows at Atlanta, Ga."

Since the new town was begun, Mr. Griffin has done considerable work in the building and other general improvement of the town. Owns a handsome residence, a well-equipped three-story hotel, brick store and many other houses in and about town that he rents for a comfortable income.

All of his life, he has been a true Christian gentleman, living the life of the cleanly man, the life of the influential man, withal the famous old-time life of hospitality and character of the Southern gentleman.

PAUL WHITE GRIFFIN Druggist.

If you ever get in sight of Houlka and you hear a rhythmic rollicking gurgle gushing from the portals of the first drug store the town ever bought its pills and potions, "yarbs" and other "pottle deep" concoctions, you can bet your bottom dime, (possibly you haven't seen a dollar in six months), that the foundation of that laugh is in the throat of one P. W. "Poll" Griffin.

In the town of Lafayette, Macon County, Tenn., Paul was born on April 18, 1889. His father was Neil Washington White, of Scotch extraction. His mother dying when Paul was very small, and also his father, so the name of his mother cannot be recalled. When Paul was eight years of age, Mr. W. H. Griffin went to Nashville, and brought him to Houlka to live with them as their child for keeps. At once he made himself at home among the good people about Houlka, and gloried in all the sports of the school boys as a recognized leader among them. Horses were his chief delight, and never a day passed

that he wasn't seen lickity-split up and down the roads going after cows or on some business errand for Mr. Griffin. Dozens of times he came in a mile of his life when his horse would slip and throw him "kersmash" against some bridge or tree. But who could kill him? "Bomonite" wouldn't hold him and guns couldn't puncture his epidermis. So he grew and waxed strong in muscle and text-books. Had a fight now and then and either his or the other fellow's mug was—well, it needed a prescription.

Besides the Houlika school, he went to the Randolph-Macon College in Bedford City, Va., and then to French Camp Academy for a session or two. After that he went to Jackson, Miss., and studied commercial business for one term. Back to Houlika, he helped his father in business matters until he bought the Houlika Drug Company, and now is manager of that pill palace of six cylindered, 90-horse-power, 23-jeweled, hydraulic compound pills, with a nickel's "wuff of sody fount" on the side. As a jerker of the gastronomic glories he is looking at you. Soft drinks for the hard cash come into effervescent being when he swishes the rainbow liquids across the marble-top and says: "I've gottecher." "Poll is some slinghammer," believe you!

He is a member of the Methodist Church and also of the Masonic Lodge No. 259. His ambition is "To be an upright and straightforward business man." He lives in Houlika because he is "here," and because of the healthful location along with good business opportunities and rapid growth. Paul is a happy, jolly man, and goes through life with good will to all and the grip of the gladsome mitten.

W. LEE GUINN Contractor and Mechanic.

Near Van Vleet, Miss., long before the peavine special crawled over the red hills and hollows of that section, and just three years after the surrender at Appomattox, there was born to Jesse L. and Fanny Ulmer Guinn, a bitsum boy, on October 2, 1868. That boy was christened Lee, and as he played and studied about the schools of his neighborhood, Locust Hill, Center Hill and Friendship, he grew from a sprightly boy into young manhood, shouldering the responsibilities of a young life as he "struck out" for himself in the wonderful world of knocks and pats. From early boyhood he had an ambition to be a carpenter and a good one. Everything in the way of nails and plank appealed to him as something that could be put together for some good. So it was that his father's home was filled with various little "doings" of his saw and hammer. When he first got a complete tool chest, there wasn't a happier man in all the kingdoms of the earth. His fortune was made right then and there—all he had to do was to hammer it out. So he hammered and sawed, nailed down wisdom from big experience, wrought many jobs as smoothly as the expert, chiseled his way into the possession of a wife, and made a four-square deal with his Maker for salvation.

On December 19, 1894, he married Miss Emma Williams, a lady of excellent traits and Christian character. They have lived on the "level" to all the world and will keep up that good measure "plumb" to the end. He is a Methodist and a loyal one. His ambition is "To live for God and the uplift of my country and fellowmen." His motto is, "Do right." "I live here because I helped build the town and because my home is here. I love the home and the people, and think that Houlika is growing fast into greater things and greater men." Mr. Guinn does much contracting and building for the Houlika people. He is withal a manly gentleman.

JESSE F. HANEY Alderman, Farmer, Ex-Merchant.

Five miles south of Pontotoc, J. F. Haney was born. History doesn't give the exact date, but many people know he is here and are glad of it—he is, too. His parents, Silas and Nannie Chase Haney, were of Irish nationality, and came to this country from Tennessee about the year 1850.

The schools of Pontotoc county were the limits of his book education; observing and thinking much at home, he has come to be a man of well-informed mind and excellent business judgment.

Before moving from Algoma to old Houlika, Mr. Haney was the Supervisor for that district several years, making quite a reputation for work well done.

At old Houlika he was the proprietor of the large boarding house and ran a grocery and general line near the cross roads corner. When the new town was in the making he put up a store on the West Row and did a rushing trade for two or three years. The big hotel put up by Mr. Griffin was run by Mr. Haney with success and to the gastronomic delight of the drummers and other traveling men; was quite a popular hotel on the Molly Jackson line, serving the very best meals that Houlika could afford. Now he is a farmer and an Alderman, living comfortably in a nice little home west of the town square.

February 3, 1881, he was married to Miss Lula Lee Weatherall, a most industrious lady of fine womanhood, and just the wife to make Mr. Haney a happy home. Three children—Jesse Ernest, Eugene Marshall and Annie Lee Marie bless this union.

Mr. Haney is a Presbyterian, Mason, member Order of Eastern Star and W. O. W. He believes strongly in the Golden Rule, and is ambitious to "Do the right thing and to lead others in the same path." Quoting a sentence:

"Houlika is the best place I ever lived, and the best people to associate with."

Mr. Haney is the Superintendent of the Presbyterian Sunday school, and a member of the School Trustees. Genial and kind—a good word for all, is Mr. Haney.

EUGENE MARSHALL HANEY

Farmer.

Marshall Haney is the second son of J. F. Haney, just preceding. From a little bit of a fellow he has jumped into six feet of manhood in almost an incredible short length of time. Everybody knows Marshall and his team of mules. Without them he would be lost forever and have no more confidence with anything about him. A young man of very industrious traits—can be seen any day driving his little mules with the ease of a grizzled teamster and with a happiness supreme. Besides his farm work, he hauls for the public, making quite a few shekels for a rainy day. Not married, but hopes to be when the times comes. Modest, pleasant and jolly is friendly Marshall Haney.

LUKE H. HARRIS

Alderman, Hunter, Farmer.

The year 1855 was the beginning of L. H. Harris, near the village of Houlika. A mighty Nimrod was come and all the fish, squirrels, rabbits, foxes and coons in the jungles nearby heard the news with dire forebodings. All that could die right then, did so. The others lived until caught by the incessant intrusions of this hunter into their dens and holes. From that day his ambition has been to be a greater hunter, and many have been the days and nights spent by him in the chase of elusive game. He enjoyed it then and enjoys it now—would hunt more but hates to be so cruel to the little animals that are fast disappearing with the movements of civilization. He admits that after a trip he hunts more beds and medicine than he should; but glories in the fact that it was certainly a great hunt, "and that fox sho' did lickity split."

His father and mother, Francis Marion and Susan Isbell Harris, came from North Carolina and Alabama in 1845 and 1837, respectively. He attended only the small schools at Houlika, working most of the time about the farm.

In 1881 he was married to Miss Rossie DeLashmet, an excellent lady of fine character and industrious womanhood. Five children have blessed this devoted union—Isbell, Carrie Lee, Stella, Susie and Francis.

Mr. Harris is a Baptist, Mason and member Board of Aldermen. He chooses for his motto: "Do right," and says this at last of his letter:

"I think Houlka deserves credit for the progress it has made in the last few years, and it is mostly populated with good honorable people. I live in it because of my desire to see prosperity of town and my love for it."

OSCAR MERIWETHER HARRILL

Banker and Progressive Farmer.

The flush of life thrilled the hills and valleys of Houlka. Spring had ripened into the red glow of summer. Delicate shoots of cotton and corn peeped upward from the furrowed fields of the Harrill plantation. Long ribbons of light kissed the tips of the trees as they threw the glories of twilight over the wonderful welkin of the world. Night fell and broke into a moonlit breeze that rustled through the foliage of the forests like the silken swish and swirl of a spinning wheel. Then it was, in such a time, that an important event was heralded to the Houlka habitants. Grapevine telephones and tongues without end passed the news from house to house. The day was three times in June, the month of "roses," and the little chappie was "Os." Forty times, with the coming June, has he notched a year on the walls of memory, and may the notching reach into its double is the wish of friends unlimited.

His parents, William A. and Sallie Hodges Harrill, moved into Mississippi a few years before the war, building a home and clearing land among the very first of the old Houlka settlers.

The Houlka school gave him the rudiments of "A, B, C," and in the summer his father tried to teach him "crops," and just how to hold a plough handle. The sun nor the plow didn't appeal to his "contentment," and he kindly informed the whole push to go South with about as mild a Sunday school word as he could "remember." This way: "Hike to Melkizzerdeck, or hump to Arkansas to that place of minus the 'ena' and double the 'I.'" Anyhow, he didn't make a farmer out of himself right at that time, even if he now thinks more of its scientific application to existing conditions.

To Clinton College was his next step and he found that the world was a bit larger than he had thought, but kept up his work along with a few lifts of some old graduate hens that seemed to believe in the sacrifice of their hides for the tummies of the hungry students. One session was over and he found that he had not learned all "they is." Then to Washington in 1900 to work in Census Department for three years. Back home he went to work with vim and enthusiasm in building up country and materially helping in the beginning of a town west of old Houlka. Money and work, work and money, had to mix, and from the juggling of both the town is now what it is.

In 1903 he decided to marry, and the estimable and Christian character who became his happy wife was Miss Hattie Hunt Carter, of Helena, Ark.

The consensus of opinion regarding him is that he is Houlka and Houlka is "he." A booster, hustler, progressive, constructive, a developer, generous, original, honorable, honest, friendly, jolly, patient, dauntless, reinforced concrete backbone, unobtrusive, sincere in advice, sound business acumen, courageous. Everybody loves him for the help he has given them in times of trouble, as he loves everybody with the biggest heart in the world.

He is a Mason, a Shriner thirty-two degrees long, and a W. O. W. He is a member of all the churches, because one "costs" him just as much as the other. "Ock," as some of his friends call him, is a thinker and a doer—never waiting for the other fellow.

WILLIAM McDONALD HOLLADAY

Merchant and Baker.

Mac Holladay was born on February 13, 1894, two miles north of old Houlka on a rich little farm in the grapevine valleys of Pontotoc county. His

father, the well-known W. M. Holladay, who died in 1905, after a long life of usefulness and good will to man, and his mother, Lula Fant Holladay, who now lives with her happy family in the new town, were descended from pure old English-Scotch-Irish stock that came originally from Tennessee and Virginia as one of the first families to settle on the Pontotoc Ridge.

After a few years of schooling and hard work on the farm, he moved to new Houlka to begin a business of mechandising and a bakery. He is now located in the old store formerly occupied by J. F. Brown & Son, south of the bank, but expects to move into his new store that is now being used by Lonnie Baskin. He bought out the stock of T. V. Turner, who had been running a small bakery and grocery for several years in the new town. Since, he has added a bit more stock to his shelves and "rolls in the dough" with clean hands and smiling face. Mac was always a quiet boy, never obtruding his opinions without he knew his ground, and from that and also by his moral life he has come into a highly respected and well thought of young man. To rise in life—to make bread for the family, to live among the "upper-crust," and to finally persuade some "flour" with a "Gold Medal" "Character" to be his "Dainty" wife, he will be as high in the roll of the "Elect" as he can ever wish to be. "Table-Talk" with him and you find that he is a very original, "A-1," well-done young man. So we feel sure that his "self-rising" life will develop into a great citizen of the town.

JAMES WESLEY HOWARD Ex-Marshal and Druggist.

Two miles southwest of new Houlka, "Jim Howard" was born on August 29, 1869. His parents, who came from Alabama in '66, were John W. and Atalecie Bolding Howard, both from among the first families pioneering their way westward from the southeastern Atlantic coast.

When he was not employed on the farm, he attended a few terms of the Houlka public school, and studied when he "had to" the lessons assigned by the czar of authority—still he kept up with the first of the classes and developed into a well-rounded and well equipped man in both books and experience. Since that time he has been studying the great text book of humanity, compounding this and that problem with all the ingredients of a practical man.

On December 24, 1890, Miss Emma Berry, the jolliest, "smilingest" and "splendidest" Christian character, followed "Jim" to the altar of matrimony and told the minister "she'd tend to him through thick and thicker." She has led him a happy life through trials and joys, and as she quaintly puts it, "I'm just old Emma Howard, loving my family and I don't care who knows it." Isn't that the "truf?" Six children have been born to this union—Dee, Oda, Estelle, Attie May, Helen and James.

In 1905 Mr. Howard began work as a salesman for the Houlka Hardware Co., and after a few years of that work became the manager of the Houlka Drug Co. When this business was sold he was elected City Marshal, and served faithfully in that capacity until he was employed as salesman for S. S. Stewart Hardware Co. He is now running a drug store of his own in the Mize Building on West Row. With mortar and pestle he is putting out mixtures that will cure anything from a wart to a whimper, or from a whistle to a whooping whirlwind. Acids, powders, liquids, oils, juices, syrups and salves are his daily companions, and when he gets to compounding all this conglomeration of concoctions into some prescription it is enough, paregorically speaking, to "Kuore" all the ills in the biggest "tum tum" the world has ever known. His work is efficient, up to standard in every way. One of the most polite and gentlemanly salesman in Houlka is jolly, jovial Jim.

He is a Methodist, a Mason, K. P. and a W. O. W. Lives loyally to their precepts and with the great motto of "Deal squarely and honestly with the public." His longing ambition is to "Prosper." From his letter comes the fact:

"I live in Houlika because I like the town and people. I came here when it was nothing but woods, and have seen its steady growth to twenty-six business houses and all the other necessities of a growing city. We have a host of as good people as ever lived in any town."

WILLIAM DEE LAFAYETTE HOWARD

Pharmacist.

Dee Howard, son of the man just preceding, Dee the soda-coaxer, the pill-roller, the pharmaceutical phenomenon, the compounder of narcotics and the safe and salutary prescriptive juggler, was born near the new town in 1892. He "stimulates" in his letter that, after looking over and testing his ancestral nationality, it precipitates into a "Duke's Mixture."

In the public schools of his home, Dee secured a fundamental training that has been of great use to him in studying out all the medicinal medications of drugs and the other lock-jaw and neuralgic words that make miserable the modern mixtures of carbonate, astringents, alteratives, sedatives and emollients of Rexall composition and classification.

He began work in the Houlika Drug Store in 1907, and after a few years went to Ackerman to work in same trade. Coming home in '13, he went to work with his father at the beginning of the new year '14. Dee knows the business and can prepare the most delicate of prescriptions with quickness and accuracy. His manner is polite and his kind word to everybody naturally makes him a popular boy among the Houlika business element, and with all the people who come in from a distance to get some emetic or cataplasmic "releaser" for various irritants of the other fellow's body.

Dee is a Methodist and a W. O. W. Has for his motto: "Deal honestly with God and man and climb to the top." "To be of good to others and to himself," is his great ambition, and in his daily life that seems to be his constant thought and action. Quoting:

"I live in Houlika just to be with the homefolks. The town is enterprising, the people are good, honest, hospitable Christians, thoroughgoing and always ready to lend a willing and helping hand to the needy."

JEFFERSON ROSS KIMBROUGH

Merchant.

A few years in the recent hence, an hundred moons more or less, and just six miles to the east of us, Ross Kimbrough was born. His parents, John Rogers and Annie Foster Kimbrough, were descendants of Scotch-Irish settlers in the new country long before the war, though both his father and mother were native Mississippians.

The flourishing school at Troy, helped Ross into a good high school education—attending it when he could be spared from the duties at home. Soon as he was large enough to handle a hoe he struck out, chopping down good stalks and leaving sorry ones—still he plugged on, hoeing his row of life with the zeal of a man who wants to make good, even if grassy plots obstruct his path from time to time. Later he became more skilled in the knowledge of good and bad stalks, and since then has hoed his allotted row like the cleanly gentleman that he is. Hay and stubble began to grow rather boisterously on his chin and cheeks. It has turned out to be the most prolific crop he ever raised, having to mow and rake it three times a week, and just before he married he razed them once a day.

That happy event came about on December 23, 1906, and the most estimable lady in the case was Miss Virgie Brown. Four children, two girls, two boys, LaMarr and LaVell, Floyd and Arthur, bless this couple of devoted and beautiful home relationship.

On December 15, 1912, Ross moved to the new town and engaged in general merchandise business in the former T. V. Turner restaurant. Since then

he has done an average trade with the Houlka people, and made for himself a name of honesty and trustworthy business dealings. His ambition is "To serve my Maker, my fellowman and sell goods." He is a member of the Presbyterian Church and W. O. W.

"I think Houlka is one of the best little towns in the country, and has a bright future in all lines of business. I am living here to get the advantage of the schools and churches and other conveniences. My opinion of the people is of the very highest, and not a more social and helpful class can be found."

JAMES MADISON KIRBY Progressive Farmer and Carpenter.

Born in South Carolina in 1845, when the necessities of life were meager and hard to get, the subject of this sketch grew into manhood by sheer force of "get up and get busy," making old nature knuckle to his will and bring forth fruits for the maintenance of the large family. His parents, B. R. M. and Mary Hunt Kirby, were descended from the great and numerous families of the Kirbys and Hunts—the Kirby family being at one time the fourth largest in number in the U. S. A. The Smith, Brown and Jones families coming first.

In the year '67, and on the 18th day of November, he and Miss Mary J. Green were bound together for life, to share the pleasures and the trials that always come into the lives of those who "strike out" for themselves to accumulate a comfortable home and property sufficient for its continued welfare. His wife is a most industrious lady of great Christian character and the proud mother of seven children who are married and have children of their own. They are as follows: Mrs. Etta K. Bray, Mrs. Eddie K. Berry, Mrs. Dubose K. Stockstill, Mrs. Austrey K. Williams, Clifton, Roland and Mrs. Jimmie May K. Stubblefield.

Two years after his marriage he moved to Mississippi and began at once to farm. During his spare moments, he worked as a carpenter, helping build all the old home places over the country, and especially the old-time boarding house and two-story school building. The inner work of the Masonic Hall was of his handiwork, and remained in fine condition for many years.

Before coming to Mississippi he served as a regular soldier in the Army of the Confederates until the Appomattox; fought faithfully and steadily in every engagement, sending more than one opponent scooting one way or the other.

"I think Houlka is a right fast place—good enough for me and mine. I like my farm, and believe in saying and doing the right thing at the right time."

Mr. Kirby has given up most of his former activities, and now lives just for his children. Occasionally he comes around with some of the best beef and kid this side o' Kansas City. His wife is known for many miles around on account of her famous dishes of kid and other edibles when a big dinner is spread out at some "big speaking" or meeting. Mr. Kirby is a public-spirited man, and lives up to the motto of "Help those who try to help themselves."

JEFFERSON C. KIRBY Real Estate Dealer and Progressive Farmer.

Fifty-four years ago, on October 9, there was born in the home of Mr. and Mrs. B. R. M. Kirby, near the town of Spartenburg, S. C., a boy. Being born in those days, and even now, is quite a natural occurrence with all of us, but here was a boy that kicked harder, crew louder, grew faster and stronger, and startled the old settlers with his muscular power to wade right into anything, anywhere, and make business hum from no other reason but that it had to hum when he put his grabs to the wheel.

In '66 he moved to Houlka and later on builded the first home that is now in the corporate limits of the new town. For thirty long, lonesome years he

lived the life of a bachelor, never knowing the getting up before day to make a fire for his wife to cook breakfast—never knowing the pleasures of buying fifty-dollar hats and furs for his wife's head and neck, and never knowing the joy of having some nice lady to tie his tie and brush his clothes. But finally he decided to quit his foolishness, and when Miss Medie Viola Woolbridge of Thorn, Miss., agreed to go with him through thick and thin, they brought the matter to a happy settlement on February 9, 1890. His wife is a lady of excellent womanhood, and keeps household affairs just exactly as "Uncle Jeff" wants them kept. Their children are: Medera Ada, who is running a store at Thorn; Annie Huzie, who is teaching music at Mantee; John Henry, who is foreman of an ice cream factory in El Paso, Texas; Mary Adaline, Robert Andrew, Lallie Lee (deceased), and Birdish Monroe.

Uncle Jeff's ambition is, "To be a law-abiding citizen and to help build up my town and country." "Houlka is progressing very fast and bids fair to become one of the best towns on the railroad." In all of the town's enterprises, Uncle Jeff is there with a helping hand, striving always to keep his home town way up in the status of modern progression. As a real estate dealer he is a shrewd man—fair in all trades, thrifty in business, not afraid to get his hands or hide soiled by clean old earth, and believes in being ready to grab a "holt" five hundred days in the year. He is now contemplating a large stock farm, and hopes in the future to ship quantities of meat to markets North.

He is a Baptist, a man of steady character, a man of friendly feeling and withal a man who will help you at any time to get out of the rut.

ROWLAND C. KIRBY Tonsorial Artist.

"A tiny little shaver" was born on January 13, 1885. That boy was Rowland Kirby, and came into manhood on the farm of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Kirby, just a short distance southwest of the new town. The old joke that has had whiskers on it for many years about parents using the "strop" as a safety-razor" of children, wasn't perpetrated on the shins of Rowland, for he believed in obeying whenever duty called, and even sat still when his mother "shingled" his hair.

Going first to Houlka High School for a few terms, he entered the Agricultural and Mechanical College and studied there until he had gained a thorough knowledge of first year college work and just enough to make him wish for a better chance to study on through the higher courses. His burning ambition has always been to study medicine, and to relieve the sick and suffering. Financial troubles keep him from going into this work heart and soul. In the meantime, he has farmed and barbered his way into a comfortable living at the present, and hopes to keep it up for his happy family, in living the great motto, "Do right."

On June 28, 1911, he was married to Miss Mary Ceola McEachern, "the best lady in the world," and to this union have been born two children—James Mc. and Wilson Bates Kirby, the former dying on June 7, 1913.

Rowland is a Baptist, and has taken the first degree in Masonry. For several years he has been working in the barber shops of Houlka, New Albany and Houston, running the shop at Houston until he moved it to Houlka, and after using it for few weeks rented it to another man and went to work on the farm. There are very few beards in this vicinity that he hasn't lathered and shaved, and clipped the heads of the rest of them. He is always neat in his work and puts the finishing touches on faces and heads that not every barber in the world can do just as good. Quoting from his letter:

"I live here because I think I have lots of friends, and because my relatives are here. Also I have some financial advantages here that I have not elsewhere. Houlka is a nice, prosperous little town. If we had more good roads and better markets for produce it would help wonderfully to build the town."

J. BONNER MITCHELL

Physician, Surgeon and Bank Director.

Summer had waned into Autumn. The cotton had been hustled to market and the big cribs of the Coffeeville plantations were bursting with the "stuff of life." The great yellow fever scare was about over and the people were making plans for the long winter's rest. Pop corn and peanuts were stored up for the children, and the "Aunties and Grandmothers" were preparing woolen thread for the family gloves and stockings. So then it was, in that little town, Bonner Mitchell made his first call into the world on November 2, 1878. A few days later, his parents, James H. and Laura Isbell Dow Mitchell, who were direct descendants of the sturdy Irish people, and who came to Mississippi from South Carolina in 1830, decided that Bonner should be a doctor—his system was so ardently in favor of giving the other baby all the paregoric and Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup that it could hold, while he was content with just a common old "compounder" when his machinery needed a real pleasant "dosing."

From the public schools of his home town he grew into manhood, keeping right up with the best of them in grades, and learning much of that "inside information" so helpful to a man of his ability in reasoning the problems of a workaday world. Little shoots of spinach began to peep from his youthful cheeks, a moustachlet loomed over the horizon of his upper lip and bristled defiantly to the other alfalfa in close proximity to show some immediate growth or quit the field. Finally he whacked 'em off by a neat operation and shined up for college. With a spick and span suit of clothes, "fo' bits" in his pocket and a strong determination of "you can't keep a good man down," he boarded the cars for the Memphis Hospital and Medical College. He boned and crammed, waxed strong in the science of bones and cranials, diseases and remedies, whys, wherefores and whence, and all the intricacies of the human body. Inspection, palpation, percussion and auscultation became his daily thought, and he "thunk" great big chunks of thoughts that terrified the teachers to take the tonic treatment for throbbing and tempestuous temples. So he graduated with honors, and filling his saddlebags with potions and pills, he came home to cure the most obstinate cases of rundown systems that could be found in the counties of Calhoun and Chickasaw. He slung words at those people that made them "set up and take medicine." "Now, Mrs. Snifflewiper, your eleemosynary is just a bit too far on the right of your chordata, causing a prolific source of angina pectoris in the cosmopolitan constabulary. Microscopy shows that a Osteochondrosnoima is somewhere between the abdominal Pathonomy or in the peritoneum of the Mammoth Cave. If the Sphenosalpingostaphylinus wasn't so long as it is, you might die most any minute in trying to utter that monosyllabic affliction in the presence of your psychotherapeutic personality." The old lady took it all in and only exclaimed that she thought it was just a small headache which needed a swiggle of "Jack Ratlin" for complete rejuvenation.

October 28, 1900, he was married to Miss Ella Vanlandingham, a most estimable lady of refined and Christian womanhood, and just the wife for Doctor Mitchell to help him carry on the great profession of doing good among the sick and poor. Three children have been born to this devoted union, Theo C., Christine and Lily.

Doctor Mitchell is a member of the Christian Church and one or two orders of prominence in the town. He enjoys a good practice in the town and vicinity, going night and day to relieve the unfortunate indispositions of the people from teething to the decay of old age. He is well equipped for the work, and lives comfortably in a neat little cottage just west of the school building.

His ambition is, "To make Houlka THE TOWN and my children the best reared in it." His motto is, "Push business—don't let it push you." That is Doctor Mitchell to a "T," and he is certainly realizing his dreams of the long ago.

"I live in Houlka because of its people and healthful location. Has a most beautiful and natural site for a town, and is one of the best in North

Mississippi. Composed of the best quality of people—those who live not for themselves alone, but are social and moral and kind, always ready to help fellowman.”

He is jolly, friendly, gentlemanly and knows politics from A-to-Izzard.

J. CAL MURPHREE

Salesman.

During the gloomy days of Reconstruction, “Pat” Murphree was come into the land of the living, January 22, 1867. His father and mother, James Pleasant and Sarah Henderson Murphree, blazed their way into Calhoun county from Alabama sometime before the war with Mexico.

In the public schools of Pittsboro, Mr. Murphree sought an education; but on account of limited means, could not go very far into the few texts of that day. Besides this, he leaned into the world of experience and hard knocks—making for himself a man of sound common sense and business judgment. Farming was his chief occupation for a few years until he began to clerk for the firm of T. J. Phillips & Son, in the cross road village of Reid, Miss. Later he moved with the firm to Houlika, and for several years was a hustling clerk in the Phillips dry goods and grocery departments. Built a nice cottage for his family—having married Miss Ada Green, a lady of fine character and industry, on December 21, 1890. One daughter, Uras, is now the wife of Wilbert L. Walker, pharmacist. Mr. Murphree now lives in the two-story building once occupied by a Mr. Turner, on the east side of the railroad, facing west. Since he severed his connection with the firm of T. J. Phillips & Son, he has been clerking for Easley & Johnson, in the store on Jenkin’s block next the postoffice.

Uncle Pat is a jolly, genial man. Happy, smiling, witty. Has the roundest tum-tum of anybody in town—the strongest vocal chords in a gurgling, tickling way, and can carry a barrel of flour on one shoulder and can of “simon cup” on the other. Friendly, accommodative. Believes in Houlika and its people. Many times has his hearty laugh rippled through the air of the town, telling all the grumps and grouches that one happy man was in the city.

Mr. Murphree is now working as salesman for J. A. Williams.

A. A. NEWELL

Educator.

S. L. Newell, with about a dozen brothers and sisters, moved into Mississippi about ’37 from North Carolina, his ancestors having come from England to Pennsylvania, and thence to North Carolina. His wife, Mary Jane Mooney Newell, came into Mississippi from South Carolina about ’40, her people having lived in that section for about ninety years after they came from Scotland and Ireland. Then in 1860, Ash Newell, as he is familiarly known, was born in Pontotoc county, and grew old enough before the close of the war to see the soldiers and hear the booming cannon as they hurtled shrapnel into the thinning ranks of the Southern army.

First, he went to the rural schools and then to the Pontotoc Male Academy, famous in those days of meager school opportunities. Then to the University of Mississippi, and from there to the National Normal University of Ohio. Most of his life he has lived in the school room teaching the proverbial “young ideas how to shoot.” From a successful school work in Calhoun he came to Houlika, and for three years has carried on the large school with excellent management and work well done. He is public-spirited and always ready to give of his means to further the cause of education here and elsewhere. He has a good corps of teachers, who help him carry out the great plan of education he is placing in the school.

Miss Georgia Avent, a lady of fine character and Christian womanhood, became his bride in ’89. Anice, Pauline, Andrew, Grace, Hetty, Ben, George and Frances are the children of this devoted couple.

Prof. Newell is a Presbyterian and a Mason, and also a member of the old Grange. His ambition in life is, "To do at least some good in the world," and his motto along with that is, "To make good."

DAVID FESTUS NORMAN
Mail Carrier for Uncle Sam.

When the grating mills of Heaven were shredding cocoanut down upon the earth into a snowy white blanket on November 8, 1893, there was come from this great fall of flakes little Festus Norman into the happy home of James Osgood and Sallie Elizabeth Aston Norman, just a short distance southwest of old Houlka.

His schooling was first obtained in rural schools about his home and then when he moved with his mother to Texas, he attended the Chico Male and Female Institute. Coming back, he stopped in Memphis and studied commercial business in Draughon's College. For most of his life he has engaged in farming and doing various odd jobs to help support his widowed mother and brothers and sisters. He is now, (March 14, 1914), carrying the mail on Route 1, as a substitute for Staff Bishop. Another route is contemplated for the people between Houlka and Gershorm, and on this Festus will be given full charge, having passed the civil examination very creditably. He is efficient in his work and strives ever to make good for his employer and for himself. He is a Methodist and a Woodman of the World. Friendly and pleasant, kind and willing.

Roy Norman, his brother, is working for the Neely exchange, and like his brother, is helping make a living for the family. He is learning all the intricacies of the 'phone business, and everybody compliments his good manners at the switch.

PERCY NUNNALLY
"Banker."

Percy Nunnally, future Wall Street shark and manipulator of the purse-strings of the nation, future millionaire in his dreams, and coupon clipper of government bonds, both watered and soaked, and the future cashier of some sure-enough bank roundabout the country, was born on June 27, 1894, at Booneville, Miss. His father and mother, John H. and Mary Rodlen Nunnally, trace their ancestry from England to Virginia, and thence to Mississippi, in 1885.

The schools of Booneville, Houlka and Millsaps College are the limits of his fundamental education. From this he has clerked in the Houlka Mercantile, and is now learning all the assets of the Houlka Bank, preparing himself for future work of that kind. His interest in the business can't be checked, and his employers speak of him as a boy ready, willing and hustling for credit. When he is told to do a thing, he does it and without a grumble. He's "Percy on the job," adding to his brain here and there, taking notes of the least transaction and transferring every item to his stock of knowledge by accurate calculation into his pericranial deposit box. Percy is a pleasant, happy gentleman.

JOHN M. PEDEN
Blacksmith and Woodworkman.

The Master had touched the East and it was morning. The time was November 27, 1877, and that date is carved on the great wheel of history as the birthday of John Peden, the popular John, who nails, chisels, files, saws, hammers, drills and cuts his way into a plumb good, plane, level living. His father, Andrew Alexander Peden, and his mother, who was a McJunkin, trace their ancestry from Scotland and Ireland, and moved from South Carolina to Mississippi about 1846.

In the schools of his home at Red Land, he secured the first steps of a text book education during the spare moments from his work on the farm, and from his one great desire to work in the shop on the family homestead. Iron of every size and shape twisted and writhed under the heavy blows of his hammer. Shod the mules and horses of the farm with ease to the animal and sometimes a "dime" for the job. Anything that was without form was whipped into something useful when he put the hot mass on the anvil from time to time to make it bend to his will. Little things done then told a future of larger ones.

In 1907, after he had won the heart of the "best lady in the land," Miss Vara Henderson, they were married and moved to Houlka into a neat little cottage just a bit east of the school. Three children have blessed this union—James, Erlene and Mack.

Mr. Peden is a member of the Presbyterian church. Has for his motto, "Do all the good I can in as many ways I can to all the people I can." His ambition has always been to "Make an honorable support for my family, educate my children, accumulate some means of support in old age, and live a life becoming to a believer in Christ. I live here because it is a good place to live. The people are kind and agreeable, and even our worst citizens will help anyone in distress or want. Have the most congenial merchants in Mississippi, and everybody and everything seems to get along without strife or feuds and unpleasant conditions."

Mr. Peden is located just across the street from the Farmer's Union Cotton Warehouse. His shop is equipped with all the modern fixtures of the up-to-date type and he's busy, busy all the daylight hours. Wagons and buggies just naturally break down to get John to fix 'em. When he fixes it—she's fixed.

BYRD LEE PHILLIPS Furniture and Grocery Merchant.

March 5, 1877, is a date that "Byrd" doesn't remember just exactly, still he celebrates that date as the beginning of his existence in Calhoun county. His parents, Young Phillips and Sarah McDonald Phillips, trace their origin from the Scotch-Irish, their ancestors moving from South Carolina in 1830.

The Calhoun County public schools were the limits of his education. Having to work and work incessantly, he didn't find time to spend in the school room.

Later he cut loose for himself, and in 1895 married the very lady to make his home a happy place to live, and the lady who knew how to look after housekeeping just to "Byrd's" delight, Miss Ellen Florence Morgan. Four children have been born into this family.

He lives here because he couldn't leave if he wanted to do such a thing. Occupies one of the Jenkin's stores on South Row, and does quite a good trade in furniture and groceries. His home is on one of the rich plots west of town, and as a farmer and a merchant, he is making Houlka a good citizen, and a man who is ready to help any good cause for advancement of business in the town.

THOMAS RUCKER ROBERTS Cotton Buyer and Ex-Marshal.

The war was over and the people were seeking some refuge from utter starvation. Farms were devastated, and the whole country was scorching in the very flames of rack and ruin. Clouds of disgrace and defeat hung over the country in a thickening pall, and they seemed to be ready to burst with the red blood of the dead and dying soldiers. But a new nation was being born, and one of that number who were to take charge of the welfare of the grand old South was Tom Roberts, one of the many who were born in the year '66 to grow up into the solid manhood of our State and Nation. October 29 was the date, and his parents, William Van Roberts, and his mother, who

was a Palmer, moved from Memphis, where little Thomas had been born, into Mississippi in the year 1883.

Uncle Tom attended the Peabody school at Memphis for several sessions before moving to Mississippi. Farming in Union county for a while, he moved to the Delta, and then after a few years, moved to Houlka, to be the first permanent resident in the new town—his home, occupied now by J. G. Johnson, being the first completed in the new and booming town of Houlka.

In '89 he was married to a Miss Corder, of Pontotoc county, a lady of most excellent womanhood and industry—just the housekeeper for Uncle Tom. Five children have been born to this family—Lacy, Howard and Joe, Addie and Fannie.

He is a member of the Free and Accepted Masons, and of the W. O. W. His great and sincere ambition is to make Houlka one of the best towns in North Mississippi. Rather unique, but here she is: "My motto is, 'do the other fellow before he does me.' And then I live here because it is a coming town and for its great resources."

For many terms, Uncle Tom served the city as Marshal, and he served it well. Not afraid of a cyclone with "dinamight" in it and it "busting" all around him. The man is yet to show up and bluff Uncle Tommy. If he isn't there with the "quick"—well, he's there. As to bullies, bandits, desperadoes, anything like a rough house man—whew, he "eats 'em!" He's some distinguished looking, is Uncle Tom, even if his two hundred pounds does run to his middle. We will venture to venture that he would make the best policeman or Pinkerton detective in the State of Mississippi.

He is now a cotton buyer and does strictly good business. Margins, quotations, points, bulls, bears, futures, spots and plates—he "eats 'em." For several months he has helped his son run the fount in the restaurant. He is withal a great citizen of the town, and helps the other fellow when he needs a pat or push to keep going.

HOWARD (SHORTY) H. ROBERTS. Merchant and Premier Ball Pitcher.

"Hey, cook, squeal and a half—one on one side and one on other—Adam and Eve on a raft and wreck 'em—waspnest and salve—squeeze 'um and shoot the shoots." So sayeth Shorty to the cook in his restaurant. The cook being Shorty also, he follows his own instructions and in three jiffies the odor of yum-yum "eats" tells the waiting "patient" that his meal is on the road to recovery.

Shorty was born in Union county on February 9, 1894, in the home of Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Roberts, and just as soon as he could pull a sprout, he did! Getting familiar with plows and hoes wasn't just to his "noshun" of correct living, and so he moved to Houlka to win the championship in baseball for the town. For four or five years he "mopped up" with batters, and they dittoed, too. But anyhow, he pitched his way into the Cotton States and would have stayed if the home bug had not buzzed in his ears to come back and feed the multitude. For several months he has run a spick and span "eats" and soft drinks establishment.

Houlka High School gave him a liberal education in the fundamentals, and the town of Houlka gave him the rest. He is a Methodist and a W. O. W. Believes in the great motto of "Do unto others as I would have them do unto me." His ambition is to be a baseball pitcher some of these days of the future immediately. Thinks Houlka is "One of the best little towns in North Mississippi, and knows it is inhabited by the best and most sociable people."

Miss Eunice Tutor, a lady of fine character and a hustling type of Houlka womanhood, became the wife of Shorty on July 7, 1912.

Besides his work in restaurant, he has helped Mr. Thompson in the post-office with efficient rapidity and with polite manner to the lowest and highest.

J. C. SAXON
Tonsorial Artist.

In a neat little shop just south of the bank is the "official" shaver and hair trimmer of the town. The time is mid-afternoon and a man is reposing on the modern barber chair while the doctor of facial surgery is razing whiskers.

"Whoop, that razor is some dull," shouted the man in chair.

"You certainly must be wrong, Mister, for I just sharpened a pencil with it and she worked fine."

So after the shave is over and the powder—either blasting or insect—has been distributed in his eyes, ears, nose and mouth, the man pays his measly dime and walks out into life again from that old saying a "close shave." But we can be mistaken as to the truth of the foregoing, for nothing like that ever happens in the shop of Curt Saxon. When it comes to shaving a man, he is the smilest of smiles on the Molly Jackson line. When drummers give him that dose you can be sure that they know the difference between a razor in the hands of an expert like Curt and a rake or grubbing hoe in the hands of a novice. He is not imported either, for on the 11th of May, 1882, he was born just one mile south of his present home in town. His parents, Thomas Fortson and Sallie Kirby Saxon, are of English ancestry and came to Mississippi from Georgia and South Carolina in 1840 and 1860.

The school at old Houlka was the limit of Curt's education along that line, farming interfering with his desire to obtain a higher course of training in the great history of the world. Finally, he began barbering, and from the very first he made an average success—enough so to keep him at the profession up to the present time. Clean heads and dirty heads, he has had to revolutionize into a more presentable appearance, thousands on thousands of times. The "life" he has seen in going over all these heads would be too bad to mention just here. As it is, he sees many things, hears other things, and feels things. Everybody likes Curt, and he likes them. In manicuring faces he is "Kurt the Keen Kutter," "Kurt the Kleen Kutter," and "Curt the capable." It takes some face carpenter to beat Curt "on the quick," for he can lather and shave a fellow while the next man is getting his collar unlocked from his neck.

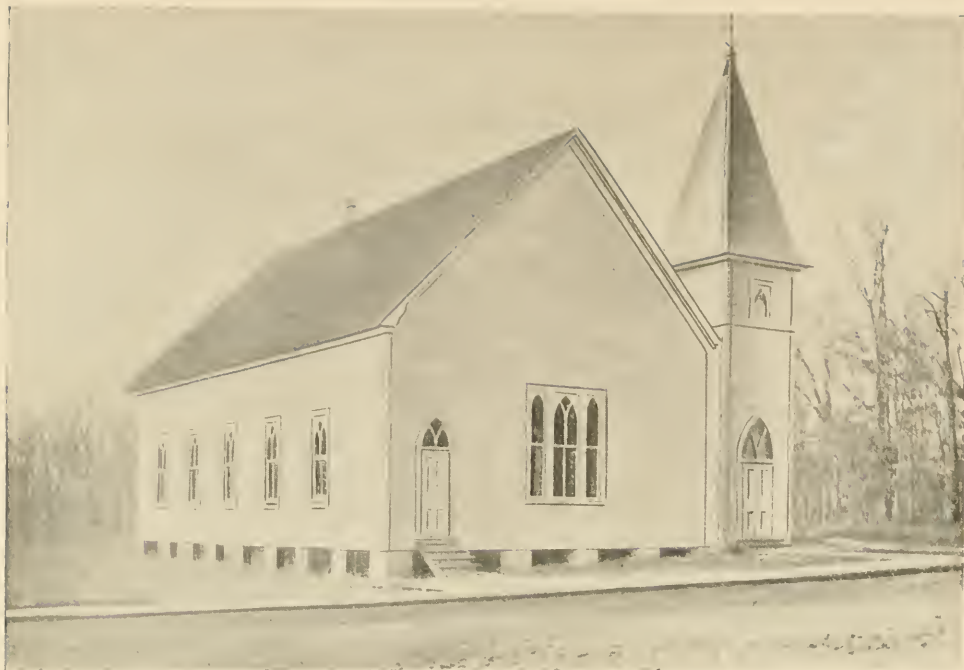
On the 11th of December, '08, Curt was married to Miss Lila Stubblefield, the refined Christian daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Stubblefield. They lived in Oklahoma for a few months and then came home for the happy ever after.

Curt is a Methodist and a W. O. W. His motto is the good old Golden Rule, and his ambition is "To be a law-abiding citizen of my county—to make for myself and family an honest and independent living—do all I can for the country and town in which I live, and to render to others help to the best of my ability in time of need. Houlka has the most sociable people it has ever been my pleasure to know. I spent my boyhood among the people who are now my friends and customers. We have a great agricultural country around us and the people are beginning to realize the importance of raising more feedstuff and more stock than they have heretofore. Large bodies of land have never been opened to cultivation, and in the near future we can look upon this land with the satisfaction of the progressive man who wants to go into the opportunities here that are unlimited in scope and in substance." So sayeth Curt the courteous.

To find a more sanitary shop than Curt's you must go "heap piece," and not a more spick and span man can be found in all the Sunny Southland.

JAMES A. SHIELDS
Manufacturer and Dealer in Hardwood Lumber.

James A. Shields' tree of life began on August 1, 1881, therefore the grains of his trunk or body would be thirty-three circles of brawn and muscle. His father and mother, James Norman and Alice Young Shields, are of Scotch-Irish ancestry, the father coming from Alabama in '56, and his



Presbyterian Church—Rev. F. D. Daniel, Pastor.



\$10,000.00 Houlka High School Building.

mother a native Mississippian. From Red Land, where he was born, he went to Texas and attended the Macey School for a few terms. Coming home he moved to Houlka and began to work in the big planing mill for Hall & Lankford. In this capacity he turned out much fancy lumber for the decorative schemes of the different homes in town and for homes farther away. A natural born machinist, he makes things hum when he puts his shoulder to the wheel. Dollars turn into two dollars and they into five and so-forthly so-on, when he even squints at lumber.

November 2, 1905, Miss Adell Rackley, a very industrious lady of excellent character and jovial nature, became the wife of "Jim" in the town of Troy. Lester, Lillian and Morris are the children of this union.

Jim is a Methodist and a W. O. W. The Golden Rule is his motto in life, and his big ambition is to be prosperous. He lives here because he thinks it is the most promising town on the Railroad, and because it is home to him. Jim knows lumber from stump to top. Has knots to overcome sometimes in life but tries to smooth the ragged edges into first-grade living and rips through a job true to the line in all the business he undertakes—and a man of solid heart six feet through.

GEORGE W. STUBBLEFIELD

Merchant and Bank Director.

The subject of this sketch was born November 18, 1857, near Banner, Calhoun county. His father, George Stubblefield, came to this section from Tennessee, and his mother, Emily Hawkins Stubblefield, was from Alabama, their ancestral nationality being strong Scotch-Irish.

His education, limited to only a few terms, was obtained in the Banner public schools. Before becoming a merchant in that town where he prospered from the start, he was a farmer, and helped till the home farm for several years. For several years before moving to Houlka he did a big country trade in the progressive town of Sarepta, in the western part of Calhoun.

January 2, 1878, he was married to Miss Ellen Freeman, a lady of splendid character and the very one to make a happy home for genial, generous "Stubby." Four children have come into their life of happiness and contentment: Mrs. Virgie Powell, Mrs. Lila Saxon, Clifton and Dr. Doyle.

He is a Missionary Baptist, a Mason and Woodman of the World. Besides this, he is a bank director, and is helpful in all enterprises relative to the town. When he moved to Houlka, he engaged in business under the firm name of Stacy Bros. & Stubblefield. Later he sold out and now does a dry goods and grocery trade in the store he has always occupied. He has made a reputation for honest dealing with everybody, and is in every way an all-round substantial man.

His motto is, "Trust others as I would have them trust me." He says this: "I never lived among better people and I think Houlka has a bright future ahead of her. It is a good business point with great possibilities for more extensive trade and progression."

Mr. Stubby is a gentleman always, friendly to everybody, kind and sympathetic, wears a smile and speaks a good word to all. A man of great experience and rare business qualifications.

W. CLIFTON STUBBLEFIELD

Salesman.

A Christmas present in the form of Clifton Stubblefield was given to Mr. and Mrs. George William Stubblefield on December 25, 1885, for sure-enough "keeps." So when old Santa left the town of Banner after delivering the tiny present, he thought for once in his life he had made one family happy.

The schools of Banner and Sarepta were the scenes of his early instruction, and many tales from that neighborhood tell of his wonderful marks—

on the desks. Nevertheless he succeeded in passing up enough of the old things to give him a good grip on the affairs of the world. Later he moved to Houlka from the town of "Schrepty" and began to clerk in his father's store.

April 15, 1911, Clifton surprised his friends and took unto himself a wife. Miss Jimmie May Kirby, the beautiful daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Kirby, was his chosen companion, and to them have been born one child—Eunice, who delights them both with her childish prattle and sweetness.

His motto is "Honesty," and he lives it, too. "I like the people and town," quoth he in his letter, "For it is some persimmon along with the rest of them."

Clif is a W. O. W. and man of sound common sense, ready to help in any cause for the uplift of the town and community. As a salesman, he is polite patient, accommodating. Jolly, unique Clif Stubblefield.

WILLIAM A. THOMAS

Lumberman and Progressive Farmer.

Over in Alabama long, long time ago—and even Uncle Billy doesn't quite remember the occasion—two great events simultaneously occurred. One was the birth of 1844, and the other was the birth of W. A. Thomas, on the cold New Year's day of that time—but Uncle Billy outgrew that old year, and also his clothes, for it wasn't many moons before he was wearing out holes in his pants on the rough-hewn seats of the few and far-apart schools of that dim yesterday. Years have died and gone glimmering into the realm of "never come back," but Uncle Billy has braved seventy of them through storm and sunshine, and is now the grand old man of Houlka, loved by everybody, everywhere.

His father and mother, George Washington Thomas and Juda Elvira Ratcliff Thomas, were of Irish extraction, settling in Alabama many years before the Civil War.

Miss Georgia Ann Calhoun, a lady of most estimable character, became the wife of Mr. Thomas on October 15, 1869. Mary Ella, Johnnie Belle, Bettie Elvira, Willie Ann, Modess and John are the children of this long time and happily married pair.

Uncle Billy is a Methodist and a Mason. Wants "to live as long as possible without harm to anyone." Lives here because, "I like it. Good town. Good people."

As a saw mill man, he has cut thousands of as fine logs as could be found in Calhoun bottoms, hauling it with his big oxen all over Chickasaw county. For some years he worked the convicts of the county on his farm, on the roads and in building bridges. When the town boomed he established a livery business, and finally turned it over to his son so he could look after interests back home. Contracts for laying pikes and grading for railroad line are his "long suits," and he is still at it with all the muscle and grit of his younger days. He is always jolly, and has a smile of "Howdie Bud-die," for all the young people who greet him in a feeling of almost awe as to his giant size and the very embodiment of a man who could grapple with a circular saw and overpower it.

JOHN THOMAS

Liveryman.

John Thomas, son of the man just preceding, was born in Chickasaw county on October 18, 1880. Before many days he crawled out of his little dresses into the more manly uniform of pants and a blouse. From that to long pants and manhood. Patent leather slippers and "coming Jonah" collars, vari-colored socks and a fancy vest, were the next assets to his stock of untold happiness.

The schools of Houlka were the all-in-all of his education in "Readin', 'ritin' and 'rithmetick." His two legs served as vehicles for the carriage of

his body and tongue to this school for many days, and as he got his chain of thought in good riding shape to trace over a bit of rough shod literature, there was whipped into being a well-harnessed man, clad in all the livery of a well-groomed, well-fed gentleman. Possibly he was strapped now and then with other "bands" of boys, but having a father and mother who kept him well bridled and tied with a tight rein as to behaving himself, naturally cautioned him to keep shy about getting into a snap. They spoke with authority and he cantered off to the barn to launder the limbs and manieure the nails of the horses and mules. As a four-lined clerk in the livery stable of his own he is a thoroughbred. Can fork over the goods when called on—it's team-work with him, anyhow.

To Miss Willie Jackson, a very industrious lady and Christian character, he was married on June 16, 1907. He brought her all the way from Water Valley to the place he thinks of as "a better place than anywhere else, and because my home is here." One child, Oscar Thomas, is Popper John's delightful "sugar plum."

John is a Methodist and a W. O. W. Wants to be a big farmer some of these days, and with that he carries the life of "Truth and Honesty."

"Houlka is a moving little town and I think we have some of the best people on earth."

LAFAYETTE L. THOMAS

Mayor and Butcher.

On the ranges in Alabama "Fate" Thomas was born on January 10, 1870. His parents, Samuel Alford and Rebecca Emily Moore Thomas, were Scotch and Irish descent, and blazed their way into that new country long before the pop-gun combat of the Civil War. His mother still lives in the home of his birth, Mr. Thomas coming to Calhoun and thence to Houlka.

With the other "yearlings" of school capacity, he was rounded up in the corral of learning, where he "heard" much, saw much and cut-up much—the desks, as all boys do in the school room. School law was drawn too "fine" for his freedom and possibly he stood on less than two feet in the calaboose of all school buildings. The teacher would court no such cases of misdemeanor and he acted the jury, judge and witness to make all culprits keep the peace. So Fate grew up, fat and muscular, genial and friendly, ready to "try" anything.

After farming in Calhoun for some years, he pulled up "steaks" and moved to Houlka to become the Mayor and butcher of the town, so that he might "liver" better life, free his heart from care, fill his lungs with good pure air, interpret the law for those void of understanding, roast those who do wrong, "meat" his friends and customers without a gristle, and to go-at business in a non-hog-it-all way. He can be found in his rather capacious abattoir or market where he is weighing in the balance and is not found wanting. Pounds away on some nice animal that lost its breath for the sake of the large Houlka tum-tum, and grinds the soul and thoughts of that animal into sausage for more tum-tums.

On August 10, 1891, he was married to the "light of his soul and the best lady in U. S. A." in the person of Miss Mary Ella Thomas. Five children—Georgia, William Alford, Jodie, Irene and Erlene—have been born to this union.

Mayor Thomas is a Methodist, and lives to the motto of "Equal rights to all," and to the ambition of "To live right." Lives in Houlka because "I like it," and thinks the place is up to the dot and has the best people on the line.

As the Mayor of Houlka, he is popular and efficient—steady and just.

JOHN SELEY THOMPSON

Merchant and Postmaster.

Springtime had circled into summer and the rhythm of darky melodies filled the air with a wonderful feeling of peace and contentment that seemed

to make life a grand sweet song and everybody singing it to the tune of happiness and good will to man. Just such a time was June 20, 1872, the birthday of "Uncle Seelum." Being nurtured as it were, in the glories of those happy days, when a trip to Okolona or Pontotoc was like going to heaven without having to go through any special delivery exercises, and when everybody loved each other for the real sake of loving and not for a dollar—so it was a life of this kind that he grew from a sprightly little "bitsum boy" into a man of well "rounded" proportions, both mental and physical.

His parents, James Thomas and Cornelia DeLashmet Thompson, trace their nationality up from England and France, and settled in Mississippi long before the war. His mother, "Aunt Carrie," as all the Houlka people know her, still lives with her son, Frank, in the old home west of town.

In the Houlka school he learned his "letters" and today is a well lettered man. Thousands of letters have passed through his fingers to and from all parts of the world. His mind is a lock-box that no man can open, for when a thing is to be "kept mum" there is no unlocking—the combination won't work. It is cancelled forever. Still there is stamped in his brain a jolly good word for everybody and it being due to come out in order, does so on time. Addresses you always with the smile that just can't be shaved off, erased, blotted or perishable. He is one big package of fun—goodness—accommodation. A man who registers many little curiosities of postoffice humanity that makes him chuckle from his gurgles to his toes. To keep a postoffice it necessarily requires a good nature. Thirteen children will ask for thirteen other people thirteen times each per day. "Air they any mail for Cozin Bill, Aunt Phronie, Sister Sulie, Grany Grunter, Jones, Smith, Brown, Robinson, Johnson, Litchvowsky, Daminetti, Macaroni, Spaghetti, and hundreds of others that never got a letter in all their lives. It is rather a pleasant job to say "nothing doing" 769 times per. With it all the people love him and he is insured for life in the hearts of every citizen in old and new Houlka. With expert rapidity he flips letter after letter into the boxes from the big sacks of mail that come daily from four trains.

After studying through the session of '95 and '96 at Mississippi College, he came home to marry the "best friend" he ever had. August 4, 1897, was the date, the place was the Houlka Baptist Church and the lady was Miss Emma Buffkin, known by many Houlka people as Miss Emma Eiland. She is one of the truest, most pleasant and Christian characters that the writer has ever known, and if ever there was a more congenial couple in all the world—well, there is none, never, nowhere. Happiness with them is the most natural part of their life.

In '98 he and his brother Frank established a trade of general merchandise in old Houlka and for about ten years did the largest business in Houlka. Then the new town sprung up and he had to move the postoffice, having been chosen to the postmastership in September, 1901. For few years the office was run near Houlka Drug Co., and later moved to east corner of Jenkin's brick block. With the office he also has a general stock of goods. The office is fixed in nice order and with the lock boxes and three rural route desks and boxes arranged in a row, he is thoroughly equipped for business.

Uncle Seelum has been the secretary-treasurer for the Baptist Church for several years and always serves his church with zeal and enthusiasm for the betterment of the community. Is a Mason, O. E. S. and a W. O. W. Uncle Seelum, the happy man—the good man—the gentle-man.

CHARLIE N. THORN Ginner and Machinist.

Pittsboro, a good-sized town in Calhoun, waked up on the morning of September 13, 1875, to hear the happy news that a bouncing, (maybe he wasn't but that is the name for most of them), boy, had made an indefinite visit into the home of William N. and Nancy E. Mooneyham Thorn. They were of Scotch-Irish ancestry, and blazed their way from South Carolina through the wilds of the country into Calhoun about 1850. So the little fellow, Charlie, grew up

midst circular saws, gins and lumber yards. Became an expert ginner and all-round man in mechanical work.

After attending the school of his home and working in the mills he was married on May 6, 1903, name of wife not given, except Annie. In answer to question about children he says: "Too numerous to mention." He is a K. P. and W. O. W. Is now the manager of the big gin of the old planing mill company. It has been overhauled and last year he ginned many hundreds of bales to the satisfaction of all his patrons. He is a genial, jolly man. Believes strictly in attending to his own business and the Golden Rule.

LOTHAIRE TOWERY Salesman and Pressing Club.

Stars were leaking shredded cocoanut all over the land in a swirling, whirling mass of flakes, and on that day, January 22, 1895, when the earth was covered, (the almanac said it snowed that day), a tiny snowball, a round, roly, wriggling little fellow, greeted the family with a call for snow cream—a treat so dear to Southern people and especially the younger set. His parents, Lothaire Otho and Annie Hughes Walker Towery, were of Scotch-Irish nationality, most of their people coming from Alabama.

At the time of Lothaire's birth, his parents were living in the big boarding house, famous in the history of Old Houlka. From there they moved to a home of their own, where Mrs. Sallie Norman now lives. For a few years, Lothaire went to the public school and helped his father in the big general store at the cross-roads. When the town was begun a mile and a half west, Lothaire moved with the family and again helped his father and attended the new High School for four or five years. Where Mr. D. R. Patterson, Sr., now lives, was the Towery home until they builded another nearer town, where Lothaire lives with his mother, sisters and brother.

Lothaire is running a successful pressing club and keeps the sports and those who really want to look neat, constantly supplied with the latest creases to suit the most fastidious fancy. Always keeps his cuff rolled up for business, spots every garment for spots, laughs up his sleeve occasionally, never gives a customer the cold shoulder, bags the coin and pockets the kale, keeps his tongue well collared and buttoned and has an iron determination to be a lawyer. "A first-class lawyer and not a jack-leg." With this he follows the motto of "Be sure you are right and then go ahead." List to Lothaire:

"While Houlka is yet a small town it has possibilities of becoming the best town in North Mississippi. Through the dim vista of coming days we can see the Congress Halls, pulpits and all places of honor filled with boys and girls from Houlka—and we hope not the penitentiary." Ouch!

W. T. TURNER Merchant, Farmer, Ex-Mayor.

W. T. Turner, Ex-Mayor of both Oxford and Houlka, was born in Alabama on the 19th of July, 1847. His father and mother, William Thomas and Cynthia Haywood Turner, came into Mississippi from Alabama and settled in Lafayette County.

His schooling, besides that of much experience, was obtained in the log cabin school of Chulifinee, Ala.

December 25, 1871, he was married to Miss Henrietta McClain Salmon, a very industrious lady of splendid womanhood, and to this couple were born the following children: Harvey Lee, Cora Irene, Georgia, Emmette, Mell Doni, Victoria, Ollie Olender, William Bee, T. V. R., John William, Mary Haywood and Barbara Allen.

Mr. Turner is a Baptist. An ambition to be a "Prohibitionist" and a motto of "Push forward and be kind to everybody." He deals in groceries, feed-stuff, fertilizer, insurance, real estate and vegetable plants. For a while his

store was due east of the present postoffice on the Turner side of the town, it being one of the very first in the new city. Now he has a small store between the depot and Mr. Andrews' big gin.

Before moving from Oxford to Houlika he served the former town in the capacity of Mayor for several terms, taking up the same duties for Houlika directly after he became one of its first citizens. In both places he did creditable work to the satisfaction of his many friends and acquaintances.

Quoting: "I think Houlika is a business little town, a good town to make money. May it continue to grow as it has in the past. I like it and think the people are just as good as you can find anywhere. Had rather live here than in any other place and expect to make this my home until death calls me away."

Mr. Turner is a man of high moral character, and a man of keen business perception—willing and ready to back up any charitable movement relative to the relief of those in distress and for any march of hustle and hurry to the future progress of the best town in North Mississippi.

T. V. TURNER Merchant.

In the city of Oxford, January 23, 1886, T. V. Turner was born. His father is William Thomas Turner, of the above sketch. The Oxford High School was the limit of his text book education. Through it he applied himself diligently and faithfully. Had a big time as boys will have and indulged in all the school games of base, ball pen, "antony over" and every innocent little exercise so much loved by the children of old time school days.

August 22, 1907, he married Miss Addie Lue Roberts, the excellent and industrious daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Roberts. Two children, four years and 18 months of age, respectively, Auber Emmett and Bee Lamar, are the blessings of this marriage.

"Tee Vee" is a Baptist, a Woodman of the World and a merchant. His motto "Do to others as you would have them do to you" tells the story of his life; for in all his dealings with the citizens of Houlika he has so conducted himself. Always ready to serve you in the politest and most cordial manner without "put on" or much ado over nothing. For several years he has run an up to date restaurant, grocery and soda fountain. Selling out this business to "Shorty" Roberts, he became engaged in the moving picture profession, having quite a picturesque success in reeling through several performances among the natives of the surrounding country. He is now running a modern bakery and does a very good business along this line. Naturally, he is trying to rise in life, in order to have rolls in the bank. He is self-rising—never loafs; but cake-walks through his business looking for the dough.

His ambition is, "To make Houlika a city of ten thousand inhabitants and a clean city without whiskey in its limits." Quoth he in his letter:

"The reason I like Houlika is because it is a good town to make money in, I like the people, and I think the people like me. I have been in business here since 1904, and have sold out several times; but always start back because it is a business town."

Everybody speaks well of T. V., and think him a very industrious and hardworking young man. He is happy when he helps others, and that's the essence of his soul. A moral, cleanly, Christian man. Small in stature; large in goodness.

Since the above was written, T. V. has moved to Pontotoc to run a restaurant.

LEE ANDREWS TURNER. Merchant.

Thirty-four years ago and a wee bit over, Lee Turner was born on February 24th, in the county of Pontotoc. His parents, John L. and Mary Turner,

were of English origin and moved from old "Alabam" to the Pontotoc ridge about the year '64.

His schooling was obtained at Delay, Miss., when he could spare enough time from the farm and other necessary work about the home. Today he is a man of sound business judgment and good common sense.

Miss Ada Turner, a very estimable and industrious character, married Mr. Turner without having to change her name. Cosby Obey and Colton Alder Turner are the children of this devoted union.

He is a Baptist and member of Woodmen of the World. Lives to their precepts with the motto of "To do good." "To make Houlika the best town in North Mississippi" is his great and sincere ambition. As a starter along lines of modern living and improvement, he became the owner of the first automobile that ever made Houlika its home. To see him scooting about the "\$5,000" mile roads you would think he was an "old head." Lee was the last man we thought would ever indulge in such inexpensive luxuries, and to the surprise of all Houlika, he whizzed into town like a bat out of Helena. The car is here yet and so is Lee. For many days he has walked back and forth to his store—just as he auto do, for his gas wagon has had the gout or the balks since "when."

As a merchant, he has the trade of many citizens of the town and surrounding country, and deals squarely with both black and white. He is located in the former J. E. Cobb store on west row. In times of need he is a friend indeed.

"I like Houlika and the people. Think it will be the best small town in the State and on the whole the people are above the average in every way."

WILLIAM CLEMENT WALKER

Physician and Surgeon.

Hippocrates and Aristotle startled the nations with some medical materializations that have come down the ages without serious contradiction or disastrous dissection in fundamentals or theoretically wrong in its comprehensive complexities. Daminetti, what a pill! Get the anti-kamnia—the anti-phlogistine—some cataplastic concoction for the head—hurry, or the patient will nux vomica. All over. Patient resting, but kinder "valerious."

But the world went merrily on, suffering tortures untold. Harvey lived and gave to the world the circulation of the blood. Galen and Koch came on and left their wonderful anti-toxins and serums to be placed high on the pages of medical mysteries as the evolution of medicine leaped from barren facts to the scientific system it is today. Oster, Mayo, Murphy and Carrel gave to the world the most delicate operations that man has ever known.

Doctors were still in the making—one more was to be born and born he was, on June 14, 1859. Doctor Billy was the little man, and up through the age of paregoric, calomel and soothing syrup, with a long slim regulator on the mantel, he passed from the annual spring douchings or drenchings of various treacle and other ancillaries for ancient ailments, into young manhood teeming with energy and a strong desire to become a member of the medical profession.

His progenitors, William L. and Jeannette Moffatt Walker, lived in Houston at the time of Dr. Billy's birth, but moved later to the farm now owned by J. W. Hamilton. They trace their ancestry to Ireland and Scotland, the two families being very prominent pioneers into this new country many years ago. Doctor Billy spent most of his boyhood days in Houston going to the schools of that town. Since that time he has constantly applied himself to the great profession of gaining knowledge by reading and thinking. Today he is one of the best read men in all the country roundabout. When he reads an article he knows it and can tell you about it fluently, pleasantly and entertainingly.

He was graduated from the Vanderbilt University of Medicine in 1881. From that time he has practiced in the vicinity of Houlika with extraordinary

success in curing the ills of humanity, but not so good at making them "pay" their bills. In cases of pneumonia and typhoid fever he is without a peer. Numbers of cases he has brought from the very grip of death to convalescence and then to strength again. His good humor and pleasantries are just as good as his medicine and dozens of times he has tickled his patient into normal health again from sheer force of jollification and mimicry. The man is yet to be born who can't be mimicked by Doctor Billy. The funny side of every act, word, and all the curious things he sees in his rounds of the country, appeal to him as it does to no other man, and in relating these he can stir the risibilities of the hardest tickle-bone that ever lived. But still there is a serious side to Doctor Billy, and when you want to delve deep with him into the intricacies of the human soul and dissect the monumental minds of the universe into all of their composite parts, there comes from one of the most versatile brains I know the most beautiful thoughts, clothed in all the glories of the English language, that the mind of any man could compound into such inspirational exquisiteness and sublime simplicity. It is a "treatment" that will do you good. To live in the radiant rhythm of his reminiscences makes a man think, look, listen. Good Doctor Billy—the first human I ever saw.

On November 28, 1883, he was married to Miss Ida Whitehead, a lady of refined character, blending therein all the industrious traits of Christian womanhood, and from that day 'till this, they have helped others through sickness and suffering, and now, with their children near them, they live happily as Grandpap and Grandmother with joyous hearts and cheerful souls. The children are: John Childress, Wilbert L., Sam Sidney, Bessie May, James Bell, Nellie, Oscar Merrill, and Joseph Garrett. Three are known as "Sugar Bread, Jim Rooster and Jo Pete."

He is a member of the Methodist church, Mason, O. E. S. and W. O. W. Prominent in them all—serving as Worshipful Master, Worthy Patron and Consul Commander. He lives in Houlika, "For health, pleasure and profit. The people are thrifty, social and pleasant." His ambition is, "To leave a good name for his children," and his motto is, "Make my mortal dreams come true, with the work I fain would do." There he is—exquisite, imperishable, genial Doctor Billy!

FRANKLIN J. WALKER Chickasaw County Tax Assessor

Many "great" men are born and reared on a farm—so was Frank Walker. The East grew luminous and the orb of day rose in all the glories of an Autumnal morning. The time was October 30, 1869, the place was a few miles east of old Houlika, and the parents were William L. and Jeannette Moffatt Walker. The valuation of this young property was placed at a billion dollars, and the real worth of the man has increased so much that just common figures get all balled up in trying to approximate or estimate the exact amount.

To the Mississippi State Normal at Houston he went to collect a fund of information and at the rate he studied it wasn't long before he had adjusted much literary and scientific property to the assets of his mind into an equalization of knowledge that serves him as well in justly appraising the personality and other property of the Chickasaw people.

For a few years he held the position of State Organizer for the W. O. W. in Alabama and successfully established dozens and dozens of camps through the State. He is a natural orator and when he opened up on the fraternal blessings of the Woodmen there was no limit to its scope and enthusiasm. The English language never got so near Heaven in all of its existence until Frank soared on the wings of imagination and swept the outskirts of the stars. Cicero and Ingersoll were just medium manipulators of oratory compared to the chin music of Franklin Walker. He had those Alabamians chopping and log rolling the year round; he was the "go gitter, the come fetchum," who challenged the nation for an equal.

In August, 1911, he was chosen Tax Assessor over a dozen opponents, winning out in second primary. In that capacity he has served the county faithfully and satisfactorily. His assessments are popular and his bookkeeping a model of neatness. The State Auditor writing him that the books were the best kept in the State of Mississippi. He wants to make good—he is making good.

Few months later he was married to Miss Margaret Sledge, a most estimable and refined young lady of Duck Hill, Miss., on November 14, 1911. John Curtis Walker and Marvin Lee, the latter a foster son, are the children.

Mr. Walker is a Methodist, Royal Arch Mason, K. P., K. O. T. M., O. E. S., and W. O. W. In O. E. S. he served as Worthy Patron for one term.

His ambition in life is "To raise the standard of manhood," and with that the motto of "To serve my friends." In answer to a letter he says:

"Houlka is the best place on earth. After many years of travel in all the States but two, I find Houlka the healthiest and best people in the world. After a long study of human nature of near all races of people, I find more good old-fashioned family feeling than I found in any of the States or other countries I have been. If this earth should ever become heaven Houlka will certainly become a favorite spot."

For many years he was engineer on various roads in Mississippi and Kentucky. Thrilling experiences almost every day happened around him, and finally, in a big wreck, both of his legs were broken in several places. Besides this, he has painted United States battleships, hanging over the side while ship was speeding twenty knots an hour. Thirteen-inch cannon poked their mouths over his head but he painted on, seeing much of the world in the travels of the ship. From that to other jobs until he came to Houlka and ran for Justice of the Peace. Won and served the town wisely and justly.

When he takes a "noshun" he can look the most distinguished gentleman ever walked the streets of any city. A stove pipe hat, gold headed cane, flower in lapel, cigar in his mouth, diamond on finger and seven dollars in his pocket, and you have the latest millionaire in the person of Franklin J. Walker.

JOHN CHILDRESS WALKER

Physician and Surgeon.

"Hurry, Doc, my wife's got the conlickshuns running up and down her rinal colyum; hurry and come release her." Such greetings come to Doctor John, the popular young physician of Houlka, and up and down the country he goes "releasing" various hallucinations and hypochondriated ideas that possess the neurasthenics and sure-enough sick people of the community.

The origin of this Doctor's personality was March 18, 1885; rather far into antediluvian antiquity, but he "evoluted" up through the periods of cutaneous abrasions, compound cathartics, asafetida around his neck, plenty of ballast in his stummie, sprained imaginations, lame excuses to keep out of school, and on into maturity with a feverish ambition to study medicine.

His father and mother, Doctor W. C. and Mrs. Ida Whitehead Walker were living in the town of old Houlka when John was born—father a native Mississippian, and mother a native of Alabama, coming to Mississippi in 1880.

To the Houlka school, John made a call now and then, until he had finished every book that the teachers could handle. From here he went to the Normal at Houston and then to University of Nashville to study medicine. His hopes were hopping along fine, and he boned and crammed so much therapeutical and anthropological science that it just oozed from his philosophical profundity like a street sprinkler. Patented panaceas for pale people filled his hirsute apex from his "oriental to occidental," and pathological phenomena coupled with bacteriological bacillus almost ran him "buggy" in their microscopic multiplicities and hysterical pronunciation. From Nashville he went to the Memphis Hospital and Medical College, and after two more years of boning he graduated with honors. Coming home he began practice with his father.

Some time before he married, John became highly interested in the Primary Department of the Houlka High School. Never before had a man taken such interest in a school. He lectured to the pupils about their bodies and especially about the "heart." Miss Leola Morris, a splendid teacher and a most refined Christian lady, was the cause of all this enthusiasm. John just couldn't see but one "patient" in a whole day, and that was Miss Morris. Trips to Whiteville, Tenn., became frequent and at last he made her pulse beat to the tune of "yes" after he had gone through a spasmodic, epileptic, palpitative and choking effort to ask the "condition" of her feelings. She met him at New Albany on the 25th of December, 1910, and the preacher made the diagnosis according to his notion of just how the case should be operated upon. Both "came to" after the sewing up process was over and left for the city of honeymoon in the land of fuss and feathers. Juanita Atwell Walker is their snooky-ookums—precious itsum-bitsum, roly-poly, bestest child.

Doctor John is a member M. E. Church, Masons, K. P., W. O. W., Red Men and K. O. T. M. Also belongs to Mississippi Medical Association, and is called on now and then to read papers before that body.

"To relieve suffering humanity" is his ambition, and in the fulfillment of that great work, he has for his motto, "Live and let live."

"I live in Houlka because my interests are here. The town is located in one of the healthiest and most fertile sections of the State, and is near one of the finest hardwood belts in the South. With our cosmopolitan people you can find most any manner of 'species' known to human research."

In practicing his profession among the Houlka "gizzards," John has done wonderful work, and the people look upon him as they always did his father—with that same confidence and belief. He has effected cures that seem almost miracles with his lotions and potions, antipyretics and other remedial agents, dosed according to the patient's—er pocketbook. With his quaint originality he keeps sick people well and well people "weller."

WILBERT LAFAYETTE WALKER Pharmacist.

"Me tant dit de dun—me leg toe." So sayeth Wilbert when asked by some admirer long time ago "to get the gun." Meaning a popular jig that all the boys of Houlka tried to dance in imitation of the colored people. His leg was sore on account of a hot potato. The cook gave him a large spud fiery hot. Shoving it in his pocket to keep from burning his fingers mighty suddenly. The pocket having been worn out by hooks, rocks, knives, and everything known to boydom, the hot potato naturally slipped downward. Just about the knee it stuck. Not another yell ever cut loose from that boy's throat "before taking or after taking," just like that one. Mustang liniment, caustic, sulphuric acid or bi-chloride of mercury couldn't compare with the warmth of that yam. "Call a doctor, quick," shrieked Doctor Walker, forgetting suddenly that he was a licensed M. D. But Wilbert had swooned—a gone gosling—"daid." At last it was removed, together with six inches of good American hide. Applications of Fletcher's Castoria, Simmon's Regulator and a few drops of Peruna eased the pain, and Wilbert waked into being again. But today he carries that scar of conflict just as if nothing happened—though he and yams haven't any mutual love whatever.

April 10, 1889, was his birthday, and he greeted all the visitors with that characteristic smile of "I'm here, ain't us." He is the second son of Dr. and Mrs. W. C. Walker, and was born in three hundred feet of the typewriter that is unlocking his life story.

The Houlka High School and French Camp Academy were the limits of his literary education. Tendencies toward tinctures and tablets, tumultuous tum-tum twisters, the transmutation of toothsome torments that tickle the taker to take thrice times three in a twinkling, ticklish and titled territory and a titanic traffic in toxicology tests told the tale that his thoughts turned to therapeutical treatments. So he began work in the Houlka Drug Store when it was first established. From that time he has been the prescription

compounder for that company, but for a few months that he worked in Pontotoc and Houston. He is Wilbert the willing, the whizzer, the wonderful wizard. Saccharine substances, cordial concoctions and conglomerative compounds cringe to his touch. Medicines quiver and equivocate as to the next solution he will conjure into sixty cents or a bean and a half. Popular as the day is long, and everybody from Katydid to Katydidn't has bought some drug from him and enjoyed his funnyisms and pleasant smiles.

On January 8, 1913, Wilbert and Miss Sarah Uras Murphree were compounded into one for the rest of their happy life. She is a young lady of rare beauty and excellent womanhood—just the helpmate for Wilbert—the best prescription for both. He is building a home of his own, and expects to move in soon as he can stock his pantry with a ham, two eggs, bag of salt, pound of sugar, grain of corn, can of coffee and two spoons.

Wilbert is a member of the M. E. Church, Masonic Lodge, W. O. W. and was once a Red Man. The paint wore off, the feathers dusted and the Braves went up in a whoop. Nothing but a picture remains of the mounted tribe. His ambition is "To do right and succeed." With that, is his motto of "Live and let live." Wilbert wisely wisdoms:

"I live in Houlka because of its pleasures and profits. The people are energetic, thrifty and generous. The growth is wonderful and its future is brighter than any town in Mississippi."

Talk tonic topics to this thinker and he'll thrill ten thousand testimonials.

FIFE WILLIAMS Justice of the Peace.

"By Neds, I've won a barrel of flour; look out, people, I'm gone." In just two jiffs and a jump he split that summer day wide open and landed in the store of the Houlka Mercantile Co. A contest was in progress, and the man who had the duplicate of 2355 (I think that was the number drawn) would be entitled to the best barrel of flour in the house. "By Neds, she's mine, come over Sunday you folks, and we'll have everything that flour can make." With a whoop and a scoot, he had that barrel rolling homeward to the tune of his famous whistle. His family thought he had gone crazy, but when the flour rolled in, their fears were settled and hopes rose to yum-yum biscuit and lightbread.

But he hasn't been born yet, and we've been telling about that flour "fit" he had. Nevertheless, he was born in 1860, fifty-four years some time soon. He chose his parents in the persons of Samuel C. and Elizabeth Madison Williams, who were of English extraction, and moved from Alabama to Mississippi in 1835.

To the little school of Siloam he gleefully glided into its glories and gump-tions, geographies and grammar, goodies and games. In that little house he signed, sealed and delivered the first letter he ever wrote to his "lady love." Said letter being duly torn in accordance to law and the witnesses thereof were the whole school who immediately passed judgment upon the misde-meanor. Many cases came up just like that one, and he finally persuaded Miss Virgie Davis through the Court of Appeals, and after much testimony about his trials and tribulations to suspend judgment of his former wrongs and make a verdict in his favor. On August 21, 1881, by an overwhelming majority, the seal was affixed, the circuit made, license procured, a preacher summoned to appear before them at certain hour and for the regular fee he put the legal fixings to them forever and a jiffy. It was indorsed by witnesses as a good deed, a mutual covenant, executed to suit said party of first part and said party of second part. He hereby severally swears that she is the best wife he ever had, and in all controversies they come to agreements without protestation and general confusion of chattels, appurtenances and other personal property. The bond that guaranteed them for life holds faithfully and happily. Mrs. Williams is a most excellent Christian character, and her motherly love for the heirs, Myrtle, Paul, Nora and an adopted daughter, Ethel, is warranted to last until all are exempt from taxes in the land of the living. He

solemnly affirms the foregoing statement to be true to the "rest of his knowledge and relief."

Uncle Fife is a Baptist and a Woodman. "Honesty" is his motto, and "Reaching for something grand and noble" is his great ambition. Farming has been his chief life work, but now is serving the town as Justice with popular acclaim and proficiency. He is the jolliest man living, and never can you see him when he isn't smiling or indulging in a "By Neds." Fife the funnysman, Fife the finished man.

"I live here because I love the people. I think the town is one of the most enterprising in North Mississippi, and people are noted for Christianity and hospitality."

J. A. WILLIAMS **Merchant.**

Down in Choctaw county, some years ago, a boy was born, and as his initials are J. A., we will call him Jimmy. His parents, James K. Polk Williams and Susan Fondren Williams, were of Irish and English nationality, and native Mississippians.

In the Chester High School he completed the curriculum with rapidity and desired a better education the further he delved into the great minds of the world. But a college career was cut short—he having to work on the farm and help make bread for the family. Study at home rounded him into a man of sound business qualifications and agricultural acumen. Dollars began to warm his pockets.

On October 19, 1893, he was married to Miss Alice Williams, a most industrious lady of excellent character and remarkable business "gumption." Moodie (deceased), and Thelma, were the only children of this happy union.

Mr. Williams is a Baptist and a Columbia Woodman. His motto is the Golden Rule, and his longing ambition is "To be an expert stock raiser and farmer."

"We think Houlka is a nice growing town, and composed principally of good, friendly country people, so we live here because we like it."

In the old Mercantile he and his wife do a thriving trade among the Houlka people, for the short time they have been here. Both are known for their hustling from morn to night, owning one of the prettiest homes in town, and are rapidly becoming two of our foremost citizens.

WILLIE WALTER WILLIAMS **Merchant.**

Born to Richard D. and Sarah Thomas Williams, in the County of Chickasaw, and in the year 1872, a son, without a name, without hair and without speech—but Lord, he could wail, and wail he did. The county had never heard such music, and many people came to see the little fellow, who was finally named Willie Walter, after much pros and cons in the family, in order to get wise as to his versatile voice. But after one old lady had planted a lip of snuff square on his "yeller" he quit for keeps and began to talk.

His people were from South Carolina, and came into Mississippi about 1853. They sent him to the Houston schools and there he acquired a very good common school education. At the age of nine he went to work on the farm, and has made that occupation his lifetime work, except for last few years, he has been engaged in the business of merchandising at Thorn and at old Houlka.

On September 24, 1913, he moved with his family to Houlka and put in a stock of goods in the old Griffin store on the corner, being the only merchant in old Houlka. He finds the business here pleasant and profitable, and is making one of our citizens in the happy family of the old town.

Mr. Williams was married to "the sweetheart of his dreams" on September 23, 1893, in the estimable person of Miss Mary Lily Kimbrough. Four

children have made this union a happy and contented home—Andy, Etta May, Juette and Preston.

Mr. Williams is a member of the Methodist Church and a Woodman of the World. He is a man of sound business principles, and goes about his daily work with good will to everybody and a helping hand in times of trouble.

AMONG THE MISSING.

After writing up all the Houlka people, or at least all I could think of at that time, there comes into being several more prominent men of the town who deserve write-ups in this book. It is too late now, and I assure you that your life story will appear in "The Houlka Hummer" to be published in the very near "immediate." So be "patient," for I'll get you yet.

WHO'S WHO FROM HOULKA

The plan of the book at the beginning was to include only those men and boys who left Houlka and made good in other parts of the world. Each day brought new thoughts and, instead of a very few, the number increased to 116—only 87 answering my letters. So then they are the "Who's Who" from Houlka. Those who did not respond are: Sam Abernethy, Walter Abernethy, Arthur Abernethy, Jasper Abernethy, Lee Andrews, Rice Boyd, Willie Frank Brown, Curt Brown, L. A. Fitzpatrick, Ernest Haney, Jim Hamilton, Will Harris, Joe Harris, Jack Harris, Archie Hobson, H. H. Isbell, Tom Johnson, George Johnson, Wiley Marion, Henry Peden, Warren Reid, Jr., W. M., O. L., V. L., and J. L. Robinson, H. F. Sanderson, H. E. Savely, Jack Savely, Henry Thompson, T. A. Williams, Bob Williams and G. W. Goff. Several more are worthy of these pages, but cannot think of them just at the present time. There was no intention to leave any one out, and if the above had given me an outline of their life, the "write-up" would surely be in the book. Those who sent in answers—I thank you.

THOMAS FRANKLIN ABERNETHY Commercial Business Man.

It was harvest time—old King Cotton glinted white in the fertile fields of Pontotoc county and the long rows of corn bristled and crackled in the gentle sway of a lazy wind. The autumn sun fell slowly over the rim of the world and flickered its daily farewell through the quivering golden leaves of countless trees until it finally blinked into the flitting shadows of a moonlight night. A hush of expectancy filled the air and before the man in the moon could leap into the lands of other nations far away, he smiled down upon a new born babe. The calendar and Hostetter's Almanac agreed that the date was October 23, 1872, and his parents, William Larkin and Fannie Savely Abernethy, agreed on the name of Thomas Franklin for their first born child.

Mr. Abernethy's ancestral nationality is of Scotch-Irish extraction—his grandparents moving into Mississippi during the early part of the Nineteenth Century.

After attending the public schools of Pontotoc county for several years of his boyhood, he spent two sessions in the school at Houlka. Then one year at the Mississippi Normal High School at Troy, and the last three sessions of his schooling were spent in the Mississippi Normal College at Houston, where he had conferred upon him the Bachelor of Science Degree.

August 28, 1895, he was happily married to Miss Minnie Jinkins, a lady of fine Christian womanhood and handsome appearance. There are four living children—Hosea, Bessie, Gerstle and Gideon, Ben Fulton dying when only two months old.

In the following sentences he tells briefly the story of his life:

"Though reared on a farm in Pontotoc county, far out in the rural districts and doing all kinds of farm work for several years, I was seized with a determination when only a lad to acquire a practical education. By persistency and continuous effort, though in the face of financial embarrassment, my undertaking was accomplished. From a student I became a teacher and taught in the public schools of Texas for one year. Returning to Mississippi; I taught four years and retired from school work, after conducting a series of teachers' institutes in 1898. Since then I have devoted my time to commercial business, such as traveling salesman, division superintendent of salesmen, and sales manager for a Chattanooga corporation. Now at the age of forty-one, I am in the prime of life, blessed with health, a good share of this world's goods and have an interesting family to love and cheer me to the end."

"Tom" is a member of the Methodist Church, prominent in the commercial life of his home town, Eupora, and highly regarded by everybody as a good,

safe man. His ambition is "To thoroughly educate his children, mentally and morally, and render them useful to humanity." His motto is just what he has lived—"Concentration and continuous effort master difficulties."

He is a man who has gained in a small way the higher rungs of the successful ladder; but he never forgets that there are others on the bottom. His qualities overshadow his faults, and in times of trouble he can be relied upon as a safe fortress of help and sympathy.

RICHARD McCANE ABERNETHY Jeweler and Optometrist.

"Mack" Abernethy, known to the Houlka people as our one-time post-master, and a true, moral young man, was born near Red Land, being one of the eldest sons of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Abernethy. His schooling was obtained at Houston and at Eupora, and from there he went to Okolona to begin his first work for a firm of that town.

Then in 1904, he was married to the beautiful and accomplished Miss Claudia Sleuman. Only one child, Donald Abernethy, blesses the home of this happy pair.

Mr. Abernethy is a member of the Methodist Church, I. O. H., and Jr. O. U. A. M. He is also member of the Board of Stewards and one of the Trustees.

After leaving Houlka, he finally established a jewelry business in Mooresville, N. C., where he is still located and doing a good trade among the good people of that section. He is the watch inspector for the Southern Railway and along with his jewelry work he does much optometrical business on the "weeps" of the townsmen. He "fits 'um, fixes 'um, makes 'um see." Therefore he keeps a watchful eye on his business, thereby making things tick his way to the dot. Deals in no second-hand stuff, on the job to the minute, and never runs down.

His motto is good and runs this wise: "Persistency always—there is nothing that persistent, patient, intelligent effort cannot overcome. The story of the world's success lies in the willingness of the individuals to stick to what they started to do, no matter how high, how steep or broad the mountain may be. Gladstone, Bismarck and Edison and numbers of others held to their purposes through every kind of defeat. They were persistent in their faith and to each man came his great reward. My ambition is above all to base my actions upon the principle of Right, preserve my integrity of character, and never to engage in any pursuit to which I cannot ask God's blessings. To have courage without faltering, to do what you do not like to do, but to do what you ought to do, and to ever keep in mind that all our efforts are not to be crowned with immediate success."

ELDRIDGE GATES ABERNETHY Watchmaker and Jeweler.

Crickets were strumming away on the hearth of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Abernethy. The stars twinkled to the tune of the musical spheres and just as the last little twinkle twinkled into the blinking dawn of November 27, 1886, Gates Abernethy was born into the happy land of Pontotoc.

"I moved to Houlka," saith Gates in his letter, "when I was only six years gone. I attended school then until I was eleven and later moved to the farm, out in Calhoun, for a six-year period of hard work. Moving back to Houlka where my father now lives, I decided to study the art of watchmaking and repairing, beginning my first work in 1907. I liked the profession and have never regretted the step taken at that time, and will continue to make it my life work. Since I have been in the business I have made a very good success in my travels up and down the country. I belong to the Baptist Church, joining in 1902. My work is now at Kosciusko with Mr. L. S. Smith. Have been with him for over one year and am enjoying the work fine. My work

seems to give satisfaction to the public and to my employer, so I must say that this beats ploughing old Beck by a long shot."

Gates is known by hundreds of Houlka people as a genuine, moral, trustworthy man, open face, on the watch to help a friend who is run down, works 60 seconds to the minute and 60 minutes to the hour, day after day, on time in every case. He is a 23-jeweled movement, solid gold character, stem-winder. When it comes to tinkering, that is, going down into the delicate stomach of a watch and performing all kinds of major surgery on their main-springs, wheels and cogs, he is some smile. Never goes on strike—ticking all the time to the pendulum swing of his mind—forever watchful to keep himself wound-up and in good, clean running order. His life has been a crystal, clear in its transparency, strong in its make up. Surrounded by dozens of chronometers in the name of Hamilton, Howard, Waltham, Elgin, South Bend, Illinois, and old Robert H. during the day; he goes to bed with the sweet but alarming assurance that truthful Big Ben will lift him from his sleep to a silver-plated breakfast when the ancient hour-glass of time runs into the dawn of a new day. So with his pliers, pincers, callipers, pins, tweezers, lathes, brushes, and all the intricate necessities of the successful watch repairer and jeweler placed in neat arrangement around his desk he is doing time for the remainder of his seventy-year guarantee.

There are four other brothers of this big Abernethy family who failed to answer my letters. Sam, who is in Texas as a salesman; Walter, who is at Durant in the business of watchmaking; Arthur and Jasper, location not known, are in the same business as Mack, Walter and Gates. All of them are making a success in their profession, and all married but Gates and Jasper.

JOHN HARRIS ALEXANDER Merchant.

On the 25th of February, 1886, Johnnie Alexander was born into the world "a comparatively young man." James Warren Alexander, who came from South Carolina when a lad, and Mollie Flanagan Alexander, a native of Mississippi, are the parents of this well deserving and enterprising Houlka boy.

John attended the Houlka schools through nearly all of his 'teens, completing most of the prescribed course. On Saturdays, he helped his father measure up corn for the local grist mill, handling enough corn during those days to make the bins of Josephian Egypt look like a "chigger to an elerfunt," or a log cabin to the fifty-five-story Woolworth. If those grains had been planted in one row an inch apart it would have reached into the main street of Kingdom Come, or "if those grains had been planted and replanted from that time until now, its progeny would today be sufficiently numerous to feed the teeming millions of the world." His fame went abroad and the natives waxed fat from the "Golden Cream of Kernel Korn."

It was a habit of the motherly 'possums and coons of the long ago to beware their offspring of one Johnnie Alexander. Many were the great hunts of this young man when the frost was on the pumpkin and the 'possum on the vine. How enthusiastic the chips would fly to the patient yelps of "Old English," the best hound dog that ever leaped the hills and valleys of Chickasaw or trailed a 'possum to his den. How numerous were the valuable leviathans of the forests that quivered for a moment and then fell resounding mile upon mile to the powerful blows of his faithful axe. What was prettier than a midnight chase, nose down, tail erect, through mire and brush, on and on, faster and still faster, never tiring until the thrilling race was over and the steady "treed" came echoing to excited and eager ears? Those were happy times to that boy—days that will never come again; but days that will cling to his memory until the race of life is run and he goes to the "happy Hunting Grounds" in the beautiful fields and forests of the Celestial Kingdom.

One of the great sights of old Houlka was to see John riding his old blind, streaked-tail mule, "Tige." He was John's standby, and when the poor old fellow was gathered unto his fathers, two big tears trickled sorrowfully

down John's manly cheeks and watered the first crop of alfalfa his face had ever grown.

He was always an active, energetic and muscular boy. Could run faster, jump higher, throw farther, hoe more corn, pick more cotton, cut more wood and do most any kind of physical exercise better than any other boy of his age and size in the vicinity of Houlika. If his could have been a college career, no doubt but what he would have won many medals and the coveted initials of the school by his athletic prowess.

When of age, he borrowed some money and went out into the world to make a name for himself. Choosing Tutwiler as a starting point, he began work on Charles Scott's big plantation, never losing a minute's time. After working there for twenty-one months, he went into other business for a short time. Later he established a retail merchandising trade at Lamont, Miss., under the firm name of Hilliard & Alexander. There, by the banks of the mighty Mississippi, they do a successful business, also handle the U. S. mail over the river.

His ambition is to be a good merchant and land owner; while his motto in life is the Golden Rule, with the addition of "Don't bother with any one's business but your own." Drawbacks have been his occasionally, but he never allows them to form a discouraging line around his will power. He knows there is something ahead if he will only stick—and he's sticking; but never gets stuck. In this short time he has made many true friends, a good bank account and is well on his way to the great goal of earthly success.

One prominent thing he has done in his life that seems to jump higher in the estimation of his friends, is the fact that out of his weekly savings he has bought and paid for a neat little cottage in the town of Houlika for his mother.

ANDREW CLEMENT ASTON Methodist Minister.

In an old log house five miles north of Houston and a half mile west of the Houlika-Houston public highway, A. C. Aston was born, November 1, 1886. His father, James Thomas Aston, moved into Mississippi from Alabama in 1851 when only four years of age. Eleanor Ann Rhoades Aston, his mother, was a native Mississippian. The ancestry of Rev. Aston being of sturdy Scotch-Irish stock.

The record of his school attendance is as follows: Reid school in 1891-92; Holliday's, 1892-96; Wesley Chapel, 1896-01; Salona, Texas, 1901-05; Male and Female Institute of Chico, Texas, 1905-06; taught school 1906-07; Bachelor of Arts degree from Southwestern University, Georgetown, Texas, 1907-11; Bachelor of Divinity from Vanderbilt, 1911-13. In 1912-13 he was assistant instructor in the Correspondence School at Cross Plains, Texas. On July 13, 1913, he entered the ministry with a strong determination to help humanity and follow the teachings of the Blessed Master who went His way doing good.

September 15, 1909, he was married to Miss Minnie Fladger Game, "the best wife in the world." They have no children.

Quoting from his letter: "My ambition is not to make my mark in the world; but to make men and let them make their mark. In other words, I want to be of service to other men." His motto is "Always be at something worth while—never unemployed and never triflingly employed."

He says further: "I lived on the farm until I was nineteen years old and know all of its peculiarities from riding a yearling calf to building houses. I know how to pick cotton, saw wood, blacksmith and what it is to have the bark peeled from my shins when monkeying with barnyard inhabitants. I am now having new experiences and spending much time in riding through the mesquite thickets of West Texas ranches."

Reports from Texas tell of Rev. Aston's popularity as a man and as a true and devout minister of the Gospel. He is modest, unassuming, energetic and willing to do good all the time he can and in whatever way he can.

He advertises neither his good works nor his attainments—always seeking to erase the sense of obligation in those whom he assists. Gracious, kind and gentle with either those of lowly station or of better fortune and capabilities, he gives the praise to God and works for His cause with the spiritual enthusiasm of the true follower of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Rev. Aston has many friends and relatives in and around Houlka who love and respect him for the success he has accomplished and for the real worth of the man himself.

DAVID HOLMES ASTON

Methodist Minister and College President.

The Genesis of this man's life was on August 13, 1870, on a little farm in Chickasaw county. From that time until he made an Exodus to Texas, his Acts were a Revelation to those who had no power of will and to Numbers of others who knew he would make his Mark in whatever Job he undertook to do.

From the Reid's school he came to Houlka and studied under Prof. Smith until he was able to obtain a first grade license to teach—the little school at Reid being his first work as a professor. When twenty-one he moved to Texas and for two sessions taught school in one of the growing towns of that State; in the meantime was licensed to preach at the age of twenty-two. Moving back to Houston, he spent one year in the Mississippi Normal College, graduating with B. S. degree. The next session was spent in Millsaps College where he took special work in languages.

May 26, 1896, he married Miss Mattie Maxwell, an excellent and refined lady of Popes, Miss., and a classmate of his while in college. Moving to Texas he taught one year in a public school and then joined the North Texas Conference November 18, 1897. During his first pastorate of two years he also served as the Principal of Giltown Academy. From the very lowest to the highest, he has gone through the work of the Divine Master with all the zeal and enthusiasm of a true and Godly character. Since his first work he has served one circuit, three stations and the Gainesville District of the Conference. When the great General Conference was held in Asheville, N. C., four years ago, he was chosen by his Conference to represent them in this assembly.

Two years ago, Rev. Aston enterprised the founding of Wesley College at Greenville, Texas, and was elected the first President. The school is now closing its second session of success and looks forward to greater glory in the advancement of learning in the Sunny Southland. The property of the school is worth \$100,000, and that much more is in sight for additional buildings to be erected in the future.

Since his ministerial work was begun, he has earned an A. M. degree at the East Texas Normal College; graduated from the Summer School of Theology in Southwestern University; studied in the University of Temple; grappled with Hebrew in Vanderbilt, and received the Ph. D. degree from the Potomac University.

On August 18, 1912, his wife died, leaving him two children—four other children having gone before.

During all of his college life, Rev. Aston has worked his way, keeping "batch" most of the time to cut expenses. Through it all though he has labored faithfully and successfully. He has been the good Samaritan, who, seeing his duty, did not pass by on the other side. An earthly minister of heavenly happiness is this man, who quietly goes his way doing good. A man who moves in love among his flocks and speaks from the abundance of his heart the simple salvation of the soul.

Rev. D. H. Aston is a brother to the man just preceding.

JAMES EDWARD ATKINSON
Progressive Farmer and Stock Raiser.

On September 13, 1876, possibly on Friday, thirteen days after the beginning of Autumn, thirteen miles from Schooner, thirteen years after the battle of Gettysburg, thirteen years before Jefferson Davis died, one hundred and thirteen years after the French and Indian War, and just thirteen minutes and thirteen seconds after one o'clock, "Ed Atkizzum" was born about thirteen hundred and thirteen feet from Van Vleet, Mississippi. His parents, John Landreth and Mattie Davis Atkinson, were native Mississippians and sturdy descendants of English and Irish blood.

In the schools near his home he received a common school education, applying himself to—the rod, with fervent zeal and testimonial enthusiasm. During his school life he worked on the farm with his father, making average crops every year until he decided to venture into a boat of his own. That was on the thirteenth of a certain month and after fixing his tie thirteen times he rode thirteen miles to see if he could find some nice lady to help row that boat. After thirteen days and after he had tried to ask her thirteen hundred and thirteen times to grab an oar on that rocking lifetime canoe, she accepted the proposition, and they were married on November 25, 1900, and for over thirteen years they have lived happily, cozily, "comfyly." Miss Bertha Martin was the most estimable lady in question, and is now the happy mother of their children, Ailene, Kenneth and Scottie Sue.

Mr. Atkinson is a Baptist and a W. O. W. Has a longing ambition to be a big stock raiser and scientific farmer. Near Van Vleet he has a fine farm and just few weeks ago bought some registered Aberdeen Angus cattle that are creating quite a "bunch of talk," and from his beginning it is hoped that more will follow in the "likewise." With these he has begun a good fight against the coming boll weevil and he wisely asserts that its coming, will be a Godsend—to make the people "get busy."

In '05 he moved to Houlka and begun working for D. H. Hall in the lumber business. Working four years for said firm.

"Ed" is known by everybody and their kin. A gentleman every minute and true to his family and friends.

CHARLES WESLEY BALEY
Methodist Minister.

"Wes" Baley, as the old school-day friends called him, sends in the following sketch of his life:

"Charles Wesley Baley, Jr., was born February 18, 1881, two miles southwest of Houlka. I am of Scotch-Irish descent, my great-grandparents coming direct from the old country to South Carolina. My father, James Madison Baley, was a native of Mississippi, and my mother, Elizabeth Bolding Baley, was an Alabamian.

"I was converted at the early age of seven years and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, at Old Houlka, under the ministry of Rev. J. R. Robertson. When about seventeen, I joined the Methodist Free Church, and on September 3, 1900, I was licensed to preach by the Springdale District Conference, at Union Grove Church, in Lafayette county. Exactly one year later, I was ordained elder by the same Conference at Jumpers Chapel Church in Yalobusha county. Then, on December 3, 1902, I was admitted into the North Mississippi Conference of the M. E. Church, South, and was assigned to the Cascilla Circuit, Grenada District, Tallahatchie county, remaining there one year. Then in the fall of 1903, I was removed to the Slate Springs Circuit, Grenada District, Calhoun county. After a year's work at these churches, I was appointed to Millsaps College, where I remained as a student for two years. Then in December, 1905, I was appointed to the Courtland Circuit, Panola county, Sardis District, taking up the work left by Rev. G. W. Gordon. December, 1906, I was appointed to the Pleasant Hill Circuit, DeSoto county,

Sardis District. Remaining there two years, I was sent to the Arkabutla Circuit for one year. In December, 1909, I was assigned to the Eureka Circuit in Panola county, Sardis District, where I remained for two years. Then in December, 1911, I was sent to the Kosciusko Circuit of Attala county and Durant District. In December, 1912, I was moved to the McCool District.

"I attended the public schools near my home, the Houlka High School and Millsaps College. On May 8, 1907, I was married to Miss Jannie Pearl Wilbourn, of Como, Miss. Four children have been born unto us—Charles Wesley, Jr., Edward Ward Carmack, Madison Sanford and Jannie Lucille.

"My ambition is to be the most successful soul winner possible. I am a member of the W. O. W. and the T. O. O. O. F."

Rev. Baley is known in Houlka as a true, genuine Christian man—a man who has worked up—always with an eye single to the glory of God.

JAMES WARSAW BELL

Educator.

Professor Bell, known all over Mississippi as one of its best equipped educators, has, by dint of unlimited will power, come from almost poverty on the little 'Possum Neck farm in the jungles of Owl creek into a position of comfort and influential sway over the educational forces of our beloved State.

Copying a line or two from his letter: "I was born in the year 1869, four miles east of Red Land on Owl creek. Began my first work as a teacher about the first of November, 1887, at Thornton Hill school in Chickasaw county. Since that time I have spent my life, with the exception of a few months, in teaching and going to school. I was married on the 15th day of November, 1899, in Water Valley, Mississippi, to Miss Sophia Boyd. I have a family of three children, two girls and one boy. I am now Dean of Education in the University of Mississippi and also hold the chair of Economics.

"It is my ambition to make of the Department of Education a positive, living force in the upbuilding of the educational system of the State of Mississippi. To this end I earnestly beg the co-operation of all patriotic Mississippians."

For many years, Professor Bell was the Principal of the Water Valley schools, building up a progressive system of school training that was a lasting force in the development of modern education. Hundreds of educable boys and girls began their fundamental training for greater usefulness in life through the judgment and teaching ability of this genial good man. Patrons were satisfied; pupils worked hard lessons with a will; all had confidence in his discipline, and his power as a disseminator of high school knowledge for the preparation of boys and girls for college went out into the system of other schools through many of his old-time pupils and through his "professorial" brethren. From there he went to the University of Mississippi and began the teaching of Mathematics, he having been a graduate of that institution some years before. It has been my pleasure to be under him in the study of "Polit," as the fellows term it, or Political Economy, and if a man could explain it any better to a class of boys than he, that man is yet to "arriv." Making things plain is his supply—many heads demand it. He is a man whose utilities for advancement among his classes are potent forces in the production of "wealth" for the University. His material resources have no competition in the Pedagogical department and the distribution of all this educational property is highly productive to the economic progress of our great commonwealth. Old Adam Smith and J. S. Mill, great writers of political science, are his constant companions, living with them in the study of man's actions, how he gets an income and how he uses it, how the trend of governmental machinery goes from the very beginning of sociological development. Peacefully he lives on a small medium of exchange which seems to be diminishing returns to his pocketbook; but on the other hand, increasing returns to the intellectual progress of Mississippi. Prof. Bell is a Presbyterian and a Mason—withal, a man.

W. W. BOYD
Physician and Surgeon.

On July 15, 1853, when the man in the moon was smiling little golden gleams of light into the nooks and corners of a midnight world, a tiny baby boy blinked his first appearance into the home of George Washington Boyd and Nancy Caroline Bramlett Boyd, sturdy pioneers from South Carolina in 1852 and of English-Irish-French nationality. "Wes" Boyd, as he is known by hundreds of friends and acquaintances all over the country, was this little boy and through all of his life he has shown an indomitable spirit of keep-on-keeping-on. Today, he is a prominent and successful physician and surgeon in the city of West Point, where his work calls him night and day—going, going all the time—relieving pain and suffering—cheering those who are blue—helping the weak as did the lowly Man of Palestine who went His way doing good.

In answer to my letter, he has given a sketch of his life in such good form and words and withal some good thoughts on perseverance, that I think it proper to copy verbatim. It is as follows:

"I was born two and one-half miles southeast of old Houlka. My success is not an accident for I was reared in a home that stood rigidly for three things, namely: obedience, a complete catalogue of morals and duty well done.

"My early education was in an old field log school house established by the neighborhood before free schools were known, and later I was taught by Prof. B. F. Killpatrick, who was principal of the Houlka High School.

"At the age of twenty-one, I began a farmer's life, and for two years was successful along that line. All the time I was anxious to go to college, and dreamed of college days during my life on the farm; so that after two years I came into a realization of my dreams and was able to leave the farm and attend the University of Mississippi, where I took a special course until I had finished my Junior year.

"I then went to Vanderbilt Medical College, and two years later graduated in Medicine. About this time, I was taken violently sick with typhoid fever, which kept me down for four months, finally leaving me penniless and unable to begin my life's work for several months after I was able to be up and about.

"When again well on the road to recovery, I came to Oktibbeha county, near the place now called Osborn, situated on the I. C. R. R., and began the practice of my chosen profession. I was successful from the very first, and determined to have it said of me that I had lived for great purpose and so that my family and friends might be proud of me.

"By strict economy, I began to save money, and two years afterwards, I was happily married to Miss Loula Nance, and in the beginning of our married life we agreed on industry and economy with honor in our new home, and happiness was our reward with everything running smoothly and pleasantly.

"In the third year of my practice, a cyclone destroyed everything I had accumulated, and I was left to begin again, with my wife, my horse and my cow. Our generous neighbors come to our rescue and rebuilt for us a little cottage in the same spot as the former cozy five-room home. My wife and I soon got busy with work to be done and with the love and help of these friends, our losses soon became a memory, and we were again looking hopefully to the future.

"But my days were not destined to remain so pleasant, and I realize that some days must be dark and dreary and that into my life some rain must indeed fall. In less than one year my wife and two of our three children were taken from me. This misfortune came near ruining my life; but when I had time to recover somewhat from this stunning blow, and to think of life at all, I realized that it is a stern reality, and I decided to get away from the old scenes for a while, and to take a course of lectures in New Orleans to begin life anew. So the days went by and life again held out some hope to



Bank of Houlka—O. M. Harrill, President; R. E. Atwell, Cashier.



Houlka Hardware & Furniture Co.

me, and after two years of lonesomeness, I was married to Miss Katie Caldwell, of Milan, Tenn. My home was again a happy one, and some of the old ideals began to be realized. Three children were born to us, one son and two daughters, and for years the sun of prosperity and happiness shone upon me; but this happiness, like that gone before, was doomed, and I suffered another sad blow in the death of my last son, who was accidentally shot by one of his playmates. For a time I was robbed of my energy and health; but Time, the great healer, and the love and affection of my wife and other children have softened my sorrows and I again look out on life with hope and pleasure, and can truthfully say that life is indeed worth while.

"As a physician, I have been devoted to my duty, and have kept abreast with the world of medicine. I have contributed largely of my means to the poor and suffering without hope or desire of pay. I now enjoy a splendid practice in West Point, where I have resided for several years.

"During the years of my practice, I have been Medical Examiner for sixteen leading Life Insurance Companies, and have been local surgeon for two Railroad Companies. Besides this, I was County Health Officer in Oktibbeha before moving to my present home.

"I feel that my life has been just a bit unusual, if even for no other reason than the following: I never took a drink of whiskey in a saloon, and never was drunk; I never chewed tobacco, nor smoked a cigar; I never gambled; I never was arrested nor had a case in court; I never placed a mortgage on any of my property; I never had a pocketbook; I have been a member of six Fraternities, and have been a life-long member of the Methodist Church.

"In addition to my medical profession, I have been a breeder and raiser of fine horses and Jersey cattle, and my pen of chickens are now prize winners.

"I was one of the boys who went from Houlika to try to make the world better by upright living and to try to raise the standard of citizenship in the community in which I lived.

"Had I the opportunities in those days that our boys now enjoy, I think my life would have been more successful; still I'm proud of what opportunity I have had, and feel that I must admonish the boys of these golden hours and thus equip themselves of the duties and responsibilities of life, and thus enable themselves to be of greater usefulness to their fellow man, to their country and to their God.

"I hope that Heaven will continue to bless me to the end of my life, and that the pleasures that are now mine may not be taken from me; but if it should be otherwise, and if the clouds again gather about my head, God grant me grace to say: 'Thy will be done.'"

Three children, Hugh Lee, who is a prominent druggist in Kosciusko, Sarah Louise and Mary Kathaleen, make the life of the father and mother one long period of sublime happiness. Doctor Boyd never forgets that he is a gentleman. A man of great moral force and integrity—a bank of credit from which we can draw supplies of confidence, counsel, sympathy, help and love.

GEORGE FRANKLIN BOYD Great Educator.

In the year 1865, when the straggling remnants of the most powerful machine the world has ever known, had given themselves into the hands of overwhelming numbers and left the once beautiful Southland running red with blood and smoky ruins—then it was that George Boyd looked out upon the poverty-stricken country "for the first time in his life."

His father and mother, George Washington Boyd and Nancy Caroline Bramlett Boyd, were of Scotch-Irish and English ancestral nationality, moving from South Carolina in 1851.

Growing up through the hard times of Reconstruction and Carpet Bag days he did not permit himself to think that he had no chance—he made the chance with that unconquerable will of "never say die." Trials beset

him, but a determination that knew no defeat, carried him first through the common schools and then to the well-known Iuka Normal College. From there he went to Dickey's Normal School and thence to the State University, where he graduated with honors in June, 1886. For ten years after he entered city school work and attended the State Normal every summer. There he took up every phase of school work, such as Psychology, Pedagogy, History of Education and Philosophy of Teaching. During the last twenty years Prof. Boyd has made an exhaustive study of every school system of the world and many of the better ones in our own country. Studying them in a comparative way he has found much help and inspiration from them all. Besides this, he has made a systematic study of the Classics known to the six great literary ages. In the meantime, he has been President of a Shakespearean Society for twenty years, benefiting himself and many others in a logical study of this great author and dramatist.

Twenty-seven years ago Prof. Boyd began teaching in his native county, Chickasaw, at the stupendous salary of \$12.40 per month and paying eight dollars out of that for board. In his dreams, he became quite a wealthy man. On that salary, his "co'tin" days must have been limited to a glass of red lemonade and a nickel's worth of striped stick candy.

For twenty-one years Prof. Boyd has served as Superintendent of the Kosciusko schools without a dissenting vote from the trustees—a record that no other man holds in the State of Mississippi or possibly in the United States. His system of school work has attracted much attention and comment, not only in Mississippi, but in other states as well. Many educators have made a study of his school system and have established it in many progressive schools of the South. It is unique, original, successful. He knows a good teacher and employs a corps of them for the training of the Kosciusko children. Conditions surround him for able and efficient work, and he is "on the job" twenty-five hours a day. As he sees it, the work is the most inspirational of all human endeavor, reaching those of all classes, those who are on the downward road and those who are striving upward. In it all, he holds and has held in his grasp, the future of hundreds, and the good he has done is making itself known in the lives of many of his students. The advice he gives is not mere display nor the thought of "when I ope my lips, let no dog bark." It is always for good and the listener profits thereby.

In 1907, his friends persuaded him to run for Superintendent of Education. The State election was just thirty-seven days away, but he went into the campaign with a vim that characterizes his every action. His opponents claimed for him only 5,000 votes at the best; but when the ballots were all counted he had to his credit 43,004. Considering his formidable opponent and the short time he had to stump the State, it was a race never before equalled in Mississippi. He carried his native county by six to one, and the two counties in which he had taught, by seven to one. In one county, where his opponent had been a teacher, Prof. Boyd carried it by a big vote, and tied in a second out of three others that his opponent had taught.

In 1914, Professor Boyd will again be a candidate for the State Superintendency, and it is very probable that he will be alone in the field. Even with a running mate, his friends predict his election by a large majority. If elected, Mississippi can look forward to the most up-to-date and progressive school system the State has ever known.

The age demands a ready man—the man with the goods—the man who can come across. This then, is his motto: "Be a ready man." He's "there" in plain Uncle Sam as it is slung. Every day he has been at his post of duty, paying tribute to the wisdom of Thomas Edison and Old Standard Oil way into the "wee sma" hours of night-time.

In the year 1891, he was married to "the best lady in the land," Miss Lillian Anthony. Two bright children, Ellen Anthony and George, Jr., are the joys of this happy household.

Professor Boyd is a Methodist, K. of P., W. O. W., and a member of the Columbia Woodmen. For twelve years he has been Superintendent of the

Kosciusko Methodist Sunday school, and for thirteen years president of the Board of Stewards.

His ambition is first to be a worthy and useful citizen, to stand in the front ranks of his chosen profession, and be Superintendent of Education in his native State. He is certainly the embodiment of the self-made man—the progressive man—the Christian man. He has striven—succeeded. Never seeking notoriety, he prefers to go the even tenor of his way—trying to do good. Quoting:

“It is what I have tried to do that encourages me.”

JOHN JEHU BOYD

Traveling Salesman.

On March 25, 1860, when the winds were blowing the news of an impending conflict between the American people, John Boyd was born. The farm of his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Boyd, was the place of his birth, and there he grew up into his teens while working the rich loamy lands of the old-time Houlika.

Copying a few sentences from his letter: “Taught school in Mississippi for eight years and then went to West Texas to engage in the cattle business. After five years there, began to travel through Oklahoma for a tobacco concern. Giving up that, began to work for Morris Bros. Granite and Marble Works as their traveling salesman. Was in that business for eight years and the rest of my life has been spent on the farm. Have been a constant worker in the Sunday school and church for thirty years.”

Mr. Boyd is a Methodist and a lay preacher, and belongs to only one fraternity, the Texas Commercial Union. His motto is a good one, more should think about it, too: “Promptness coupled with diligence,” while his great ambition is, “To live up to the highest type of citizenship for my country and to the highest standard of morality for my God.”

On October 16, 1884, he was married to Miss Minnie Smith, a most excellent and refined young lady of J. J.’s dreams and hopes. Their children, seven in number, are Ethel, Earl, Hal, Bernard, Gayle, Karl and Opal. The last two in the blessed beyond.

Tyler, Texas, is his present home, and there he enjoys the high regard and personal confidence of all the citizens in the town and surrounding country. A man who believes in the rights of others—censuring no man for his opinions, takes no radical view of universal problems, thinks much, argues little. He is modest, unselfish in generosity, efficient, owes no man, respectful to everybody and reverent in the sight of God. Houlika people speak of this man as a good, genuine gentleman, true to his family and his friends, therefore true to himself and to the Divine Master gone before.

Mr. Rice Boyd, a brother of the man above, did not answer the letter sent him.

ROBERT EHREN BOYD

Carpenter.

Great gusts of an invisible something blew its whistle through the thin, long needles of a lonesome pine, and as the mighty oaks on a nearby hill swayed in the balmy breezes of a youthful spring, the great god of winds gathered in the final blasts of evening and stole silently over the rim of the world. Then a gentle zephyr “Marched into the 24th groove” of coming day and whispered to anxious friends and loved ones the news of a new-born babe just twenty-six years ago. “Born an infant, when quite young,” he learned early to do some vocal “hiesting” that sounded like a steam calliope or a rusty phonograph. It was suggested by a few of his admiring listeners to name him “Louder,” but a compromise of Robert Ehren was agreed upon by his parents, Robert N. and Eliza Naugle Boyd. His ancestry is English, Irish and French.

Ehren was destined to be a carpenter—always making something and then tearing it to pieces. Early he received the diploma of his profession by dutiful inattention to a couple of fingers and a half-dozen thumbs when hammers and hatchets were in rebounding activity.

During his boyhood he helped his father make cotton and corn through the hot days of summer and in the winter months sought an education in the schools of Houlka. Tiring of all this farm and text book monotony, a notion struck him—and he's still living, too—a good carpenter he was, and a carpenter he would be.

Ehren began life on a solid foundation—laying his plans and prints in the small space of two feet. Year after year the building goes on, adding here and there a little touch of progress in the make-up of the man. So with two legs as braces or corner posts; a tummy for his trunk, vestibule, kitchen, pantry and general store-room, he walled it all in with ribs for rafters and a strong backbone for a sill. Then he uses his neck as a main passageway to the inner room of his building. His head serves as a steeple or a dome, covered thickly with thatch to keep the rain from leaking into the chambers of his thoughts. Two arms serve as wings for his home; two ears as gable ends and acoustics; two eyes for sleepers and windows; one nose as a door knob and double chimney; a mouth for the front door and a chin for the porch. The yard roundabout grew up in whiskered shrubbery and shavings. Therefore his skin is the weatherboarding and withal a frame building of good material, capable to combat the chills of winter and the heat of summer. All heart and no sap. Never pines away—will spruce up when necessary; never chews gum; once wore hickory shirts; likes maple syrup and really is some persimmon. Possibly, if cottonwood go up he might come home and farm some more; but, as it is, he prefers to slay at the elm and carefully guide the old log through the swift-running saws of life's machinery.

On September 5, 1907, Ehren decided to go into the game of hard knocks. Had his hair shingled; put on another coat or mantlepiece, and after gathering up a kit of tools left Houlka to hammer out a living elsewhere. Going south he finally worked his way into Texas and on to Temple, where he braced up a bit and bolted out to get a corner on a job. He found it and ever since he has chiseled and edged his way through quarter-sawed aristocracy and bay-windowed society to the tune of four plunks per day and the satisfaction of his employer. Strips of success are coming his way down on the border, and while he is a Woolworth in latitude, there is not a two-by-four girder in his whole being.

Ehren is a "plane" man, all wood and a yard wide, square, level-headed, a plumb good 'un. He measures up well with the rest of them as a true Christian gentlemanly character. When he learns a thing he nails it down in the joints of his upstairs—there to board on when occasion demands. He has traveled much into the war districts of Mexico and has seen all the gruesome aspects of dead and dying soldiers. It is very interesting to listen when he tells of the curious customs of the Mexican people and other little incidents of his life since he left Houlka.

He has been offered a superintendency at ninety chips per month but he thinks the responsibility too great as yet, and prefers to keep on working as of yore. His rule in life is partly golden: "Do unto others as they do unto me." He believes a tub should stand on its own bottom, and that's the life he lives. Never ostentatious, reserved always, he lives in happiness with his fellowman.

WILLIAM WALLACE BROWN

Bookkeeper.

Long time ago, when all the world was painted in the golden sheen of Indian Summer, and the falling leaves were flitting hither and thither on the wings of a gentle noonday wind, Wallace Brown was born, an "infant," no more and no less. The little fellow grew, just like others have grown, into a laughing, sprightly boy. Then short pants, long pants and then a youth.

Patent leathers came on, a "coming Moses" collar and then a man. He fell in love with all the girls just as the others were falling. They all had charms—still he is a bachelor; living peacefully that blessed single life so much wished for by some who have gone the limit of conjugal contentment.

His parents, James Felix and Mollie Roberson Brown, both of Irish nationality, moved into Mississippi from South Carolina before the struggle between the States.

After finishing the courses given at the Houlka High School, he went to the Agricultural and Mechanical College at Starkville, Mississippi. After a few months of study at that school, he returned home to help his father in a general merchandise store at Old Houlka and later on at New Houlka. When not employed in the store he donned a big brim hat, overalls and other farming necessities and went into the simple life of tickling old Mother Earth.

From his business as a store-keeper he went to Memphis to study the modern methods of commercial activities and bookkeeping. For the last few years he has been keeping an excellent set of books for big firms in the delta of Arkansas and Mississippi. He is now located at Sunflower, Miss., and is bookkeeping for a large business in that place.

Wallace is member of the church, a Woodman of the World and holds one or two life insurance policies in old line companies. His ambition is to accumulate property in an honorable way. "A square deal to all" is his motto, and he lives up to it faithfully and consistently. Wallace commands a good salary for his work, for few men can write a much neater line or keep a neater set of books. His work is attractive and that pleases any kind of an employer. He enjoys the confidence of all the business men he has been associated with and a high regard of scores of friends and acquaintances. Wallace is a gentleman of fine character, ready at all times to give a push to a good cause.

THOMAS LEWIS DeLASHMET Lumberman.

Six miles east of Houlka, January 7, 1884, Lewis DeLashmet entered this big, bustling world "when quite a young man." His father was Marion Bartlett DeLashmet and his mother was Cynthia Elizabeth Montgomery DeLashmet. Both being born in the State of Mississippi and of French and Scotch nationality.

Lewis has attended the Houlka High School, the Prescott School of Memphis, and the Eastman Business College of Poughkeepsie, N. Y. He first began work in a Memphis grocery March 1, 1898. Has been doing everything from farming to railroading from that time, and now is employed by the lumber company of Bexley, Miss. The last fifteen years he has lived in nineteen states and part of Canada, drifting back to Ole Miss—the greatest State in the Union.

He is a Baptist, member of the Masonic Lodge and Knights of Pythias.

His ambition is to make a good living so the other fellow will not have to do it for him. He believes in the old motto: "Be honest and treat every one as near right as possible." Lewis frankly says this, a thought that very few ever think of or openly admit: "I haven't a very good education and I suppose some people would say that I never had a chance. That is not so. I used to say that for an excuse but I know better now. I could have made the chance IF I HAD HAD THE WILL."

Lewis has looked the world squarely in the face and he owes no man anything but to love him. Traveling about as he has, it has caused him to look upon life with a broader vision, and the things he has learned knocking up against the world aids him to take whatever comes, with perfect contentment and satisfaction. A young man of splendid natural ability and sterling manhood. Wears a pleasant smile, jolly in conversation and loyal to his friends, is Thomas Lewis DeLashmet.

CLAUDE VERNON GREEN**Furniture Dealer.**

When the golden leaves of the trees were swaying a last farewell in the balmy glories of an autumnal day and were beginning to loose themselves to the mercy of the whistling winds, then, just as good old summer reeled into the realm of her sisters to be forever lost in the dimness of the long, long ago, Claude Vernon Green was born into a big happy world—September 23, 1881. His parents, William Joshua and Mary E. Kirby Green, who lived west of Houlka at that time, are of Scotch-Irish ancestry, and both of Mississippi birth.

Vernon's first schooling was at Houlka. At the age of 17 he entered the preparatory department of the A. & M. College. For three years he went through the grind of class work and study, and when in the Sophomore year, he left of his own accord to engage in the carpenter trade at Bessemer, Ala. While doing some work on a scaffold, he fell and received a serious injury. The doctors found it to be a broken vertebra and after recovering sufficiently, from a long period of intense suffering, to travel, he came back to Houlka and to friends.

After a few months, Vernon and his father established a general merchandise business on the southeast corner lot of the old Abernethy grove and immediately gained their share of the country trade.

On May 1, 1904, he was married to the sweetheart of his dreams, Miss Mabel L. Peden, the most estimable daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Peden, formerly of Houlka, but now of Memphis. Gladys, eight years of age, and Claude V., Jr., one year old, are their living children. Marven, the second child, died when only nine months old while being carried to Memphis on the Frisco train for a serious operation.

The mercantile business of father and son was sold to J. F. Haney, and Vernon then engaged in farming and carpentering until April 1, 1907, when he began work under the civil service commission as rural letter carrier for U. S. A. He was the first man to carry mail in this style on the first rural route Houlka ever had. He continued this along with farming until December 1, 1912, when he resigned to move to Memphis. He is now engaged in the furniture and hardware business at 294 Chelsea avenue. There, he is making new friends and building up a nice little trade, good will and confidence.

Vernon is a member of the Baptist Church, a Mason and a Woodman. Before moving to Memphis he served the Woodmen as Clerk for several years faithfully and faultlessly.

Quoting: "My ambition is to accumulate just enough to live at ease in old age and to leave my family well provided for at death. Then my motto is: 'Do unto others as I wish to be done by,' with 'equal rights to all and special privileges to none.'"

Further on he says: "Born and reared in poverty but grew up in better circumstances and have a vision of luxury in less than a hundred years from now. Always worked hard on the farm—when father was roundabout. A lover of fishing, hunting and athletics. Am a splendid shot, but not much of a 'hitter.' Am a great lover of the bright side of life; but at the same time know how to sympathize with the unfortunate. A cloud has never been too thick but that later on it could be pierced by the sun. 'Those who spread sunshine cannot keep it from themselves.' My financial career might be considered by others of small event, but not by me. I consider I'm worth millions in one sense of the word—my greatest assets being my family and my friends, which money alone cannot buy. I do not seek fame, notoriety or publicity; but desire to live at peace with God and man and do what little I can, in an humble way, to make the country in which I live better to some extent by my having lived in it."

In all of his dealings, Vernon is the accommodating gentleman. A man to be trusted with either small or large things, both being as secure with him as the secret of the Sphinx. He recognizes the right of every man to his

sincere beliefs and he obtrudes neither his religion nor his politics; but goes content with the world as it is and thankful for what he owes it and not what it owes him. He is Johnny on the spot at all times to help in a good cause, either by personal assistance or indirect giving. A man with a heart as big and kind as ever pumped a gallon of red blood is the Houlka boy who made good at home and is making good in "furrin Memfuss."

ELIAS KILGORE GUINN

Physician and Surgeon.

The subject of this sketch was born August 15, 1880, in the town of Van Vleet. His parents, Jesse Lee and Fannie Ulmer Guinn, were of Scotch-Irish descent and native Mississippians.

Elias obtained a thorough education through many ups and downs in his college career. Beginning first with the Rhodes School at Asbury, he kept on through the schools of Center Hill and Friendship, Ridgeway or Marion school, Houlka High School, Maben High School, University of Mississippi and Vanderbilt. He has diplomas from the last three.

He began work at McCondy in June, 1909, equipped with a small medicine pocket case, one red mule with blind bridle and ropes for reins. His first call was on the 13th of June, 1909. An old man, a Mr. Martin, summoned Elias, the trembling young doctor, to diagnose his case. Dr. Guinn immediately found, through a series of thumps, that the old man was suffering with a "parabola in his concave cosmopolitan" and needed a doctor just like Elias to conclude the intervening space between the sick man and the pearly portals of Paradise. To the surprise of the doctor and the old fellow himself, "both" are still living.

After practicing medicine for nearly three years among the good people of McCondy and vicinity, he decided to marry a wife—really needed some nice girl to answer his telephone calls, fix his tie, cook his dinner and otherwise patch his increasing pile of holy sox. The happy event occurred on April 16, 1912, and the lady who fills the position to his entire satisfaction was Miss Mary Conner, a beautiful young lady of Okolona, Miss. Her splendid character blends into the happy life of this good doctor and goes to make their home an ideal of love and Christian fellowship. One child, Jesse Conner, was born on June 14, 1913, but died on October 27, 1913, after a continued illness of several weeks.

Doctor Guinn is a Methodist, a Mason, Woodman of the World, and also belongs to the Kappa Psi fraternity of the Vanderbilt University. His ambition is to "become a successful physician, to promote the cause of Christianity in our community and in foreign fields." He lives this motto faithfully and truthfully: "To do all the good I can to as many people as I can."

In battling against adversity on every side during his preparation for the medical profession and coming through it all with clean hands and a clear conscience, Dr. Guinn deserves much credit and praise. Everybody knows him to be a true gentleman, seeking an honest living among his fellow men. He has striven and has succeeded—his record is without blemish—his life without stain.

JESSE MARK GUINN

Methodist Minister.

Mark Guinn, brother of the man just preceding, was born on August 27, 1882. And when he was come into this land of milk and honey, there arose a great wail, yea, even a loud voice. The people marveled and grew sore afraid lest he yell himself unto death. But it came to pass that he only wailed for wisdom, like unto that of the wise Solomon, yea even unto the wisdom of David and Paul. He grew and waxed strong in the ways of the Divine Master.

After studying a few years in the schools of his home county, he went to the Millsaps College for a Preparatory Course of two years, and then four

years of Academic work in the same school, graduating with honors on June 9, 1910. Then on July 30, 1910, he began his ministerial work at Shuqualak, Miss., filling a vacancy caused by the death of Rev. Oats.

Mark joined the Methodists when quite young, and through his preparation for the gospel work, his great ambition has been, "To be efficient as a servant of my Master for men," while his motto is, "Live each day so that others can co-operate with me as I strive for the realization of this holy purpose."

Besides his days of schooling, Mark did much work on the farm and in the profession of carpentering. When the town was on a boom between '05 and '08, he did much of this work with his two older brothers.

From his letter I gather many little incidents of his life that are amusing to all those who know Mark as an unpretentious, modest young man. No exciting events characterize his life thus far, except his first sermon, and that was "the longest and about the blankest period of his whole existence." On one occasion, the pastor of the Doodleville Church in South Jackson was absent and Mark was asked to fill the place. He calmly admits that he displayed more awkwardness than intelligence, but finally finished the awful moments with thanks unto his Maker for bearing with him that long. Just as he took his text, an old man on the front pew dropped peacefully into the arms of Morpheus. Mark does not know to this day what followed—neither does his congregation—or at least he feels that way about it. When the audience rose for the last song, the sleeping man blinked into a knowledge that the fireworks were over and after about two stanzas of the song was sung he had shuffled himself to a standing position and with mouth wide open looked at the trembling Mark as if he wanted to take him in, Bible, pulpit and all. Mark declares that if he did, part of the chancel rail would go with him. The congregation was dismissed and the sleepy man walked up to Mark and with a hearty grasp of the hand exclaimed: "I certainly enjoyed your sermon." With a smile, Mark thanked him and really wanted to say "that it must have been indeed soothing." As Mark says, "His unfortunate remark has been of vast importance to me, in that it impressed me with the everlasting fact that everyone who attempts to compliment in this way must not be taken seriously."

As a child, Mark enjoyed the fun of making wagons, then hitching them to the tails of tom cats at the top of stairs and let them lickety split down into the living rooms below. Then during his young manhood he cultivated the disposition of disappearing down into the green pastures and by the still waters when any of the fair sex visited his mother's home. He admits now that his attitude has changed to more of a friendly feeling toward them, but now they seem to have adopted his former disposition and make themselves very much absent when he is about to be present.

Rev. J. M. Guinn is now the pastor of the Crawford, Miss., Methodist Church, and does other work among the churches around the neighborhood. He enjoys the high regard of all the people who know him, and lives in happy accord with the world as a thing that owes not him a living, but he owes it the best in him.

At the last he says: "I am persuaded that a young man who has good health can do whatever he wants to do. We are what we are as a matter of choice. The fixing of a man's ideal to a large extent determines what his life shall become as well as what his destiny shall be. Our Creator has pledged His support to any one who honestly and faithfully pursues a high and Holy purpose—therefore he cannot fail."

JAMES HAMPTON GULLEDGE Furniture Dealer.

Hamp, as all the Houlka people know him, was born December 2, 1869, at Big Creek, Calhoun county, Mississippi. His father, Stephen Huntley Gullledge, was a native of North Carolina and of Scotch-Irish ancestry. His mother, Mary Caroline Hancock Gullledge, was a direct descendant of the old

Hancock family of Revolutionary War fame. Hamp's father and mother lived in the little village of Big Creek for a few years before the Civil War to 1890, when they moved to a small farm west of Houlka. He attended only the public schools of Calhoun county and applied himself to every task with diligence and vim.

From the first of 1894 to early 1897, he was employed as traveling representative of the National Installment Co. in Central and South Mississippi. From '97 to '98 he conducted a general merchandise business at Houston for L. O. Towery of Houlka. In November, '98, he went to Jackson, Tenn., and engaged in the retail furniture trade. He is the junior member of the Kirby & Gullidge firm.

Mr. Gullidge was married to the estimable Miss Annie Elizabeth McFarland, of Water Valley, June 26, 1902. She died after the short married life of two years on December 22, 1904. Only one son came to brighten this family, Stephen Hampton—a chip from the old block, a bright little fellow of ten, in the sixth grade, and a crack shot with any kind of a gun. On December 25, 1906, Mr. Gullidge married Miss Constance Marie Goodwin, of Jackson, Tenn., a lady of rare intellect and fine character.

"Hamp" is a member of the first Baptist Church of Jackson; member Launcelot Lodge Knights of Pythias; Tecumseh Tribe, No. 59, Improved Order of Red Men; Madison Court, No. 27, Tribe of Ben Hur—all of his home town. He is a Past Chancellor and Past Grand Representative in the order K. of P. At present he is District Deputy Grand Chancellor for Western Division of Tennessee. In the order of Red Men he is the present Representative from Tennessee to the national body known as the Great Council of the United States. In both of these orders he enjoys a state-wide reputation as a ritualist and lodge worker. For three years he has served in the National Guard of Tennessee as Lieutenant of Company D, Second Infantry. Also four years as Adjutant General in Tennessee Brigade Uniform Rank K. of P., with rank of Colonel. For one year he has been Adjutant General of the Tennessee Division United Sons of Confederate Veterans.

His ambition is not political, not to gain wealth or win fame and distinction among men; but to do all the good he can, whatever way he can, as long as he ever can, and looking always to a better life beyond. "Unselfish devotion to the right" is his motto, and his friends and acquaintances know this to be a true characteristic of our noble, energetic and Christian gentleman, J. H. Gullidge. His wife thinks that his ambition is to catch a two-hundred-pound catfish and kill three hundred squirrels in one day. He is an enthusiastic sportsman and can measure up well with any of the wing shots of Tennessee. His vacations are spent almost entirely with rod and gun, and he never fails to bring back trophies of a great hunt—even if he has to buy them at the market on the way home.

GEORGE HARRIS. Farmer and Stock Man.

It was on May 3, 1859, when the Old South was hovering on the brink of an impending struggle between brother and brother, that George Harris was born.

Coming up as he did through the turmoil and strife of a regretful war, his educational advantages were unhappily limited. His schooling was never more than three months in the year in a little log house near his home, taught by Miss Hattie McJunkin.

When he was past his 'teens, Mr. Harris moved from Houlka to Alabama with his brother and engaged in farm work for five long years. During his farm life he met Miss Maggie Lucas at a moonlight picnic—a beautiful young lady of very rare womanhood, and immediately "fell." She afterwards became his happy wife and the loyal mother of two girls and two boys, who make for their parents the roundest little circle of happiness that any mother and father could wish for. The girls, Marion and Madge, have finished the

Tuscumbia High School, and the boys, George and Robert, are working to that end with much zeal and enthusiasm.

Both husband and wife and all four children are members of the Methodist Church—telling to the world their mutual adherence to the teachings of the Blessed Master and the correct method of government in the home.

His fond ambition is to own a well watered, well stocked stock farm and be out of debt. His motto is a change of the famous Hamlet soliloquy to a crisp sentence that Mr. Harris lives up to three hundred and sixty-seven days in the year: "To be, not seem to be."

Houlka people know him as a true Christian gentleman, ever ready to make good any promise, and always loyal and helpful to his friends and loved ones. A man worthy of any trust, be it large or small, and a man who can keep a secret and not keep it going. Houlka is proud of all her sons, and George Harris gets his share of the motherly love that Houlka has for the big family she so carefully "raised" and sent out into the wonderful world to become important pegs in the religious and commercial affairs of town, county, state and nation.

JAMES F. M. HARRIS

Merchant.

The subject of this sketch was born August 6, 1854, one mile south of Houlka at the old Isbell place. His father, Frances Marion Harris, of North Carolina, moved into Mississippi at the age of 18. His mother, Susan Isbell Harris, came to Mississippi from Isbell, Alabama, when a young girl. His grandparents of Virginia and Alabama settled in this country long before the Indians left for more seclusive territory.

Most of his schooling was at Houlka under Misses Anna and Sallie Hodges and Hattie McJunkin, Messrs. Fitzpatrick and Gladney. Being of school age just at the time of the civil war he was deprived of the education so eagerly wished for.

In 1878, Mr. Harris left Houlka for Alabama. In 1883, he was married to Miss Mollie V. Robinson, a highly respected and accomplished lady of Russellville, Alabama. Moving from his farm near Dickson to Tuscumbia in 1889, he began a fairly successful mercantile business. Three years later his wife died, leaving no living children. Then, in May, 1894, he married Miss Sallie Thomas, formerly of Trinity, but later of Decatur, Ala. She is a lady of very fine character and is the proud mother of two children, Mary Cooper and Susie Elizabeth, fifteen and thirteen years of age, who help make the home an ideal of happiness.

Mr. Harris is an Elder in the Presbyterian Church, a member of the Golden Cross and Fraternal Union Insurance Companies, and also carries policies in two old line institutions. He is still selling goods and by strict attention to business detail has acquired considerable property. He lives comfortably, cheerfully and contentedly in a neat little cottage in the thriving town of Tuscumbia. Commands the respect of all who know him. A fair man—a good man—easy, quiet, good-natured. Many of his old Houlka friends speak of him as a most worthy gentleman and a friend indeed in time of need. He obtrudes neither his religion nor his politics—recognizing the right of every man to his sincere belief.

AARON HARRIS

Merchant.

"A." Harris, as all the Houlka people know him, was born in this little village back in the days of strife and unsettled feeling between the North and South. Being the son of Francis H. and Susan Isbell Harris, and one of the elder brothers of this large family, he had to work from the very beginning of his boydom on the farm. Farming in those days was cumbersome and he experienced all the trials and hard knocks so much in the way of the young men in that time. Still he persevered and gained an average

education in the little Houlka school, going from this to the University of Mississippi.

In the year 1890, Mr. Harris moved to Tuscumbia, Alabama, and established a mercantile business in the suburbs of the town. Besides this, he runs a large farm which nets him quite a considerable income in rentals.

His first wife was Miss Leonora Isbell, an excellent Christian character, and the mother of Mrs. Sallie Sue Harris Baskin. Some years after she died, he was married to Miss Allie Baskin, a popular young lady of old Houlka, and a lady of splendid character and refined womanhood. Three children, William Baskin, Missouri Elizabeth and Zura Griffin Harris, only the latter who is living, have come into the home of this devoted couple.

Mr. Harris is a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church in his home town and lives loyally in its doctrines and its teachings. In the commercial life of the town, he holds the high esteem and good will of all the people in and around the Tuscumbia limits. Lives comfortable in a "comfy cozy" home and aspires to accumulate a nice little nest egg for a rainy day.

Will Harris, a brother to the man above, and who is a farmer in Russellville, Ala., failed to answer.

JOHN A. HARRIS Physician and Surgeon.

The bloom of springtime had covered the earth with all the glories of a Master's brush. Roses and posies burst forth into the tingling dawn of a new day. Woodland warblers warbled wonderful little melodies of happiness as they flitted hither and thither in the beaming light of the morning. What a beautiful day to be born, and so it was that on May 27, 1873, John A. was brought happily into the home of James May H. and Mattie Griffin Harris as their first-born child.

Coming from a sturdy tribe of English-Irish-Scotch people, who moved into Mississippi in the pioneering days of '47 and '48, John A. has blended into his character the true assets of a genuine Southern gentleman.

The farm was his first step to a life of greater usefulness, for from early boyhood he dreamed of a life in the unlimited fields of medicine. A desire to relieve the sick and the suffering, to help humanity, no matter what the gain, only that he might live and by so doing, let others live. So he labored steadily on the farm over on Owl creek, six miles east of old Houlka, and in the meantime went to the common schools of the county. Later he began the real study of his medical profession in the University of Nashville, Tenn., and now the University of Tennessee. In 1904, he was graduated with honors from that institution and immediately began the practice of medicine at the little town of Rome, Mississippi. After two years he changed his location to that of Webb, Miss., a larger town and better practice. There he runs a drug store along with an extensive practice among the Delta people, doing plantation work as a specialty. From all reports of his work there, he is accomplishing far beyond the average, his dreams of the long ago. He claims, though, he's "barely living, that's all." That may be true for he has an "auto-go" that bears out the old proverb with a slight change, "Fords rush in where others fear to tread."

April 16, 1905, Doctor John A. Harris was married to Miss Mattie Abernathy, a lady who, through her excellent womanhood and refined tastes, has made for him a home of ideal happiness and love.

Doctor Harris is a Baptist, a Mason and a Woodman of the World. Lives up to their teachings with zeal and enthusiasm—ready to assist in any plan toward the future betterment of the homeland. His motto rings true of the man: "To live a just and upright life." At all times he wears a good-will face, unchilled by aloofness and unpleasantries; cures criticism by commendation powders, relieves discouraged people with pills of hope and love. Traveling night and day in his visits to the sick, he runs across many curious cases of "gastronomical gumbago of the Aurora Borealis, dozens of fricasseed profundities and fungus constitutions, ad nauseam memorandum." Like the

country doctor who treats a case of "archipelago here, tumtunitis yonder and a carbureter" at some other place, finds his calling very much overburdened with variety. Still he can whack out a man's "lappatubby or his lapsus latisinus in the twink of a blink and then have time to amputate his postmortem convictions."

During the year 1913 he studied tropical medicine and other diseases relative to a low country in the Tulane College of New Orleans, equipping himself to combat the ravages of fever and malaria in and about his delta home.

Dr. Harris was recently chosen as President of Six-County Medical Association.

WILLIAM ROBIN HARRIS Physician and Surgeon.

The shismatic tints of a rounding rainbow had colored the heavens into the mysterious glories of wonderful nature. Pots of gold were hanging at each end, waiting for some adventurer to seek and find. Then, just as the semi-circle was fading into the dim twilight of June 13, 1886, Robin Harris, the tiny gift of the faithful old myth, the stork, was gently placed into the arms of the Harris household for keeps. Born near Shiloh church, when the country was thinly settled, he roamed the woods and creeks to his only-own-some content, fought imaginary foes with all the vim and vigor of imaginative boydom, caught, shot and grappled with monsters of the forests with all the enthusiasm of a mighty hunter and woodsman. Went to school in the "interim," or at least went to Shiloh for four or five years and then to the Houlka school until he was sixteen.

After a little while he entered the A. & M. College, working through the Prep., Freshman and Sophomore classes. One year he was out of school, doing drug store work at Webb, Miss. From this he began the study of his longed-for profession, in the Vanderbilt Medical Department. For four years he worked and worked hard. Graduated in 1911 with honors and was secretary-treasurer of his class. Was also during the year 1911, the Presiding Senior of Phi Chi Fraternity. Immediately he went to work in the New York Hospital and for eighteen months did all kinds of surgery and microscopic research. He has a diploma from the Willard-Parker Hospital of New York City and also of the St. John's Riverside Hospital, Yonkers-on-the-Hudson. In the exam. of the King's County Hospital of Brooklyn, he came out in the eighth place among many contestants from all over America. Then in 1913, he was third in the exam. before the Mississippi State Board, the two men ahead being Founder's Medal men of Vanderbilt and Tulane respectively.

While living in the North he was "able" to see the Athletics and the Red Sox win the World's Championships from the New York Giants, much to his complete and also reasonable satisfaction. He is an enthusiastic sportsman and sometimes loses a "pack of cheroots" on the swatting prowess of Joe Jackson versus Ty Cobb. Cross your heart, he's some baseball himself. Many times has his bat and glove settled either the Houlka or Webb championship, one way or the other!

In 1904, he was happily among the number of picked rilles who went to the "worldy fair" in St. Louis. He admits that he had a great time and was much more verdant in those days than he could ever think of being again.

Robin is not married, but he came within an inch of his life. The girl gave him the "G. B." or get the hike out of here, and he calmly murmurs that he lost at least \$300,000 when she did it. "O, cruel world!" He is not despairing, though, by any means—somebody is waiting for him to diagnose his case—some girl needs just such a husband as Doctor Robin, and really his ambition is to get a good-looking, slight, slim, tall, brown-eyed, brown-haired, sweet, accomplished American girl for a wife. Then he wants to make a few shekels, get out of debt, attain somewhat of a name among the members of his profession and live in much comfort and some snatches of luxury the rest of his allotted time. His motto is "Never do today what you can put off until tomorrow—then tomorrow, do it now."

On September 20, 1913, he began the practice of medicine at Swan Lake, United States of Mississippi, in the Delta. Started out with a Ford splitter, a Tennessee thoroughbred saddler, several thousand bones and a few beans in debt and a pleasant smile. The prognosis of his case will be success, as he vesicates the atmosphere with his auto up and down the heterogeneous by-ways of the sick and sickly, focusing his bacteriological ophthalmic weeps on the maladies, symptoms and counter-symptoms of the "down-and-outers" when he makes his palliative visits, therapeutically, day and night. Robin is making good and is always the true Southern gentleman.

WILLIAM SAMUEL HOBSON Building Contractor.

Mr. Hobson, our old-time genial friend and inventor, sends the following sketch of his life. With slight abridgments it runneth in this wise:

"Wm. S. Hobson was born February 2, 1848, in what was then Union District, South Carolina, and is the oldest son and second child of Frank and Margaret Hobson. Frank Hobson was the youngest child and son of William Hobson, and he the son of Capt. Nicholas Hobson, who was a captain in the Revolutionary War. My mother was Margaret Beaty, daughter of Col. Samuel Beaty, of Union, S. C., and he the son of Capt. Robert Beaty, of the 1776-83 war with the mother country.

"I continued to live on the farm until 1876, in the meantime going to the small schools until '63. In November, '63, at Charleston, I joined the third South Carolina Reserves under Gen. Beauregard, being only fifteen years and nine months old. After this regiment was disbanded, I joined the Fourth Regiment of State Troops and was on duty most of the time until February, 1865. When Charleston fell to the enemy on February 15, 1865, we were ordered North and joined the army of Johnston. After joining this Regiment in '64, I was appointed Sergeant in my company. In November, '64, I was chosen as First Lieutenant in the place of another man who was disabled, and served until January, '65. When my Captain was elected Major of the Regiment I was promoted to the Captaincy and held that rank until the close of the war. On the 28th of April, 1865, I was honorably discharged from service and was at that time seventeen years and three months old.

"After the war I attended one session at the Union Male Academy, but as my father had lost everything in the war, I was forced to give up my education of the book kind and work on the farm for a living. In 1876 I moved to Friars Point, Miss., and two weeks after landing there I began teaching school ten miles south. In October of same year, I went to Okolona and weighed cotton for Capt. Stovall. Then in the latter part of December, same year, I moved to Tate county and farmed and taught until 1882, when I moved to Pontotoc with my family. Living there two years I moved to Houlka in 1884 and lived there nearly sixteen years. During my life there I farmed, worked at carpenter trade and served part of a term and one full term as Mayor of Houlka.

"In 1899 I moved to Aberdeen and worked altogether as house builder. After making Aberdeen my home for several years, my wife died in 1905. All of my children are married except the youngest. From there I worked from place to place and finally settled at Water Valley as a building contractor.

"Before leaving South Carolina, I was married to Emma Susan Thomas, and eight children were born to us, viz: Margaret Beaty, Mary Kelly, Alice, Fannie, Janie, Esma and Annie; the only son being William Francis. All are living except Mary, who died just as she was grown to womanhood.

"I joined the Presbyterian Church while at Houlka. My ambition is to live an honest, upright, truthful life so as not to dread death when it comes and try to be of some benefit in the world to my fellow-man. My motto: "Do all the good you can, and as little harm as possible; allowing every man his opinion the same as yourself. But allow no man to abuse you unnecessarily and defending the weaker always against the brutality of the strong."

Mr. Hobson is remembered as a genuine good man, true to his family and his friends. But for the wherewithal, he would today be famous as the inventor of the car coupler. The man Westinghouse who had the backing to put it through the tests and the Patent Office was just a bit ahead of Mr. Hobson. Nevertheless, he saw its great usefulness and studied it out without knowledge of the lucky man whose name today is on every car in the United States and the owner of millions as a result of his invention. Mr. Hobson invented other devices; but failed to get them through very successfully. Generally, as in his case, the inventor loses more than he makes—the other tricky fellow grabs it all. Many men are like Mr. Hobson, whose inventions, sometimes later on, revolutionize the systems of great railroads, steamships and thousands of other modern methods of travel and labor saving patents. He deserves much credit for his skill along this line of endeavor. Withal he is a pleasant, modest and gentle-man.

WILLIAM FRANCIS HOBSON Illinois Central Railway Engineer.

Will Hobson, son of the man preceding, first saw the light in Tate county June 10, 1878, Quoting from his letter:

"I moved with my father to Pontotoc and thence to Houlka. From '84 to '98 with the exception of one year, I went to the Houlka school. Then in '98 I left Houlka for Edna, Texas, it being a little town in Jackson county, near the Gulf of Mexico. There I saw many wonderful wild animals, such as wildcats, panthers, Mexican lions, alligators, wolves and catamounts. Staying there until 1900. I left with a bunch of friends for Rockston to the north, taking twenty days to make the trip. Remaining in that town for about one month, I left for Aberdeen, Miss., on the 9th of September, 1900. I lived in Aberdeen until 1902, when I was employed by the I. C. R. R. as a carpenter with headquarters at Durant. After a time I was transferred to the Y. M. V. R. R. with same position and stationed at Memphis.

"On September 23, 1904, I married Anna Belle Coburn, in Houston, Miss., and to this union four children have been born: Emma Louise, Mary Elizabeth, Alice Lynell and the son, Jesse Thomas (called J. T.)

"I remained with the last named road as carpenter until 1905; then I accepted a position as locomotive fireman, with headquarters at Water Valley. I served as fireman for three and one-half years, and during that time was once President of the Lodge No. 402 of the B. of L. F. & E. In the autumn of 1908 I was a delegate from our Lodge to the general convention held in Columbus, Ohio. In the same month of same year I was promoted to engineer and have been serving the road in that capacity ever since.

"I joined the Presbyterians while in Texas, but have removed my membership to Water Valley. I belong to the orders of K. of P. and Odd Fellows and B. of L. E., besides that mentioned above.

"Since leaving Houlka I have traveled almost all over the United States, Canada and Mexico, but the days I spent in Houlka were the most pleasant of my life."

Will Hobson is known in Houlka as a good, trustworthy man. Nobody ever speaks wrong of him. A man of clear cut character, a mogul of kindness, a heart of a ten-wheeler engine, and a tender sympathy for the unfortunate. He is on the right track in life, having in his grasp the lives of hundreds and of his own as he speeds over the shining rails from town to town, looking ahead always as the soul of his mighty engine responds to the touch of his hand on the throttle and rushes 'mid rattle and roar, on and on, fast and then slow, far into the dimness of a midnight world.

WILLIAM ROBERT HOBSON Progressive Farmer

Just one year after the Civil War, Bob Hobson was born two miles north of Houlka September 4, 1866. His father, Richard Thomas Hobson, came

from South Carolina about the year 1850. His mother, Hannah Hulet Thompson Hobson, was a native Mississippian. Both were of Scotch-Irish descent.

Bob attended the common schools taught around Houlka for a few winters and worked on the farm in the spring and summer as a regular ploughboy. On the tenth day of December, 1896, he was married to Miss Mollie Ball, of Texas, an excellent lady of refined character, the very woman to make Bob happy and a home. His children are eight in number: Thomas Washington, Ashby Jackson, Jennie Ball, Robert Angus, Hannah, Ola, Mary Hester and James Archibald.

He joined the Presbyterian Church when seventeen years of age, and has always lived true to his fellow-man and the Christian religion. He is also a member of the W. O. W. His motto is unique: "Do right and trust God for the results."

On the twenty-eighth day of August, 1893, he left old Mississippi for the black lands of the Lone Star State. The next night he landed in Waxahachie with \$7.50 in his pocket and tons of determination to get busy. He did—and after a few months sent enough money back home to pay all of his debts. In the twenty years, he has accumulated through close attention to his crops the neat sum of thirty thousand dollars with a life insurance for wife and self of seven thousand. It speaks well for Bob, and it shows what good old grit can do when a Houlka boy applies himself. He is making Texas a good citizen and holds the high esteem of all the country roundabout. Lately, he has bought some property three miles out from Waxahachie on the pike road at one hundred and sixty dollars per acre. Many have moved from Chickasaw to Texas in thirty years and none have done so well as jolly old Bob Hobson.

RICHARD GILLIAM HOBSON Progressive Farmer.

Christmas time was fast approaching—old Santa had filled his sleigh with thousands of toys and candies and the fleet-footed reindeer patiently awaited the crack of the whip to speed them on and on to a million homes. Snow flakes flurried round and round and gently spread a beautiful carpet of white over the Southland. Then it was, when the housetops and trees were sparkling with radiance of precious diamonds, that Gilliam Hobson was born, December 15, 1867. He is a brother of Bob Hobson of the sketch just preceding.

Gilliam's school life was limited to the meager curriculum of the Houlka schools. In the meantime, he farmed with his father and later on struck out for himself.

On October 27, 1897, he married Miss May Harris, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James M. Harris, and a lady of most excellent womanhood and accomplishments. The children of this union are three bright young fellows: James Harris, Richard Thomas and Leon Griffin. Few years later, his wife succumbed to the inevitable, leaving the three children, her husband and many friends and relatives to mourn her loss. On February 18, 1907, Mr. Hobson was married to Miss Tressie Sewell, a young lady of refined character and ability. Four children: Effie May, Rubie Lee, Aline and Robert Gilliam, with the three already, make for him a right large family in a happy and cozy home.

Everybody likes Gilliam; all speak of him as a true good man. A man without blemish as the standard of men go. True to his family and friends. He is a loyal member of the Presbyterian denomination and a punctual member of the great Woodmen fraternity.

Few years ago he moved with his family to Texas and began to farm some of the richest, stickiest, blackest land the sun ever beamed upon. It was "whoa, sah," time after time in order to clean his plow of the sticky dirt. Now, some man has invented a plaster of paris concern that makes the dirt turn off with apparent ease. Nobody welcomed the labor-saving device more than Gilliam, for it enabled him to do more and better work in less time than ever before. He raises more cotton, corn and wheat every year

than he can gather and has to employ extra help when the harvest season is on to get out the crop on time for good market prices.

His ambition is to be a successful farmer and to this end he is rapidly making good. His motto is, "Do unto others as I would have them do by me."

JOHN EDWARD HOBSON Presbyterian Minister.

Reverend J. E. Hobson was born in the county of Pontotoc August 12, 1871. His father, John Edward Hobson, and his mother, Mollie Amanda Cockrell Hobson, moved into Chickasaw county, near Houlka, when John Edward, Junior, was only four years old. His people originally came from South Carolina into Alabama and thence to Mississippi.

When John was only fourteen he had completed the common school branches at old Houlka. For the next two years he studied at the Agricultural and Mechanical College where he finished the Freshman and Sophomore courses. After this he took up the higher branches under a Presbyterian minister, consuming four years of his latter teens. At the age of twenty, he entered Southwestern Presbyterian University, at Clarksville, Tenn. Besides his literary degree, he also completed the Seminary course in Theology in that institution.

Rev Hobson has been in the ministry about twenty years, having entered the work in the Chickasaw Presbytery, where he was licensed to preach. The first year of his ministerial life was spent in the Paris Presbytery, Honey Grove, Texas, where he was ordained.

On the 11th of August, 1892, he was married to Miss Clara Eliza Cunningham, a splendid young lady of high ideals and Christian character. Three children, James Cunningham, Mary Elizabeth and William Kelly, brighten the home of this devoted couple.

His ambition is "To prove himself a worthy workman of the Lord Jesus Christ, who needeth not to be ashamed—rightly dividing the Word of Truth." His motto is "Faithfulness and efficiency." He is a member of the Masonic Fraternity, K. of P. and Odd Fellows. Owing to a multiplicity of church duties he has not been actively associated with the last named order.

He is now preaching to large congregations in Water Valley, having been the pastor of that active church for fifteen years—thus signifying their love and affection for the man and his logical sermons. He has also had pastorates at Honey Grove, Texas, Okolona and Senatobia, Mississippi. The churches at Waco, Texas, Mobile, Ala., Jackson, Tenn., Greenwood, Miss., Fayetteville, Ark., Napoleon Avenue Church, New Orleans, La., and the First Church of Memphis have urgently called him many times, but he prefers to stay in Water Valley, where his church of six hundred members work in harmony and honor and love their leader as a great and good man. And so it came to pass that he remained steadfast and abounded in the work of the Lord, waxing strong in the spirit and in wisdom—even unto the end.

ANDREW GILLIAM HOBSON Progressive Farmer.

Evening had spread its wings over the little village of Houlka on October 3, 1867. The sun was far gone over the rim of the world. Crickets chirped gleefully on the hearth of James Francis and Josie Cockrell Hobson—chirping the news of a new born babe in the person of tiny, bald-headed, quivering Andy Hobson. His parents were of Irish-Scotch nationality and came from South Carolina into Mississippi about the year 1848.

After some years as a pupil in the Houlka schools he went to Memphis in 1885 and studied commercial business in Leddin's College. Two years before, however, he went to work for Thompson & Hobson in the large Grange

store at Houlka. Later he moved to Texas and began to farm the rich lands about Waxahachie, his home now being on route number six of that town.

On November 30, 1892, he married Miss Eola Gregory, a very industrious and splendid character—the very girl to keep Andy a nice, comfortable home, and companion thru life. Their children are, Lalage, B. Frank, Josie Mai, A. Feaster and R. Beaty.

Mr. Hobson is a member of the Presbyterian Church and a member of the mighty Woodmen of the World. His motto runneth in this wise: "Do unto others as you would have them do to you under like circumstances."

He is making a success as a farmer and holds the good will of all his neighbors in and about his home. Devoted to his family—kind and helpful to his friends—believes in smiles—lives comfortably. Many old Houlka boys like "Andy" have gone to Texas to become farmers; all of them are now independent men in their several localities and live as true and law-abiding citizens of that grand old state.

WILLIAM GLEN HOLLINGSWORTH Ranchman

September 16, 1889, when the footlights of the heavens were shining their little beams over the cotton fields of George Washington and Cicily Hamilton Hollingsworth, there was come into the happy land of Houlka one William Glen, better known as the robust, jolly Will Hollingsworth. His parents of straight English extraction, came from South Carolina to Mississippi in the year 1850.

For several years Will attended the Marion and Houlka schools, acquiring a substantial common school education. In the meantime, he helped till the loamy land of his father's farm, about four miles southeast of Houlka.

On February 2nd, 1914, he decided to try his fortune in the oil fields of Oklahoma. Letters from him tell of his work among the hundreds of wells, pumpers and overflowing, that surround the town of Cushing. He likes the country much better than he thought and hopes to some day be a limousine millionaire. When old Rockefeller dies, Will may take his place as the master of the oil output, sell oil for five cents per gallon and give gasoline free to all motorists who can't afford to buy it at the present prices. He has seen a real cowgirl, cowboys, real Indian Chiefs, smoked the pipe of peace with them, joined in their pow-wows, snake dances, scalping tours, and caught a bandit right in the act of playing a band. Really, he may be chosen as an Indian brave and marry one of the young Ring Weds, or a Hahaminna or a Bilver Sell or a Bainrow, before he comes back to dear old Houlka. Methinks, the girl he left behind still has strings on him and if the squaw business is not settled before the preacher, he may yet live in the glorious glories of McCondy.

Will is a member of the Methodist Church at Houlka and also of the Woodmen of the World. Believes in the Golden Rule from the first to last, from the middle both ways and straight thru again. Will is a true friend and a worthy gentleman.

Since the above was written, Will has chosen the life of a Ranchman and is now galloping over the wind-swept ranges of Oklahoma in regular cowboy garb and a '97 "go-giltem" in his belt.

JOHN H. HOWARD Sawyer

Quiet, modest, friendly John Howard, was born near Houlka "when he was quite a small boy." His father, John L., and his mother, Allie Bolding Howard, were of Scotch-Irish nationality, pioneering their way into the fertile lands of Mississippi sometime during the war between the states.

From early childhood, he had to help make the crops on his father's farm, going to school at Mount Zion for only a few terms in all his life.

Still, his association with a world of all sorts and sizes of timber, he has lifted himself from plain old pine and gum lumber into a real quarter-sawed, beveled-edged, well-informed man. True to the grain, he has sawed his way thru life, striking knots now and then, but always leaving his mark in a trail of sawdust behind him. A "plane" man in his work and life, almost every home in Houlka having some ceiling or flooring in it that he made into good material when working for Hall in the old planing mill south of town. His work was always of the very best, and he knew a piece of lumber as no other man in the country knew it. The whir and whiz of the machinery is music to his ears, knowing to the last bolt every part of a machine's construction, and when it gets out of fix he fixes it. His occupation is still that of a lumber man, doing cross-tie sawing with gasoline engine in the woods roundabout until he moved to Moorhead, Miss., where he is now engaged in the manufacture of fine lumber and other timber material.

In 1907, he was married to Miss Jodie Morphis, a Houlka lady of fine character and many industrious traits. Two children, Boyce and Jowa, make "Popper John" mighty happy.

His greatest ambition is to raise his children in an honorable way and his life motto is to be honest with all. That is exactly the life he lives for no man can say that John Howard is otherwise.

He belongs to the Masonic Lodge of Houlka and also the Woodmen of the World. Loyal in both societies, willing to help any charitable organizations, either by personal effort or in other ways that are honorable and true to the right.

He is that man who knows what he needs to know at the right time—believes in the rights of others as that of himself—kind in his home—there with the goods.

WILLIAM ALBERT HOWARD Superintendent Lumber Mills

Somewhere in the confines of Chickasaw this big-hearted polite-mannered gentleman was born December 6, 1871.

His father, John LaFayette Howard, and his mother, Atalecie Bolding Howard, were both of good old Irish descent and moved from Alabama into Mississippi in 1866 and 1860 respectively.

Having to work on the farm, Will didn't have the educational advantages that most boys get these days, but went as much as he could to the Washington and Houlka schools.

Later on, he began work for E. Duston, near Atlanta, Miss., at nine bones per month. After working there and at other places for a few years, he went to Memphis and completed a business course in Macon & Andrews College. Coming back to Houlka, he was employed by Langford & Howard as bookkeeper. Quitting this after several months of work, he engaged in odd jobs roundabout until he was offered the Superintendency of the Houston Hardwood Mills. Efficiency and careful attention to business details are his assets and he now commands the confidence and high regard of all the business people and his friends of Chickasaw. A salary of seventy-five bucks per month and expenses look much better than his former wages of nine simoleons and board.

Will is a member of the Houston Methodist Church and of the Masonic Lodge. His ambition is to get to the top of the ladder and working as he is with lumber he can build one to suit himself with no one to bother the climb to the top. His motto is unique in its simplicity: "There is a life-long work for us to help others." He says this at the close of his interesting letter:

"Boys, you must begin at the bottom. Do not say that you did the best you could—you must do it. The best that you do will not do—it must be done."

Further on he says—"The present is bright and the future looks good."

Kind, pleasant, sympathetic, polite, cheerful. Always a good word when he meets you and a smile that wont come off when the blizzards blizz. A man who comes in as your friend when the world goes out. A man who believes in luck as getting up at six o'clock and working sixteen. Withal he's Will the willing.

JOSEPH HENRY INGRAM Methodist Minister

Time went on apace. And so it came to pass in the reign of R. B. Hayes that a babe was come upon the house of Ingram in the land of Chesterville, Miss. The heavens had smiled and behold, little Joseph Ingram tripped down the ladder of Jacob and walked right into the happy arms of J. W. and Rebecca Holladay Ingram on the "ancient" Autumnal day of September 4, 1877. He was a goodly youth and a multitude of the tribe nearby came in and smote him, yea with four and twenty kisses smote they him, and he waxed sore to anger lest they should wipe snuff on his manly countenance. Both his parents had come from a far country, even from North Carolina long before the clash of armour with the Philistines.

Chronicles of his Acts since that Genesis of his life are Revelations according to the Numbers of Judges who have noticed his Exodus from place to place in doing the King's business among the Scribes, Pharisees, Sadducees, sheep and the goats—increasing his talents both mental and financial as he went his way doing good. Lamentations passed by on the other side when this man was born, for, listen—here is his motto, and it is Joe Ingram 400 days in the year:

"When your heart is feeling heavy and your brain is kinder sad,
Don't worry about your troubles—think of the fun you've had."

And it came to pass that young Joe was come unto the Houlika public school to gain wisdom and understanding from the wise men or chief priests of that time. Desired he much wisdom—yea, desired he it, for he almost "rent" his garments sitting on the hard seats of learning. But, verily, he girded blackcloth and sashes about his body and delved deep into the wisdom works of the alphabet and geometrical pauperisms. Whereupon he was come unto other wise men of Mt. Pleasant, yea to Houston and even into the land of Vanderbilt.

And his father arose and spake unto his son, saying: "If ye hath ears to hear, listen, consider the grass in my fields, you toil not, neither do you spin—anything but yarns, and thou art a whale of a Jonah along that line. Now take thou this counsel, go ye therefore and holpen with a little help the workmen in the corn. Verily, I say unto you, go thou on." And Joe grew sore displeased, but gathered his raiment about his equator and went "eagerly" he on to the field. After three and twenty minutes he grew weary with much toil and fell face upon the ground in a "feint." And lo! there came unto him a vision, and his face was lighted with an inspiration—yea, verily, a call had come to him from afar off—yea the toot of the dinner horn!

For many days he rode old Balaam's saddle pony from Houston to the Pontotoc county line, carrying heavy pouches of mail for Uncle Sam. In those days he went thru every "gate" that was upright in the whole domain of Eden No. two. From shindigs to blowouts, from pound suppers to concerts, to singing schools and prayer meetings, to Sunday School and preaching—preparing himself to be one of the Shepherds in the ecclesiastical work of the North Mississippi Conference. Joining at Winona in June, 1901, he abided therein until December. From that goodly flock he kept up his work of casting out "bad mans," when he came unto the church at Fulton for the years '02 and '03. He moved with "compassion among the multitude, healing the souls of carbuncles and selfishness," relieved them of divers torments and enough to make "both ends meat." He sheweth "much mercy" to his lambs for he tells them that whatsoever they oweth him that shall they also keep. He tarried in the tabernacle of Randolph for '04 and '05 and departed thence to the synagogue at Myrtle, abiding with that part of Israel in '06 and '07. Thence he journeyed to Glen Allen for an allotted

four years. His congregations swooned not into slumber, yea, not even into the land of Nod, for he spake with much charity and awakened he them with the interpretations of the Holy Scriptures. Then there arose a loud voice in the green pastures of Schlater, even by the "still" waters of that land of milk and honey. They were in dire distress and needeth they an expounder—yea, needeth they Joe. So it came to pass that the Council came together and the disciples on the "distribution" committee, after much gritting and mashing of teeth, sent Rev. Joe to these good people and they hailed him with singing of Psalms and the grip of the gladsome mitten.

In March, 1904, on the second day thereof, he became the manna provider, and the husband of Miss Annie Greenslade, a lady of Christian character and refined womanhood. Liddell, Nan Rebecca and Joan make Poppie Joe the happiest man in all the world. His ambition is to be useful and in his daily life of sunshine he goes forever in the love of God and his fellow man.

JAMES E. ISBELL Ex-Mayor and Merchant

Jim, as he is known by all of his old friends in this part of the country, was born June 8, 1868, two and one-half miles North of Old Houlka. His father was George Isbell, of Virginia, and his mother was Sarah Elizabeth Harris Isbell, of North Carolina.

His career was begun with thirty of the reddest cents a mint has ever struck. One battered straw hat, frazzled necktie, pair jeans pants and brogan shoes partially completed his wardrobe. Getting only a limited amount of schooling at Houlka, he decided to begin work and make himself a name in the world of business men.

Going to Pontotoc, he was employed by Brown & Clark as a salesman in their store. During his stay there, he gained the confidence of all the people who knew him, by his honesty and kindness and his great respect for the older people. Working steadily for several months, he acquired enough money to take a commercial course in Jackson, Miss. Finishing there, he removed to Tuscumbia, Ala., and began clerking in a shoe store. Remained a clerk until January, 1894, when he began work for Harbison-Gathwright, of Louisville, Ky., as traveling salesman. Traveling for four and one-half years, he returned to Tuscumbia and established a gents furnishing business. Along this line he has prospered, having the good will and trade of all the Tuscumbians.

He was married to Miss Emma Barton Cooper, a lady of fine character that blended therein all the peerless traits of virtuous womanhood, on November 28, 1895. Hundreds saw the ceremony performed amidst a forest of chrysanthemums and potted plants, evidencing the high regard of the contracting parties held by the Tuscumbia people. For fourteen years they lived a life of ideal happiness, until she was called to a higher home on December 31, 1909, leaving three bright children, Barton Cooper, Louise Aldredge and Mary Brinkley.

Mr. Isbell is a Presbyterian, thirty degree Mason, K. of P., Odd Fellow, Elk, K. of H., W. O. W. and K. O. T. M. Loyal to all of them—liberal in the upbuilding of all religious and charitable institutions.

Mr. Isbell is president of the Colbert County Good Roads Association, deals in real estate and has an interest in the Houston, Miss., and Tuscumbia ice factories.

In April, 1905, he was elected to the Mayorship of Tuscumbia, and again in 1907 by a vote of three to one; serving to the best of his ability and to the delight of his many friends the full two terms. He ran again a few years later; but the whiskey element and the bribers combined against him and accomplished his defeat by a close vote. Glorifying in the fact though that he received the entire vote of the church people—a thing that helped smooth over the defeat.

Mr. Isbell is an enthusiastic sportsman. Since the days of his boyhood when he chased the coon, the rabbit and the possum up and down the Rattan and Schooner bottoms, his love for the hunt has never diminished. Birds and ducks and deer are his "long suit" and he's some "squinter" when it comes to bagging game. Many trophies of the hunt hang about the walls of his office showing his skill with the gun. Every year he comes to Houlika to shoot the wily quail and to the Delta to bring down a fleeting deer.

"Jim" says at the close of his letter these few words: "Like many other boys who have had to work their way, I have had many ups and downs but always tried to get the ups. With it all I have been fairly successful and am a happy man."

He is a "dancin' po' soul" when it comes to high-class stepping. There is not a floor in the country but that his feet haven't glided, rocked and reeled to the old fiddlin' melodies of ante-bellum darkies. He "swungum and swangam," swinging a hoop skirt here and another there, "until he never got tired." Could dance all night and pick 300 pounds of cotton the next day—and he's still at it; but not picking cotton. "Kinder killing" about the ladies, and many were the hay rides and other jaunting parties indulged in by this happy young man. He can do the "Hot Tamale and Chilli Con Con" with just as much grace and rhythm as any of the great dancers of the Hippodrome.

Eager to apologize when necessary—anxious to acknowledge an error—loath to offend—word is his bond—cleanly of habit and tongue—a manly man—withal a gentle man.

CURTIS IVY Manager of Gin Plant

Springtime had circled the world and slipped red hot into the good old Summertime. Monroe County felt the thrill of the Summer sun and was putting all the energy at its command into the production of cotton and grain. Then it was that Curtis Ivy was born on May 25, 1847. His parents, John Ivy and Lucretia Winn McConnell Ivy, were direct descendants of the Welsh and Scotch and moved from Alabama to Mississippi in 1842.

When he was four years of age he moved to Okolona and thence to Tuscaloosa County at the age of fourteen. Enlisting in the war at age of seventeen, he served as a faithful soldier thruout the four years. His education was limited to the Male Academy at Okolona; the mixed school at Fayette, Ala., and the school at Prairie Mound, Miss. In 1867 he moved to Houlika with his mother, and his sister, Miss Mollie Ivy, and worked on the farm for four or five years in the employ of T. J. and W. H. D. Crawford of Red Land. His next work was with Abernethy & McCarley as salesman in their store at Okolona, and then back to Houlika to work for the Cooperative Association.

In January, 1879, he was married to Miss Helen Rose Marable, a most estimable lady of Christian industry and just the one to help Mr. Ivy thru the struggles of life. Their children are Champ, Minnie, Rose and John and they make their parents happy in the success they are realizing in the great world of hurry and hustle. Champ is a dry goods salesman and insurance agent in Birmingham, and John is a telegraph operator at Derma. In 1908, he left Houlika, where he had been working as a salesman, for the town of Vardaman. Since that time he has been manager of the ginnery belonging to the Chickasaw Cotton Oil Co.

Mr. Ivy is a Mason and lives the ambition of help to his friends and a substantial provision for his family. He is honest, sincere, friendly, genial. With a big heart of good will to man and a kind word for everybody he has come now into the happy life of a "Grandpap" and the joys of work well done.



Hotel Houlka.



Former Home of "Aunt Bet" Harrill.
First Permanent Residence in Town Limits of Old Houlka.

WILLIAM TUCKER JOHNSON
Farmer and U. S. Mail Carrier

Five miles southeast of Houlika, W. T. Johnson was born on May 27, 1868. It being his first visit into the home of Titus Green Johnson and Mattie Tucker Johnson, he decided to stay all night, and if he liked the family would bring his trunk and stay several more nights and days. He liked them so well that his parents, who were of straight old Scotch-Irish-English nationality and who moved from Union District, S. C., to Mississippi just after the war, found it necessary to put bread in his tum-tum and clothes on his back for the remainder of their natural lives.

Mr. Johnson's schooling was limited to the little Ridge School, Houlika, and the Normal College at Houston. Besides this, he has done a great amount of home study by the flickering rays of Rockefeller's watered stock. In fact, he is the best read man in this part of the country—having pored over the classic lore of the ages gone ago, works of the master minds whose thoughts have sweetened the centuries of literature with all that is noble and sublime. He has gone with Aristotle and Sophocles and Plato to the very pinnacle of the universe and looked down upon the rushing and rattling world of individuals, all working among the different laws and philosophies of the ages; then he has gone with the great Shakespeare into the unlimited fields of imagination, with a little Lamb and Bacon on the side. Old Ben Johnson is followed thru many miles of rambling randoms and old Hugo comes along with his great impulses of human nature. He has followed in the victorious paths of Napoleon to the Waterloo of his marvelous career; followed the Crusades in slaughter and starvation and exulted over the Marathon of Miltiades and the bravery at Thermopylae. Saw in his mind's eye the great Athenian sailors knock the Hellespont into a thousand white-winged wrecks of galleys and moved along the march of Alexander when he found no other worlds to conquer. Delved into the immensities of Carlyle, the pathos and wit of Dickens, far into the realms of nature with the grand old Emerson, deep into the moods of the blind Milton and many times thru the prose and poetry of Hawthorne, Irving, Longfellow, Poe, Whitman, Whittier and Scott. With Macauley and Gibbons and Rawlinson in the decisive moments of every nation, thru the trials of a young American land and on down into the battles of a Supervisor of the second district of Chickasaw County. For eight years he was charged from the rear, on the flank and from the front—fought thru the two terms with all the vim and vigor he could command, finally winning out and having the honor of being the President of the Board. During his popular administration, the contract for the handsome courthouse was let and his name along with that of the other members of said board were inscribed on a marble slab and placed in the outside facing of the courthouse near the big door on east front.

In the last big election year, Mr. Johnson made a great race for Representative; but was defeated a few votes by the Hon. J. A. Lewis, an old Confed.

His life has been that of a progressive farmer, raising on his fertile fields the very best of vegetables and grain and realizing quite a neat little sum from his trucking and watermelons. In the beginning of 1914, he was employed by Uncle Sam as rural carrier from Houston on route number four. Giving up his old home in the country, he has moved to Houston to be near his work, where he hopes to gain better health in the outdoor life of a mail man. It was hard to leave the old memories that cling about his homestead; but he feels that the change will eventually be for the better.

Mr. Johnson is a loyal Methodist, a Mason and a W. O. W., true to every one of them in their rules and regulations.

On April 13, 1896, he was married to Miss Mary Hollingsworth, a splendid character of handsome appearance and intellectual ability—a lady who has made his life a happy one and who he is proud to claim as the mother of

his children, Tommie Lamar, Leland Howard, William Thaddeus and Mary Ruth.

Quoting from his well-written letter: "I have always had a burning ambition to acquire an education. The ambition I once had for my own achievement has now changed to an ambition for my children's best interests, which I feel demands the proper training of their hearts, hands and minds. Then I have an ambition to be a worthy and useful citizen." His motto is the real Mr. Johnson as he is day after day—"Never do anything of doubtful propriety."

Everybody knows Mr. Johnson as a true good man—cleanly of tongue and of habit—kind in the home and abroad—at ease as a conversationalist—smiles on our fortunes—a safe fortress in times of trouble and a man whose life shines to the glory of the Lowly Man gone before.

JOHN PICKETT JOHNSON

Bookkeeper and Salesman

Three miles south of Houlika, on December 8, 1874, when all the woods and meadows were decked in the shimmering glistening glories of a rainbow and every little bird and animal were laying up stores for the coming winter—then it was that Johnnie Johnson was born. His parents, Daniel Sartor Johnson and Cornelia Tucker Johnson, of Englist-Scotch-Irish descent, moved from South Carolina to Mississippi in the year 1856.

After several years in the public schools around his home, he went to Houlika for one session and then to Draughon's Business College at Nashville, in '94-'95. Then in 1898 he established a general merchandise business at Thelma with D. S. Johnson, Jr. Along with the store he kept up the work on the farm until he moved to Houston in the beginning of 1914. He now lives on the fine old farm of one Dave Hill, which he purchased when he began work for Hall, Weaver & Co. as bookkeeper and salesman.

Mr. Johnson is a member of the Wesley Methodist Church, having joined that faith when only fifteen years of age. His ambition is to be a good farmer and stock-raiser and give his children all the school opportunities available.

January 5, 1897, he and Miss Katie Atkinson settled the matter right before a preacher and have lived happily "ever after." She is a lady of excellent character and industrious womanhood—the proud mother of Albert Sydney, Kathryn Louise, J. P., Jr., and Dannie Hughes.

Everybody knows John Johnson to be a trustworthy business man. Accurate in his work, believes in the firm he works for, believes in the advancement of others along with his own, for the one helps the other. Gives each man the right of his opinions and lives true to the family he loves. Withal a gentleman.

DANIEL SARTOR JOHNSON, Jr.

Physician and Surgeon

On June 4, 1879, when the stars of the cerulean canopy had blinked into existence across the great stage of the heavens, and the cloudy curtain had shot upward into the wings of another world and the millions of brilliants had danced themselves to the musical time of the leaping, whizzing and whirring spheres, there was fallen from that mystic land one little star of that unlimited number into the happy home of Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Johnson, Sr., afterwards known as little Daniel Junior. (Now, then, I've got him on earth.)

In the year 1883, he began to study under a private teacher and later on went to the public schools near his home for ten years. For three years he walked to the school at Houlika and then for one year attended the Houston Normal College. In '98 he began teaching at Thelma and after one year there went to Hickory Bluff for one year more. Thence to Wesley Chapel,

one year; Midway, one year; Sparta, two years, and Houlka one year. While teaching, he served on the County Board of Examiners for five years. In the Summer of 1905 he completed a Commercial Course in the Eastman Business College of Poughkeepsie, N. Y. From this he began work in the Bank of Houlka, December, 1905 continuing there until 1908 as Bookkeeper and finally as Cashier. Serving in that capacity to the entire satisfaction of the bank officials and the Houlka community.

In the fall of 1908, Uncle Danyul began the study of Medicine in the Memphis Hospital Medical College. Was elected President of the Junior Class and in May, 1912, graduated with honors—fully equipped to help combat the ravages of disease and suffering—ready to “put them in mizry or out of mizry.” In June, 1912, he passed the State Board and began work as an intern in the Mississippi State Charity Hospital at Vicksburg on July 1st, 1912. After some months of that work, he was appointed Assistant Surgeon on November 1, 1912. He held that position until April, 1913, when he resigned to take up private practice “and to get married.”

That important even occurred on May 7, 1913, at Yazoo City and the beautiful and splendid young character that stood by his side was Miss Olivia Carman. Dan is proud of her and she is proud of him—so therefore they are proud of each other! And also their case proves the old saying, that when one irresistible body meets another irresistible body—well, they get married.

On July 1st, 1913, Doctor Dan became the partner of Dr. C. D. Davis in the Houston Hospital and served in that position until February of 1914. Thru all of his medical work, Dan has made good—“taking out a man’s index here, his vortex yonder and his convex at some other place.” Lives closely with the old-time Aristotle and Galen and Harvey, seeking always more light on the development of the medical world, its unlimited fields of research and its scope of practical advancement in the application of remedial agents to the sick and suffering. It is a great profession, for healing the sick and the lame is of just as great importance as the profession of the minister in casting out devils by mental suggestion.

Doctor Dan’s motto is, “Be just and fear not,” the very life that he lives bears that out, for no man says wrong of him. He is cleanly of habit and of tongue—true to his friends and his family—true to himself. His ambition is to rank high in his chosen profession and so live that he can always be able to meet his friends and acquaintances with a clear conscience and a good countenance. He is jolly always for he has a tongue that will tickle any time anywhere. His weight is between ten and one thousand pounds, most of it being in the region of his equator. Dan is a Methodist and a Mason and has his life insured for something like “fo’ bits or a dollar.” All in all, he is a man—never forgetting that he is a gentleman.

Tom Johnson, older brother of Dan, and who is a business man in Houston, and George Johnson, a younger brother, who was formerly connected with Clark Grocery Co., of Tupelo, as a stenographer and bookkeeper, but who is now running the store at Thelma and living with his father, failed to answer my letters.

THOMAS DAVID MARION Progressive Farmer

Tom Marion, as the Houlka people know him, and the oldest son of Francis Taylor and Hattie Steen Marion, was born three and one-half miles east of Houlka on March 19, 1873. His grandparents on father’s side were Irish and came to Mississippi from South Carolina, about the year 1848.

Tom’s education was moderately fair, being obtained in the schools near his home. At the age of twenty-eight, he was married to Miss Sallie Hobson, daughter of R. T. Hobson, and a lady of exceptional character and loveliness. There are five children to make his a happy family: Francis, James Thomas, Carl, Annie Ruth and George.

Hoping to find it more profitable and having chosen farming as an occupation, he decided in 1908 to move to the great fertile state of Texas. When anything like a good season comes along, he and his son Francis raise abundant crops and they bring for him in the market a good-sized bank account that the red gullies of his boyhood could hardly create in ten years. Some of his rows are almost a mile long and he does not have to spend half the day in turning at the ends. All cultivation except part of the first breaking is done by cultivators. Tom would never get used to walking behind a little five or six-inch twister if he should move back to his old home.

His ambition is more to lead an honorable upright life than to secure a great name or obtain great riches. His motto, "Do right always," is Tom Marion over and over and everybody knows that he does it. He would not belong to the great Marion family, some of the best people on earth, if he should do otherwise. Tom is a good Presbyterian and a loyal Woodman of the World.

Kind-hearted, good to his wife and children, wears a smile that won't come off and greets everybody with a good word and warm handclasp. He lives happily in the wind-swept town of Allen, Texas.

ROBERT NEWTON MARION Presbyterian Minister

And so it came to pass that on December 6, 1882, a babe was born into the land. Yea, verily, he was the brother of the man preceding, being another addition unto the great tribe of the Marions—faithful workers in the Lord's vineyard.

Then arose a great clamour in the land, for, verily, the friends of the family made haste to first look upon the child. And when they were come unto him, they trembled with fear, lest he might smite them with his strong arm. But as all the tribe drew nigh unto the house of Marion, all began to speak in the manner of "What is his name?" After they had assembled together in the presence of the new-born babe, a cry arose from the covers, "To go ye forth and fetch unto me some manna, yea even a piece of corn bread." When all had suggested some name for the little man, the final decision rested with Robert Newton Marion—then, now and forever.

After many days of sojourning in the land of boydom, it came to pass that he was seized with a desire to procure an education. For a few years he attended the schools of Houlka and then into the wilderness of Maben, where he graduated with highest honors in the year 1905; also receiving a gold medal. Before this he taught the school of Elise, Chickasaw County, during '03 and '04. Now in the days of September, 1905, he arose and wrapping his garments about him, went forth into the city of Clarksville, Tenn., where he grew strong in the wisdom of books and in the struggles of the gridiron. Many were the battles he waged against the Philistines of other colleges, and there was great slaughter in their camp. He would tackle anything from guard to center, his prowess going forth into the land of rival nations. In 1909 he won the Stewart Bible Medal, and in the fall of 1910 entered the Theological Seminary of Columbia, S. C. While in that state he began his ministerial work with three churches, the town of Bethune as his headquarters. From that time until 1913 he did much good work among the mountain people who never had the pleasure of knowing the true story of the Jesus Christ and His gospel. Receiving a call from Chicago, he went into that land of heathen habitation known as the slums or "the little Hell of Chicago." There he is doing mission work in the congested and pitiful tenements of the poor. It is a great work and the good he is accomplishing cannot be estimated in mere words. Many souls are saved thru a bit of kindness, thru quick attention to the sometimes hopeless sick, and thru the giving of baskets and other life necessities during the Thanksgiving and Christmas periods of the year. He is located at 2330 North Halsted Street, and besides his mission work does regular study in one of the Universities.

Newt, as the Houlka friends call him, is well equipped for the ministry, having applied himself diligently and faithfully. Possesses a vast amount of good common sense, workaday reason, and in all of his talks and sermons, he shows profound knowledge of the Bible thru and thru—and a keen perceptibility of life.

JOHN THOMAS MARION Traveling Salesman

Near the old Friendship Church in the Fall of 1874, when all the woods were decked in the glistening and glinting tints of the rainbow and the shy little squirrels were storing up nuts for the frosts of a blizzing Winter, J. T. Marion greeted his new kinfolks with the baldest little head and the tiniest footsies that had been seen in that country for many moons. William Marion, whose wife was a Robinson, were the parents of this little Scotch-Irish lad, and moved from South Carolina to Mississippi early in the thirties.

John's schooling was gotten first in the A. B. C. school of Friendship, then to big "Joggerfy" and Ray's Arithmetic in the Houlka High, and then to the Texas College of Waxahachie for the finishing touches of "Et tu Brute" and "perpendicular parallelograms and psychological phenomena."

His first work was at Waxahachie in '96. After living there for three years, he returned home and worked on the farm for six long lonesomes. Then in 1900, sometime in March, he was married to Miss Anna Kate Robinson, a most estimable lady of refined womanhood and just the helpmate for John in his climb upward. In '05 he left for Wynne, Ark., and established a fancy grocery business. Then in October, '06, he lost his faithful wife and after one more year in Arkansas, returned home for the second time. Went into business for himself in October, '07, continuing for three years. During that time, on December 30, '08, he was married to Miss Irene Hall, a lady of very industrious and excellent character and who keeps their happy home in the coziest and "comfiest" way known to motherly instinct and education. In 1910 he sold out his business and became traveling salesman for a local firm. He is now head clerk and traveling man for Hall, Weaver Grocery Co., doing a wholesale and retail business in Houston, Miss.

Mr. Marion is a Presbyterian and connected with four sound fraternal organizations of America. His great ambition is first to glorify God and then be of some help to his fellowman. His motto goes along with the Golden Rule: "Do unto others as I would have them do unto me, so far as my weakness will permit."

Elizabeth is the only child and "Popper John" loves her too—worth a billion, no less and much more. In all his business dealing, he is faithful, honest and efficient. Always ready to make amends for the least of errors and in every way he is a reliable, moral, energetic, Christian gentleman.

JAMES ROBERT MAYO Wholesale Grocer

J. R. Mayo was born November 21, 1851, in Pontotoc county. His father and mother, James T. and Malinda Halsell Mayo, were of sturdy old German stock and settled near the Toxish neighborhood long before the Indians left the country for ranges less civilized.

Twenty-three months of schooling was "Bob's" limited education. Studying at home and observing much, he acquired a good knowledge of practical and conscientious living. Working on a farm until he was thirty-seven years of age, he decided to move to Houlka in the fall of 1888 and engage in the business of retail general merchandising. In this undertaking, he sold many thousand dollars worth of goods and establishing himself as one of the most popular and successful merchants Houlka has ever had.

After eleven years of this work at Houlka, he moved to Cherry Valley, Arkansas, with his wife, Casteria Ellis Mayo, and three girls, Jodie, Essie and

Montie, on January 1st, 1899. At that place he established the same business that he had followed at Houlka and succeeded from the very beginning.

Later, he moved to Wynne, Arkansas, and built up a wholesale grocery trade with Mr. Will Robinson. They own two other wholesale grocery houses at Earle and McCrory, Ark., and all three enjoy a vast amount of the trade from the smaller stores and towns of the surrounding country. Wholesalers can make money if they know how and if anybody knows, it's "Bob" Mayo.

Mr. Mayo is a member of the Wynne Missionary Baptist Church and a member of the Masonic Blue Lodge. At Houlka he was a punctual member of the new Baptist Church and helped materially in the erection of that edifice.

His ambition is to live a devoted Christian life, and his motto is, "Be honest and upright before God and man." He attributes his small success to honest dealing and hard work and above all a true belief in his Savior.

A whistling, humming man is a happy man—that's Mr. Mayo. It used to be a pleasure among the little boys of Houlka to "watch" and hear his whistle, even if some of the melodies were "busted" into non-recognition.

Mr. Mayo was always a kind and gentle man—a friend who comes in when the world goes out.

SAMUEL JOHNATHAN MAYO

Cotton Buyer

Sam Mayo was born "when quite a young man" sometime during the ancient days of Pontotoc County—about the time DeSoto passed thru the grape-vine hills of that section in the long, long ago.

His father and mother, James Thompson Mayo and Malinda Halsell Mayo, lived near the old Toxish Church and were of German origin; moving into Mississippi from South Carolina about the year 1835.

Sam's father was totally blind, and as all of his older brothers had left home to enter other fields of labor, it fell to his lot to stay at home and care for his parents. The farming interests had to be looked after and although he was quite inexperienced in such an undertaking, he shouldered the responsibility as best he could. About this time he felt that he must have an education but under the circumstances it seemed impossible without breaking up the old home. This he regretted to do and finally he persuaded a brother-in-law to take his place as manager of the farm. Then Sam started out into the world to secure a long-wished-for education. Beginning at Houlka, under Prof. Eugene Campbell—in Sam's and many others opinion one of the greatest men and teachers the old state of Mississippi has ever produced. Later, Sam entered the Mississippi Normal College at Houston, then under the leadership of another great Mississippi teacher, Prof. H. B. Abernethy. From Houston he went to the University of Mississippi at Oxford. After finishing the course there, he began work for E. S. Elliot & Son of Okolona. To Pontotoc from Okolona was his next step. There he engaged in the mercantile business with W. A. Dandridge for two or three years. Selling out his interest to Mr. Dandridge, he decided to wrestle with the bulls and bears of the cotton market.

In part of his letter he says that it is mighty hard work but he likes it and will stick to it as long as there is something doing. At this business he hasn't made quite so much as Rockefeller has on his bank book, but thru it all he has been able to pay his "bode bill" and live the perfectly contented bachelor life. His success has been strictly good, strict good middling, middling fair, nominal, low middling and fluctuating according to points and quotations, supply and demand, spots and spotting futures and the general bearish and bullish conditions of the cotton world. Sales and bales, bagging and ties, plated and blue-john cotton, ginning and linters, prices low and high—all go to make up the thoughts of this man who deals in the fleecy staple. He is really a big boll man, a long staple man—a man who does not stalk around with a seedy-looking appearance—a square

bale man—a good sample of Houlka product. He's Sammy on the spot with a future.

Today you will find him at New Albany, still in the market under the firm name of Mayo & Grace, midst the best people, according to his opinion, it has been his pleasure to know. He is an ideal gentleman, smiling and cheerful in rain or shine, and always a good word and a genuine shake of your hand.

His stay in Houlka was only three years, from 1897 to 1900. He is a member of the Church and a happy man. His ambition is, "to make the world better by my having lived in it." The good old golden rule suits him for a motto and he lives up to it in the every day duties of his life.

CALVIN BAXTER McABEE Printer

On November 23, 1889, in the Draytonville Township, near Gaffney, S. C., there was born into the home of William Leslie James McAbee and Etta Violet Coyle McAbee, a tiny bunch of energy in the person of Calvin Baxter. His ancestry is of straight French Huguenot and landed on the shores of South Carolina long ago in the days of Oglethorpe and his faithful followers.

Going to school there for several years he acquired a fundamental training that helped him secure a position on a Gaffney paper as printer and job man. In that position he worked hard and held the high regard of all the people in the town. Then in 1904 he moved with the family to Mississippi and helped his father farm for two or three years. In the winter he attended the Houlka school under Prof. Price for two sessions. Later he was engaged by G. W. Stubblefield as salesman in the dry goods store, serving in that capacity for several months. In this work he was liked by all of the customers for his polite manner and patient attitude toward everybody. Kind and willing always to attend to the wants of a customer without a grouch or a grunt. Kept his face covered with a smile and his tongue full of good words and cheer for every person he came in contact.

He is now located at Houston and works as printer and reporter for the Times-Post. His work is accurate and neat, satisfactory to his employer and to his readers. His talent seems to lean just for this work alone and his great ambition is to some day own and run a big daily newspaper. He is steadily working upward and there is no doubt but that he may attain the dream of his soul.

In 1913, Baxter was married to Miss Ola Neal, of Houston, once the popular school teacher in the little school of old Houlka and a lady of excellent womanhood. One child in the name of Cole Blease McAbee makes "Popper Baxter" the happiest little daddy top-side 'o Kingdom Come.

Baxter has always been interested in athletics and plays the game of baseball like the big leaguers. Really, he has saved Houlka from many a defeat, and while on other teams swatted the ball to all corners of the lot. Pitcher, shortstop and fielder, he was at home with them all and had rather play a game than eat porterhouse steak or chase a welsh rarebit thru a gasoline chafing dish. When two-baggers meant a win, he was Baxter at the bat—when a muffed fly meant a score, he was Baxter with the ball. Bombarding, battling binger, beatem out Baxler—Baxter with the mucilagenous mittens.

Baxter is a member of the Woodmen of the World and a charter member of the "Houlka Good Fellows Get Together Association." His motto is "Hustle." True as day, too, for he is always on the job—keeps pressing on—makes his points to suit the pressing engagement—a typical gentleman of the neatest type—slugs nobody—sets a line o' type in good form—never talks in half-tone—keeps his plate-matter clean, and never gets two sheets in the wind. So, equipped with a good letter-head and a bill ahead in his pocket he goes on thru the periods, commas, semi-colons, exclamations and hyphens of life with a happy heart thumping to the tune of whirring machinery and throwing back type into the inclined cases of the modern print shop.

WILLIAM GROVER McABEE**Progressive Farmer**

On May 3rd, 1892, in the little town of Grindall, South Carolina, Grover McAbee made his first visit into the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. J. McAbee. Poor little fellow didn't have many clothes, "ceptin" two and one-half sprigs of hair on the roundest, reddest head that ever blinked two eyes and a mouth. He wouldn't wear dresses like the girls—pants were stylish in those days and pants he had to have. So his good mother cut a pocket out of her husband's coat and in three jiffs she had some tiny pants for Grover that would have taken the prize in any show. Now he was a man—big blouse and pants—nothing else under them but Grover. Not a happier kiddy in all the red gullies of that state could be found and the scootings down those cracks in the earth wore into Grover to his intense delight and with much sewing on the part of his mother.

He moved to Houlka in 1903 and for ten years farmed with his father five miles south of Houlka, and then later in the old town where his people now live. During the winter months he attended the schools of this place and completed most of the prescribed course given during that time.

On August 12, 1912, he was married to Miss Sunie Elizabeth Mabry, a very industrious lady of excellent character and just the better-half for Grover. One child, Virginia, makes their home happy and life worth living.

He moved to Pacolet, S. C., on March 16, 1913, and is now farming with his father-in-law. Grover is a Baptist and a W. O. W., loyal to both and lives always with high regard for the other fellow's feelings and for the uplift of his people and country. True to his family, his friends and to himself. Cleanly of habit and a moral gentleman twenty-seven hours per day.

JAMES EUGENE McJUNKIN**Presbyterian Minister**

In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. World upon worlds shot into space as the mightiest miracle of Divine achievement. And then He fashioned man—the grandest conception of the Omnipotent brain. Woman was made and shared the first sins of the human race. People multiplied until the fountains of the heavens and earth wiped all but a faithful few from the universe. Then from Moses on and on thru the history of the world man was working marvels with the natural resources of the nations. Wars wrecked the countries of their men and left desolation in its wake. Nations rose and fell in mighty combat. Man was still striving—onward—upward—forever, and the monumental achievements of the brilliant minds of the world rang from shore to shore. Discoverers opened new worlds to conquer. America loomed up and Bunker Hill "was heard around the world." Booms of cannon shook the Sunny Southland into poverty and defeat. Man was still hustling for the goal of success. Then it was, in the early eighties, on October 11th, when the setting sun had left its track of glory across the rim of the skies and had gone to another world in the shimmering sheen of that happy day, there stepped on the stage of life, a young man with form but void of understanding.

And when the father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. William Davis McJunkin, looked upon the child, behold it was genial Genie, gentleman Genie, who had just been left by the angels of the Good Master as the first "itsum-bitsum" happiness of this well known family.

On the banks of the rushing Chuquetonchee river, east of Houlka in the Shiloh township, the little fellow first climbed the tree of knowledge and ate of its precious fruits with all the eagerness and enthusiasm that has characterized his life from that time until now. Growing up on the farm with a goodly number of Ham's descendants, he listened with mingled fear and delight as the old black Mammies and the old Uncles told him ghost stories or chanted the old-time Southern melodies so beautiful and dreamy in its wonderful originality.

Quoting a line or two from his good letter, it goeth in this wise:

"Having arrived at bigger years, many of the farm duties devolved upon him. His father succeeded in teaching him to do farm work, but failed miserably in teaching him to love it. However, many were the times that he halted during the seething summer sunshine to quaff from the 'Old Broken Bucket' the nectar of the clouds."

Four months of the year he studied under the "rods of correction" that always happened to be in the tight grasp of the Ichabod Crane schoolmaster. From that he went regularly to Sunday School and other services of the sanctuary, learning the story of the Christ and His disciples. Close attention was paid by the family to the observance of the Sabbath, and many were the little inspirations that played about that devoted circle in the communion of soul with soul.

Before going to French Camp Academy to prepare himself for the gospel ministry, he combined two years in teaching and in farming to help the talents needed for this great work. After two years in this Academy, he was come unto the famous S. P. U. in the far country of Clarksville, Tenn. Here he abided until the year of 1913, when he was graduated with high honors and with the degrees of Bachelor of Arts and of Divinity. Now he was full of understanding and waxed strong in mighty works for the Lord. His ordination was by the Presbytery of East Alabama and he is now the good Shepherd of the flock in Wetumpka, Ala., and for two others who have gone astray from town and live on the green pastures in the country. The people love him, believe in him, go to hear him preach and pay up "now."

Genie claims that he was never a ladies' man but was always open to conviction when some flower bloomed his way of thinking. At Clarksville he met his "Waterloo" and also his future helpmate! The "dam of Giliad and 'Ile" of Patmos spread over his soul in all the ecstasies of a Romeo. Miss Beulah McCauley was the young lady of his dreams. She had been the librarian at Judson College and a teacher in her home town. Genie was all smiles for he felt that there is a bride in the affairs of men, when taken at the right time leads him on to fortune—omitted, his life would be shallow and miserable! So it came to pass that they entered into a covenant among themselves to be joined "asunder" by some divine of same faith and order. They are a happy couple and suit each other in all their Acts. Housekeeping is now their glory and doughnut holes are scattered about the floor in "constant confusion." Then in those days cometh the bill collector, saying, "remit ye, for the bill of leaven is in my hand." Rev. Genie sits back in his dining chair and in a quiet voice speaketh he in this manner: "Well done, my good and faithful wife, thou hast cooked these few things so nicely, I will ask you to cook many more things." And his wife grew not sore to anger and fell on his neck, "wepping" in happiness. The date of the marriage was November 19, 1913, and they have been peaceable ever since.

Genie never neglects the great obligations he owes to his Blessed Father and goes his way in the teachings of the Scriptures with a big heart of trust for man and woman and in the soul salvation of the world for Christ Jesus.

EDWARD WALTHALL McJUNKIN Progressive Farmer

In the glorious golden days of 1889 that have gone glimmering into the long, long ago, a child was born, millions of them possibly, but this history records only one, and that was Walthall, peeping into existence on September 26th. His parents, William Davis McJunkin and Mary P. McJunkin, trace their ancestry from Scotland and Ireland. His mother was a McJunkin, before marriage and now lives in the old Oliver Williams home just a bit east of the old Houlka cross roads. His father espoused the cause of the Confederacy, "putting the panic" to the Yankees all thru the conflict. He died before Walthall was a man of his ownsome, lonesome, and he grew up without advice, except for a few years, and watchcare of his father, bucking up against the proposition of bread and other "eats" for the family.

Most of his schooling was obtained near his home and then after moving to old Houlka he studied for a few terms in the High School work; farming in the meantime with average success. Then for several months he worked on a road machine for a contractor. Later the Texas fever bug buzzed about his ears and he left for Allen, on January 1st, to work on farm with Gilliam Hobson. Walthall is a man of moral character and always a gentleman, a Presbyterian and a Woodman of the World.

THOMAS OLIVER McLAUGHLIN
Manager Kellogg Corn Flakes Company

Good old summertime had gracefully slipped into the lap of autumn, and as it nestled there for one more sweet embrace before it journeyed to the realm of summers long ago, a little speck of humanity, afterwards christened Thomas Oliver McLaughlin, was born. The exact time was September 18, 1885, in the cozy little home of his father and mother, John C. and Mary Grimes McLaughlin, just four miles a little west of north from Houston. The nationality of both was strong old Irish and as to their first home in the new world and when they moved to Chickasaw, there is no authentic record.

After his father died in 1896 it was up to Oliver to get busy for himself and for his good old mother. A strong determination to be something, to be independent, was his every-day thought. Forcing himself to hard study and by keeping his will power ever in the front, he has at last hit the right trail and accomplished the great desire of his youth—to make an honorable living for his mother and for the family of his own. He is now holding a good position in the Kellogg Corn Flake Company of Kansas City, Missouri.

Oliver attended the small schools around his home for a few years and later studied four years in the school at Houlka. From here he went to West Point and finished a commercial course in the Business College of the town. His first position of any importance was with Dean & Murphy of Okolona for a period of four months. While at work as a bookkeeper in West Point, he met Miss Mary Hurst, the beautiful daughter of a wealthy business man of that city. On February 7, 1906, they were married and for three years she helped him in a mercantile business in her home town. Selling out his stock and good will, Oliver and family, for he has one little girl, moved to Beaumont, Texas, to become manager of the Duke's Restaurant. In December, 1911, he went to Kansas City, to do the same work for the same firm. After four months, the firm sold out and Oliver was out of a job. An employment agency directed him to R. H. Whitmore, sales agent for the Kellogg Company. The man wanted only an office boy, but Oliver was persistent and asked to let him begin at the very bottom. An agreement was made. The salary was small but Oliver got right down to work. Promotion followed promotion—salary soared. Office hours from eight to five, but Oliver was on the job from seven to six, day in and day out. Always ready, always faithful, he had won the confidence of his employer and more important work lay at his desk. Other firms offered positions but Oliver liked good old Corn Flakes and there he kept his spoon and saucer.

Oliver worked up from office boy to cashier and office manager and now has charge of forty salesmen in six states of the South and West. Much responsibility is heaped upon him but he slides smoothly along like an old head and keeps things in apple-pie order. Quoting from his letter:

"I'm not satisfied yet and expect to work in the future as I have in the past for I still have a lot to gain. I find that to get a headway nowadays is to work always to the interest of your employer and to yourself as well and always be on the square. I strive to make my work 100 cents on the dollar and give a square deal to all."

Oliver is a Baptist and a true good gentleman in every sense of the word. Pleasant at all times and ready in any way to lend a hand. His father-in-law wants him to manage a big ranch in Texas, but he refuses to take up the work on account of his good position in Kansas City and the possibility

or promotion to more important work and increase in salary. He bids fair to become a prominent business man in the commercial life of that city and to this end his ambition is steadily and successfully leading him to that goal.

ELBERT WALKER NANCE Educator

It was Springtime; flowers bloomed and nodded in graceful tune to the smiles of the universe; sunshine was everywhere. The last drops of diamond dew were driven into the atmosphere as the brilliant rays of the morning sun beamed down upon the fields and meadows. It was a glorious day to be born, when all the birds were chirping to the rhythm of the rolling spheres and the little children of Mother Earth were peeping into a world of loveliness—then it was, that on this beautiful day, May 17, 1888, Elbert Nance was born. His parents, Jesse Columbus Nance and Elizabeth Halsell Nance, are of Irish extraction, the former moving from South Carolina at an early age and the latter a native of Mississippi.

Born, "when quite young," Elbert began to wait for wisdom and many were the almost unanswerable questions he propounded daily to his father and mother. If the answer did not suit he hunted it up in books or reasoned it out himself. For several years, Elbert applied himself diligently in the school at Houlka and later attended the High School at Union, S. C. In 1908, he began teaching a short term in a little school out from Houston. Then for two years he taught a school near Okolona and after that began the teaching of the McCondy boys and girls. The school flourished and the management of it coupled with its general appearance in the way of improvements gave his work as one of the best in Chickasaw. A very complimentary article published in the Times-Post of Houston last year about the McCondy school was quite an honor to Elbert and his able assistant, Miss Susie Harris.

Elbert enjoys the work, in fact, loves it. Had a good many downs and ups during his first few months of teaching but the experience ripened into pleasure as the work went on. He made friends with everybody—helped those who needed help with much patience and fortitude. His first pupils are about all married now and the others are advancing themselves in the various high schools and colleges of Mississippi. One great task was learning to bear up under the handles of Professor, Perfesser and Fesser. Another was "note-getting" from mothers regarding the executive department, and especially those mothers whose children were being "imposed" upon by the so-called "Smart-Alecks." The psychology of teaching amuses him to the very limit for he has a keen perceptibility of every whim and eccentricity of humanity.

Elbert has for the Summer of 1913, been clerking in a delta store and feels free to say that he is entirely up with that kind of work.

Moral, good-mannered, gentlemanly, jovial—Elbert holds the high regard and confidence of all who know him. Always ready to forgive, ready to make good a promise, kind and respectful to everybody and especially the older people. He is a Baptist by profession, belongs to no orders and believes in the good old saying: "Learn to labor and to wait."

He gives the following as a brief sketch of his life:

"Reared on a farm, where I learned to do everything but influence a few lacteal drops from her majesty the cow and to like everything that grows in a garden but turnip greens and fodder. Made a crop when I was seven years of age and each year after until I was nineteen. Being the oldest of eight children, I naturally had a hard time helping care for them. Hence I am the smallest; but not the ugliest. Have always loved school and my schoolmates—especially the girls. How I grieved, too, that none of them would ever be mine. Waiting, tho', has caused the crop to improve somewhat and methinks I have found the ideal of my dreams. Nevertheless, my single blessedness must still endure until she comes to the conclusion that I am her ideal man. Joined the Baptist Church when I was nineteen and have

never regretted it. Have traveled a good deal in the East and South and have found cranks everywhere—cranks turn things sometimes if they are crooked more are less. Am expecting to begin work as a mail clerk on some system in Mississippi and thru it all I expect to work and work hard, looking ever to the furtherance of my employer's interests and to the advancement of my own position. It is a day of progress and the man who knows will eventually reign supreme. To that end I am putting every ounce of energy and brains to deliver the goods."

Elbert is a pleasant conversationalist, wears the smile of good health and good will to men. He is a royal young gentleman and deserves much credit for "coming thru" as he has done just by his lonesome.

LONNIE NORMAN

Lumber Company Superintendent

From a large snow cloud that drifted over the hills and valleys of Ridge, Miss., a little "bitsy" boy, afterwards known as Lonnie, was dropped into the happy home of Charles W. and Nancy Grimes Norman on December 11th, 1886. His father and mother were from South Carolina and Alabama, moving into the Mississippi and settling between Houlika and Houston few years after the war of 1861-65.

After going to several schools at different places roundabout his home and then finishing everything the Houlika School could give, he began to teach in some of the small schools of the county for four years. Saving up enough money to take a business course, he immediately entered the Draughon's Commercial College at Nashville and by steady work graduated with honors.

In the Autumn of 1908, he went to South Mississippi and located at Lyman, as principal of that school. The entire term was not finished for he secured a position with the "Ingram-Day Lumber Co." in March of the following year. He began work as timekeeper and has worked in nearly all of the departments, being promoted from time to time. His present position is keeping two stenographers busy handling lumber shipments on an average of 125,000 feet per day. The company appreciates his work and gives him a nice salary for his earnest and faithful efforts in their behalf.

Lonnie is a Methodist and a Woodman of the World. December 8, 1912, he was married to Miss Edda Bertha Dickson, an accomplished young lady of rare womanhood and splendid mental abilities. One girl, Bessie Marie, makes her red-haired daddy a happy man.

Quoting a few lines from his letter: "I sometimes aspire to have great success financially; but now believe I would prefer to succeed with whatever I undertake and live to a good old age with my wife and child and at last be called home where my troubles will end. I try to live each day so as not to have any regrets for being one of the workers in the fields of human endeavor."

Lonnie is always a gentleman—true nobility of soul and the embodiment of honor. Anxious to do the right and ready to help friend or foe in times of trouble. It was always a pleasure to get Lonnie to solve a problem that we kids should have done ourselves; but prevailed on his good nature to explain them for us, never thinking that he had problems of his own to look after and that his patience would always endure. Lonnie was ever a moral young man—used the nicest of language and always found good in the things that others looked on as worthless. It was my pleasure to desk with Lon during a part of one session and they were happy days, too, of study and of fun. Dividing apples, candies and chestnuts when the teacher looked the other way was our long suit and thru it all never got caught. If he ever did anything worse than that it is beyond my knowledge, for teacher and pupil looked to Lon for good examples and the sly munch of a candy drop was exactly what the teacher had to expect and what the kids always found time to do.

DUDLY RUSSELL PATTERSON, Jr.
Educator

Lazy leaves lilted languidly 'long lonesome lanes and lawns. Lofty limbs loosed little leaflets into leaping, leering, lurching liberty and left looping the loop in limping locomotion. Then came swooping into the home of Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Patterson an old motherly stork from the land of Lilliputians and gently deposited a tiny-bit of red on a snow white pillow. Friends and relatives heard the news and came rushing in to see what the good old stork had left on her journey thru the grand old state of Calhoun County. Kisses, congratulations and many words of endearment flew thick and fast. When all had left so the little fellow could take in the situation, Russell, Jr., turned to his mother and looking up into her face with his big blue eyes he said in a cute little voice: "Muvver 'ipe de 'nuff fum my mouf, all dem des tised me all over." The date of his birth is November 7, 1887, and he is one of twenty-one children.

His father was born of English parentage in Georgia, 1841, and moved to Mississippi in 1853. His mother, was a native Alabamian of Irish descent and moved into Mississippi about the year 1867.

Russell's first schooling was obtained in the rural schools of Calhoun and then some more high school work at Houlika under Prof. J. S. Price. During his first school days, Russell knew what it was to grub sprouts and rip thru a new ground on his father's farm. Stubbed toes, briar patches, poison oak and other "boyhood necessities" were his daily pals, and when he shed the old coils of that jungle country it was with a joy that knew no bounds. Houlika was glad to receive him in her strong arms of welcome and claims him as a son even if he were born outside of her jurisdiction.

Few years after moving to Houlika, Russell entered Mississippi Heights Academy, at Blue Mountain. There he conducted himself in his usual gentlemanly manner and won the confidence and friendship of all Blue Mountain and especially of Professor Brown and his corps of teachers. Among the boys of the Heights, he was a leader and was chosen to the Presidency of several organizations fostered by that school. In May of 1912, he graduated from M. H. A. with honors and began a few weeks later to teach the Peeler High School. He is now at Faulkner, a few miles above Ripley, teaching the consolidated schools of that vicinity. He is the principal and employs assistants to help him with a big school of nearly two hundred pupils.

Russell's ambition is to study medicine and to rank high among the great men of that profession. To this end he begins work at the University of Mississippi in the Fall of 1914.

He is a true Christian character and as near perfect as any man it has ever been my pleasure to know. He is a quiet, business-like man; discusses his grievances with no one; cleanly of habit and tongue and prefers to find the world as himself. When people speak of Russell, it is always something good about him, for nobody knows of any wrong that he ever did. All who know him can stand up and say to all the world: "This is a man."

EARL EMERY PHILLIPS
Salesman and Bookkeeper

In the grandest century the world has ever known and in the grandest county the sun has ever shone, the little eyes of Earl Phillips peeped into being in the village of Reid, Calhoun County. His parents, Thomas Jefferson Phillips and Mary P. Lantrip Phillips, are of Mississippi birth and lived on a large farm before coming to Houlika to engage in the mercantile business just about the time the dynamite was booming its right of way down thru Houlika for the whizzing steeds of steel on the Mud Cat Special.

The educational facilities were not of the best in that neighborhood, and Earl having to work on the farm and in his father's country store most of his time, he did not complete the higher courses of the curriculum, but

by constant observation and a practical mind to think, he developed into a man of good information and an expert salesman. Later on he went to the Houston school for a few terms and then to Henderson, Tenn. After this he graduated in one of the business colleges of Memphis.

For a few years he was the popular salesman and bookkeeper in the store of T. J. Phillips & Sons, where thousands of dollars were handled in the course of a year in supplying the farmers and lumber men with the general necessities of life. Then in 1911 he left on March 1st for Lambert, in the Delta, to work as salesman in another of the Phillips' stores. At present he is located at Moorhead, Miss., running a large commissary for Bell & Owen. His work is efficient, draws a good salary and is highly regarded by his employers and by all who know him as a trustworthy gentleman, ready every pop to help the under man or to advance some cause of worthy consideration.

June 4th, 1907, he and Miss Minnie Ray Wilson, a jolly good lady of excellent womanhood and industry, settled the matter right before the minister and as the stories run, "lived happily ever after." Two children, Emery and Annie, brighten the home of this devoted family with all the cuteness known to the wee-wees of this generation.

Earl is small of stature, quiet of tongue, cleanly of habit, large in good will to his fellow-man, true to himself and therefore true to the world.

JOHN WATTS PULLIAM Retired Progressive Farmer

The Southland was in preparation for a joyful Thanksgiving. Happy slaves were singing their quaint old melodies to the rhythm of swinging axes and flying chips. The harvest was over and on November 22, 1850, Mr. and Mrs. John Pulliam gave thanks unto God for the birth of a little son, John Watts, just in time to nibble on a big turkey dinner only a few days away.

The homestead in which he was born, was situated two and one-half miles a little south of east from Houston and here it was that the subject of this sketch passed his early boyhood. He was only eleven when the cannons began to boom the news of a mighty conflict. The older ones of the family and kin went away to the war while he stayed at home to make both ends meet and also meat. His ancestors on father's side were first of Scotland; his father being born in South Carolina and moved into Alabama in 1835. In the fall of same year he moved into Chickasaw County.

Mr. Pulliam had only four and one-half months of school life, that much being spent in the High School of Columbus, Mississippi. Still he is a well informed man, highly cultured, a gentleman of much practical common sense, obtained in church work, between the plow handles, in the school of hard knocks and in the association of man to man. The great masters of literary composition and the unlimited knowledge to be learned from the Bible were a constant source of inspiration to Mr. Pulliam during the spare moments of his farm and garden work. He learned by observation, by listening, thinking and keeping his mouth shut.

When a young man, Mr. Pulliam moved into Pontotoc county and tilled the loamy lands of that country with varying success for several years. On November 15, 1898, he moved to Houlka with all of his family and began again the farm work on the old Mayo place a half mile north of old Houlka.

Mr. Pulliam was considered the best garden man for miles and miles roundabout. His plants thrived under the gentle care of this second Burbank, and in all seasons his table was supplied with the finest of fruits and vegetables. Nobody in Houlka could beat him. He was always at work, tenderly rustling the rich soil around some delicate plant, nipping sprigs of grass here and there and happily watching his garden grow up in a mass of richest colors in almost magic length of time. He certainly enjoyed the cultivation of all good plants and how joyful his smile when friends compli-

mented his work well done. His tomatoes were the reddest, melons the juiciest, peas the earliest, cabbage the biggest, peaches the ripest and everything the prettiest that could be found anywhere. Every little plant would spring richly upward from the wonderful care of this great lover of nature. He knew plant life—lived with it—loved it.

Mr. Pulliam was married to Miss Gabriella Hearn, a lady of rare Christian character, and from this union have come eight children to brighten and care for them in the twilight of their lives. They are, Robert Asa, Johnnie Mc, James Lattimore, Mary Alice, Jesse Henderson, Juliet Greenwood, Janet and Thomas Andrew Pulliam.

He is a member of the Baptist Church and the Woodmen of the World. His Sunday school work was always of the best and he could be found at his place of duty almost every Sunday in the year. Much sickness though, in the family caused him to give up his punctual work many times.

In September, 1909, after eleven years of residence in Houlika, he moved to Blue Mountain to educate his children in the higher branches of literary learning. His daughter, Juliet, graduates in June, 1914. Three of the boys are away from home making good in their chosen professions. The others of the family are at home helping make life happy for those who made life possible for them. His ambition is the education of his children, and his motto, "The world for Christ, and Education the Means." Everybody knows Mr. Pulliam as a man of sincerity, highest ideals and noblest impulses. A man of mature thought, a pleasing conversationalist and a close student of the Master's Word. Withal, a truly honest, law-abiding Christian character.

ROBERT ASA PULLIAM Salesman.

In Pontotoc county, near Red Land, Robert Asa Pulliam was born February 12, 1877. He is the eldest son of Mr. J. W. and Mrs. Gabriella Hearn Pulliam, prominent pioneers of Pontotoc in the good old days of fertile lands and hanging grapes.

Having to work hard all his life, his days of actual school work were very limited. Securing though, in the schools of Troy, Pontotoc and A. and M. College a good fundamental training for any life work he might undertake. Studying much at home under the glimmering gleams of Standard oil, he has improved his education to that of a well-rounded and well-informed man. Reasoning out the lore of the centuries by his "ownsome," thereby gaining considerable knowledge in the scientific and commercial world.

In 1901, he began work in Texas as a salesman, thence to Florida doing the same kind of work and making quite a few eagles scream his way as he rode up and down the fine roads of that remarkable country. While away, he never forgot the homefolks, always carrying out the plan of his father to help educate the family in the best schools that the country could afford. For this he deserves much credit, for few boys who go away from home ever think of the needs in the family he left behind.

In 1898, he moved to Houlika and when the new town was in all of its glory he erected a large and modern brick plant. For several years he made thousands of fine brick, shipping many cars away, besides supplying all the stores and homes of the surrounding country. Most all the stores in town were builded with the brick of his machines and kilns. Later he became a merchant and, after a few months of that business, went to Oklahoma and engaged in the real estate trade as a salesman for some big firm of that territory. Now he is in Oregon, working as a salesman for an enterprising company, making good as the days go by, having the confidence of his employers and of his newly-made friends.

Mr. Pulliam is a Baptist, a Mason and a W. O. W. Lives up to the ambition of "Owe no man, save modest sum for rainy day, and improve morally and scripturally." His motto is as unique as any I have ever seen, giving in a nutshell the really, truly things that all business men should follow. It is: "I believe in God—I believe in myself—I believe in the goods I sell—I

believe in the firm for whom I work." Can you beat it? When every salesman believes in that manner—well, it will never be.

Mr. Pulliam never forgets that he is a gentleman—kind, sympathetic, honest. A man who can find time to help the other fellow—a friend indeed, always.

JOHNNIE MC PULLIAM

Progressive Farmer.

Thirty-five years ago, five miles north of old Houlika, that famous motherly stork carefully swooped into the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Pulliam and gently placed little Johnnie Mc on a snow white pillow for the inspection of the family and admiring friends.

Reared 'midst the grapevine valleys and hills of Pontotoc county, he has trailed many a 'possum and coon through the winding paths of Chuquetonchee bottom and even far out into the Africa of Schooner. Hundreds of nimble cottontails and cunning squirrels gave up their life when Johnnie Mc squinted down a "dubble bar'l" and fired the "shot that was heard around the world." Those were happy days to that boy, and even now he dreams fondly of the glorious freedom of the woods and streams and wishes that he might by some power be able to live over the easy-go-lucky days of his youth. Days that are only appreciated after they are spent and can come no more.

In the summer-time he helped his father on the farm and kept the crops growing with the rain that exuded from every pore of his body. From row to row he whistled merrily the tunes of the Old Southland and never grumbled or grunted unless a plow handle jabbed his liver to the other side of his "tummy." He found out that his "by-word" didn't hurt the handle so he grasped it the harder and cautioned the old "mommer horse" to lean against the collar for another go-round.

Going to school in the winter months, he soon found out that making fires to warm the young ladies "footsies" pleased him more than preparing a "joggerfy" lesson or learning how to make the words of Webster's old blue-back speller stay on the tablets of his brain. Still, he plugged along and made grades as good as the rest of them. At Houlika he finished most of the higher common school branches after his father had moved here from Pontotoc county.

He belongs to the Baptist church and the W. O. W. Always a moral, Christian young man, he lives on a square deal with the world about him. A true gentleman all the time. He lives now at Blue Mountain, where he farms and does general public work to keep a few plunks in his pocket for a rainy day.

October 7, 1902, he married the joy of his life, Miss Madie DeLashmet, a splendid lady of Christian character. After four years of happiness, she died December 30, 1906, leaving one child, Susie Elizabeth. Johnnie lives with his parents and daughter west of the college.

JAMES LATTIMORE PULLIAM

United States Cavalryman.

A tiny Christmas present in the form of a red little boy, Lattie, was given to Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Pulliam, by good old Santa Claus on December 25, 1885. Never was a family happier than this one over the unusual Christmas gift of a baby boy.

Most all of this young man's life was spent on a farm—the first few years in Pontotoc county and the latter part in the village of Houlika. In the schools of both Pontotoc and Chickasaw he obtained an average education according to the limitations of the school system in that day. In the summer time he worked faithfully 'midst the growing acres of his father's fertile farm. He wore beads of perspiration during the murder period of some "crap grass" and before the unruly little shoots could be forever "extincted"

others would jump up and cause more beads to sprout through the bermuda of Lattie's cheeks and trickle down upon a despised hoe handle. The old saying about the liquid effusion of his brow grew a bit tiresome, and he bid farewell to the farm forever and a day. His older brother owned a big brick mill south of the new town and to this place of some more perspiration Lattie wheeled his way. After getting a few pounds of his own flesh caught into the making of several brick and learning the tricks of loading scrapers to setting a kiln he finally decided to abandon such an "easy job" and go to school.

When the family moved to Blue Mountain, Lattie entered the Mississippi Heights Academy of that thriving school city. For two years he worked earnestly to make up for lost time. Although he did not finish the course of that institution, the work that he did do has helped him to join the cavalry of the United States.

Lattie was recruited April 9, 1913, at Corinth, Miss., and began at once to train into the service of Uncle Sam. From Corinth he went to Jefferson Barracks, near St. Louis, Mo., and thence to the Hawaiian Islands by way of San Francisco. He is stationed at Schofield Barracks with many other newly-made companions and is putting his whole soul into the making of a United States soldier. He ranks now as a private, with a good salary and everything furnished but laundry and barber bills. In the forenoon he drills for two and one-half hours and takes the remainder of the day for "rest." He's enjoying it, too, for nearly a whole day's rest looks better than walking down a furrow or stacking brick most any way you look at it.

During drill work, Lattie has learned to mount a galloping horse, with a Krag in one hand and sword in the other. While on the run he clips a cocoanut from a tree just as if it were a real man's head of an opposing force. Many other "monkey shines," such as standing on a horse while trotting and sabering an imaginary enemy until he has learned every trick and maneuver known to military tactics. We people back in the States can hardly realize that Lattie is a bona fide United States soldier, ready at a moment's notice to puncture an enemy with his "forty-some-odd," or charge a regiment like the "noble six hundred" of the Light Brigade. All of his friends are proud that Houlika has one old-time boy who has chosen the military profession and to give his life if need be to the cause of his native land. He is enlisted for seven years and hopes some day to rank higher in the great army of his country.

Lattie is a member of the Lowrey Memorial Baptist Church of Blue Mountain, being baptized there in 1907. He is also a Woodman of the World. He is truly an estimable young man, doing what is right in everything that affects his being. Cleanly of tongue, has no bad habits, indulges in only the things that tend toward the moral uplift of his life and the happiness of his family and fellow-man.

JESSE HENDERSON PULLIAM Government Clerk.

It was in the good old days of September. Gentle winds tossed the lazy leaves round and round in languid locomotion, and as they slipped silently into the pitfalls of night, a tiny, wriggling, roly-poly baby made his first triumphant visit into the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Pulliam. He came to stay—even wanted his parents to board and keep him for a time indefinite. The time was the 8th of September, the place was in Pontotoc county, and the boy was Jesse Pulliam.

As a farmer, Jesse experienced all the joys and trials of that occupation. Like many other boys of his age, the farm was too monotonous—too slow for advancement, and oftentimes he wished, while trying to make an old horse distinguish the difference between "gee" and "haw," that he might get out into the big, wonderful world and "do something." Grassy rows, digging potatoes and picking cotton was torture and for several years it was only re-

lieved by the nightfall and the gastronomical invitation of the twelve o'clock horn.

His school advantages have been of the very best. Besides the Pontotoc rural schools and the one at Houlka, he has been through Mississippi Heights and one term at George Washington University, Washington, D. C. In all of them he has studied like a good fellow—often leading his classes in several of the higher texts. His mind is ever ready with a search warrant for more knowledge and nothing ever passes his way but that it sticks on to the thousands of other facts and figures of his good lady friend, Miss Sarah Bellum, who lives in the town of Medulla Oblongata. His special feats in school life were mathematics and “parts of arithmetic,” being called by his classmates “some figgerer.” He was never happier than when the answer column of his worn “mathermattuck” tallied with the one on his tablet. If Jesse couldn’t “wuck it” we couldn’t, and so the teacher “passed it up.”

On May 26, 1910, Jesse began work in the Department of Commerce, Bureau of Census, Washington, D. C., and quickly jumped to the highest salary of the clerks around him. After working in that capacity for several months he secured a clerkship in the government Post Office Department. His work has always been up to the standard of government accuracy and neatness.

He is a member of the Baptist Church and loyal to its teachings in the everyday life that he lives. His ambition is to be a lawyer, and he expects to begin study in two years more. His motto is, “Do it now, tomorrow makes it harder, maybe impossible.” He gives this thought at the close of a perfectly typewritten letter:

“From under the loving wings of dear old Houlka I have come into the service of Uncle Sam. It was not for a desire to get away from the good people of Houlka that I am here today; but it is the result of an attempt to answer the call that comes to every man; to seek something better, and to take a hand in larger things. I cannot say that I have succeeded on the whole in this attempt; but whatever the result may be, my thoughts will ever run back to old Houlka with a desire to some day do her the credit she so richly deserves.”

DAVID WASHINGTON REEDER Merchant.

On August 31, 1858, there was born in the home of Joseph and Martha Jean Reeder, one little baby boy, and without his consent they named him Dave, and Dave it has been for 56 years. He is of Scotch-Irish descent and was born in Chickasaw county, after his parents had moved to Mississippi from Alabama long before the war.

His schooling was limited to a few months each year, still he acquired a good fundamental training that helped him considerably later on in life.

After working in Houlka for several years he moved to Coleville and started in with G. W. Cole as clerk. Later the business was moved to Okolona and there Mr. Reeder was employed as bookkeeper and salesman for same firm. Working there for one man over half of his life, three years ago he and others bought out Mr. Cole and went in the general mercantile business for themselves.

Although his father was killed in the war and leaving his mother penniless with several children to support, Mr. Reeder has come up through it all, crippled as he is from the time he was nine years old, to a business man of prominence in the commercial world. All the citizens of Okolona and his old friends in Houlka know Dave Reeder as a man of the finest character and straight business dealing.

On February 14, 1897, he married the Valentine of his dreams in the excellent and industrious person of Miss Sallie Lee Boone. Three children—Velma, Ethel and Wade Reeder, bless this happy union in their cozy little home in Okolona.

Mr. Reeder is a member of the Missionary Baptist Church and holds policies of a goodly nest egg in one or two insurance companies. His ambi-

tion is, "To work and make money—make many friends—raise my children up to be useful men and women for the Lord and for their country." His life has always been without blemish in his business deals and, therefore, no wonder his motto runneth in this wise: "Honesty is the best policy, even unto the minutest detail; be honest in words, in thoughts, in weights and measures, for the Bible says in plain words, 'And with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again.'"

JOSEPH EDWARD REEDER

Mechanic.

The birth of Joe Reeder, as all of his friends call him, was heralded to the world on April 30, 1871. His father, Thomas Jefferson Reeder, was a native of Alabama and his mother, Eliza Jane Young Reeder, of Mississippi.

Reared on a backwoods farm, Mr. Reeder received only a limited common school education. At an early age he loved to watch the flaming forge and the sparks of red hot iron as they shot out from a hammered piece of metal. He learned to make many little things as he "piddled" about an old shop and later on did much useful work in mending and sharpening implements for his father's farm. Moving to Okolona in 1897, he began a business of blacksmithing and general repair work. Laboring steadily and successfully at this for over ten years, he retired to begin well drilling in and around the towns of Chickasaw. Up to the present he has drilled about 200 wells.

It was a household word with all the Houlka people who went to Okolona with cotton, that whatever Joe Reeder fixed, it was done right and there to stay. It seemed to be a pleasure with some to break up wagons and other things just to get Joe Reeder to mend it. "By ding, Joe will 'tend to it" was an expression known from Okolona to the furthestmost jungles of Schooner. It was always a joy to us little fellows when we went to town to go in Mr. Reeder's shop and notice how spick and span everything was arranged and how modern his work was carried on. System made many five-dollar Willies flutter his way and in all of his work he has made a good living and a nest egg for a rainy day.

He was married to Miss Minnie E. Cole, a young lady of high esteem and loveliness, on December 27, 1891. One boy, Cleburne, and one girl, Katie, make for him a happy life. His first wife having died some few years ago, Mr. Reeder chose for his second companion, Miss Lizzie Bedford, a lady of excellent character and attainments.

Mr. Reeder is a member of the Baptist Church, Knights of Pythias, Odd Fellows and Red Men. At the last of his letter he says this about his ambition: "To be independent some day; whether that day will ever come I cannot tell, but I am going to keep looking for it." For his motto, he believes in the good old Golden Rule, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." He has just moved back to Houlka and runs a machine shop on north side.

He is a man of good common sense, ready to help in any good cause and a man as men are measured by the standard gauge of the Twentieth Century.

LELAND BASKIN REID

Educator.

The most appreciated present old Santa Claus ever brought to the home of Warren D. and Jane McJunkin Reid, both of South Carolina and of Scotch-Irish ancestral nationality, was the "tiny little" form of Leland Baskin, just two days after the gloomy Christmas of 1866. One and one-half miles north of Houlka was the place of his birth, on a little farm his father had acquired since the close of an untimely war.

Other tots of his acquaintance whimpered for whey; but "Back" wailed for wisdom. Wintry winds whistled wheezing whispers of a wonderful whirling world, wig-wagging, wibble-wobbling wanderer, whizzing where it will into the whither and whence of a western welkin. He wanted to learn

all about this old stage of ours and to feel the pulse of those who had trod the boards before the flashing lights of human approval and had slipped back through the wondrous wings of time into the classic shades of immortality.

The first sound that reverberated against the vine-clad hills of his father's farm was a rhapsody of the blankest verse the winds had ever carried from the vocal regions of this little baby boy. Swaddling clothes were a nuisance—he wanted pants—wanted to go to school. Pants came on, and the ABC's were learned with magic quickness. A primer and a McGuffey's first reader were cast aside. Higher studies suited him better. Addition and the other simpler forms of "mathematics and arithmetic" were mere playthings. Common things like that were for others and he told his teachers to hustle up some philosophy, some real algebraic and geometric problems and some higher forms of "English and grammar." Shakespeare was a boon companion and his first quotation was "There is a tide in the affairs of men," and so on through to the end. His flood beginning was not so "powerful" great—still it hasn't led him into shallows and in miseries. It has been for many years since he grew into maturity that his daily life leads him into exhortation thusly: "My pupils, lend me your ears; I come not to 'learn' you, but to teach you."

Chaucer, Tennyson, Milton, Irving, Dickens, Poe, Hugo, Longfellow and many other shining literary lights were his daily friends. His knowledge mystified the natives. The Reid clan were the proudest people in all the country roundabout. A man of pluck, of grit and of strong will power had come in its borders. Long after the older people had snored into dreamland, this young man grappled with the brightest gems of universal literature by the flickering light of midnight oil. Everything stuck with him. The apartments of his "thinkery" increased shelf after shelf. Literature in all of its forms was his hobby and he rode it many successful races. He didn't cram his attic with "Tip Tops" and the "Daring Deeds of Diamond Dick;" but installed therein luxurious literary furniture, classically draped with the minds of the world's greatest geniuses and chinked in other nooks and corners the thoughts of his own observations. Every corridor, vestibule, by-path, alley and main street of his brain is set in majestic splendor with the richest thoughts of ancient and modern science; braced with the eternal network of progressiveness.

In all his study, there cannot be found anything that portrays life as a fitful, fantastic and extravagant dream; but on the other hand, there are pages of his nature that tell of a life that is practical, animative and attainable. What a pleasure it is to him to look back over the paths of his early struggle and to know that the acquirement of knowledge "makes a man fit company for himself." How happy it is for him to live in the decisive moments of history and in the deepest experiences of individual lives, and how delightful it must be to revel in the thoughts of all these big men and women, following the brave and accomplished gentlemen, the graceful and intelligent women in their measured wit and courtesies.

It is a pleasure to listen when he does "let loose" in the classroom and by being good listeners many of his students profit thereby. When you are through talking, then he talks, but not until he is doubly sure of his ground and to whom he directs his words.

After completing the curriculum at the Houlika school, Back went to the A. and M. College, at Starkville. In 1885, he graduated with high honors and in the fall of same year was an Instructor in one of the departments of his Alma Mater. Serving in this capacity for one session, he later became a teacher in the public schools of the State until 1890. In the summer of same year he moved to Texas and taught in the schools of that State until 1906. Back to Mississippi was his next step and immediately began the principalship of the Houston High School. From that time until now he has faithfully and patiently taught the boys and girls of Houston "to Reid right and with-mestick."

On the 29th of August, 1888, Professor Reid was happily married to Miss Ella May Butler, a most excellent lady of rare beauty and intellectual woman-

hood. Irene, (now Mrs. L. E. Tallichet, of Tupelo,) Leland, Gertrude, Sam B. and Mary Annie are the five children of this devoted family.

Professor Reid is a member of the Woodmen of the World, a Mason, and a Presbyterian. His ambition is and has been from his boyhood days, to always strive upward—to seek a reputation in a modest way. Not a greatness to “lord it over” or in the rabble boom of a cannon’s mouth; but a greatness to help—to help others achieve. Methinks, his motto would be the life he has lived in thiswise: “Be thyself, know thyself, trust God and get busy.”

Everybody likes Back, because of his natural modesty, his clean, clear-cut living and his all-round goodness of heart and soul. People never say wrong of him, although he may make mistakes like every human under the shining sun, from time that runneth into memorandum. A man who struggled to win and the man who won. “Back” is the backbone of the Houston school, neither a back-biter nor a back-slider, never “chaws backer,” and never backward with his greenbacks when some plan needs financial backing. Never backs down on a promise, and never reads paper-back novels. Lastly, he couldn’t do the “back-step” if he knew how. Again, he isn’t a half-back, a draw-back or a “Full Back.”

GILDEROY PORTER RICHARDSON Photographer.

Golden leaves flitted through the purple haze of evening. The season of enchantment was holding sway among the red hills and fertile bottoms of the little Van Vleet village, when one “little bitsum” Gilderoy Richardson was born. The exact date of his birth was November 7, 1889. His parents, Reuben Benjamin Richardson and Catherine Ernest Richardson, were of Irish and German extraction. His father moving from South Carolina to Georgia about 1870, and thence to Lee county and to Van Vleet some years later. His mother is a native Mississippian.

Gilderoy attended the Van Vleet and Houlka schools for a few years, obtaining a sound working knowledge of all the texts he came in contact. Besides the books, he has gained invaluable education in knocking up against the world of experience and association with all classes of humanity. For two and one-half years he was employed by the Tennessee Nursery Company, and made quite a reputation as a smooth man in the business, commanding a high salary and the confidence of the company. He has a good recommendation from the firm and when he wants to try the fruit tree business again, if such should ever happen, he can go back with an increase in salary and any territory he might choose. He is a Methodist by profession and a loyal member of the famous Woodmen of the World.

Besides his farm work, he has run a beef market, supplying the best cuts that could be had in any part of the country for a period of six months. He feels that he is entirely up with butchering and making sausage to suit the whims and “tums” of the Houlka people. In July, 1913, he went to Houston and engaged in the art of “fotoggerfy” with Mr. Lee Wilson, a prominent picture man of that town. Gilderoy owns the gallery now and is making as good pictures as can be had in any part of Chickasaw or surrounding counties. The pictures in this book were made by him and show what he has done in the picture line in this short time. He is making many groups of schools in the county and is kept busy until way in the night with the work to be done. He is on the job and his ambition is to be an expert in the art and make every picture better than the one preceding. Enthusiastic and painstaking in all of his work, he has a clear field to mount higher from the negative side of life and leave his prints on the walls and in the albums of time. Through the lens of life he takes this focus: “Think what you speak and speak what you think.” A good solution to develop.



Methodist Church—Rev. W. N. Dodds, Pastor.



Baptist Church—Rev. R. A. Cooper, Former Pastor.

LACY B. ROBERTS**Bookkeeper.**

Up in Union county, October 22, 1892, when all the fields were shining white with cotton and the little people of the forests were storing up goodies for a long winter rest, then it was, on this beautiful autumnal day, that Lacy Roberts was born.

His father, Thomas R. Roberts, is a native Mississippian, and moved to Houlka during the babyhood days of new Houlka. His mother is a daughter of Mr. Corder, who lives up on Schooner. Lacy's ancestors moved into Mississippi from Tennessee during the year 1860.

Growing up on the farm in Union county, Lacy obtained a fundamental education in the public schools of that section. Moving to new Houlka later he attended the high school for two or three years. In the summer he gained quite a reputation as a baseball pitcher and batter. When he got those lanky legs and arms wound up, nobody but Moses could see it as the ball hurtled through the batter and into the catcher's mitt. He was there with the smoke at every stage of the game, and on time with a cleanup swat when a hit meant the winner.

Three years ago he finished a commercial course in the city of Memphis and secured a position immediately. For a short time he worked in the Bank of Houlka and then in the Bank of Amory. He is now doing bookkeeping work for the Dalrymple Cotton Company of the same town. His work is thorough and efficient, commands a good salary and enjoys the trust and confidence of his employers. Lacy has a host of friends and they predict for him a bright future, and wish for him much success in all of his undertakings. He is quiet but friendly—slow but sure. Lacy is a moral young man, true to himself and true to his friends.

RICHARD HARRILL ROCKETT**Retired Merchant and Farmer.**

much research at home until he has become well-informed and highly familiar

Sixty-four years ago, on July 21, there was born in a little cottage south-east of old Houlka a tiny baby boy whose baptismal decoration was Richard; but later was known by everybody on up to the present as "Dick" Rockett. His parents were John Baldwin Rockett and Elizabeth May Rockett, both of English ancestry, and pioneers of Mississippi long before the struggle with the North. Having been crippled by an accident when a very small child, he was unable to do much manual labor on the farm. The public schools near his home afforded him a good secondary education until he went to the Iuka School in '69 and '70. Besides his study in the schools he has done with all the generalities and modern ideas of the world from time ages ago to the present civilization. During the days of his youth and on through life he has been engaged in mercantile business and as the manager of his farms. In 1908 he moved with his family to Red Oak, Okla., and there began a grocery business of big dimensions, running that successfully until his health failed him and he had to sell out and try to regain his former strength.

On February 8, 1886, he and Miss Bessie Isbell were married for keeps. All the Houlka people regretted to see this good lady leave for "furrin lands" and also the whole family, nevertheless they left with the good will and high regard of us all. Only two boys have been born into this devoted family, Ernest and Warren, both grown men and the joy of their parent's hearts.

Mr. Rockett was formerly a member of the Presbyterians but afterwards joined the Methodist Church in Oklahoma. He is also a member of the great order of the Masons and was at one time a member of the Knights and Ladies of Honor.

He is a man of honest dealings with his friends and acquaintances, charitable in his gifts to causes of suffering humanity, and true to the teachings of the Holy Word. Mr. Rockett has always been an enthusiastic hunter and

fisherman, and out there in the mountains he enjoys it to his "delightful fancy" all the year round.

W. ERNEST ROCKETT
Farmer and Cattleman.

On November 4th, 1887, when the fields were white with cotton and the meadows were curling into hibernation for the coming winter, there was born to Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Rockett one "little bittumboy" in the wriggling person of the future-to-be Ernest Rockett. Growing up on the farm where he had to work much and work hard, he developed into a man of strong mind and morals—going in the interim to the Houlika schools and acquiring an education such as could be given in the higher branches of those good old days—days when he and others of his age played ball, mumble-peg, base and bullpen to their gladsome delight. With him it was my pleasure to be a desk-mate, and he always studied his lessons with faith in his work that has characterized his life from that time on until now.

After moving to Red Oak, he began work in the store of his father; but later went into the business of farming and stock raising. At this occupation he is making a good average success, and lives comfortably in a neat cottage just outside the town limits. In 1910, when there was not much doing in the excitement line, he decided to bring to a conclusion his affairs matrimonially, and on May 10, it was culminated right in front of a preacher for the munificent sum of ten bones. His excellent and beautiful wife was Miss Lexie Cox, of Wilburton. One child, Richard Gordon, keeps old popper Ernest busy playing with him and laughing over his little antics around the home. A letter from both he and his wife tell of the country in all of its natural beauty, with the Winding Stair Mountains, the wonderful valleys of fertile soils and the freedom of the ranges for sports of every kind any man could wish for.

Ernest is a Presbyterian and a Mason. A man of sincere convictions and true to his family in all the ways of a genuine gentleman.

WARREN HARRILL ROCKETT
Salesman.

On June 21, the longest day in the year 1888, when the perspiring old earth was revolving in the heated rays of a summer's sun, heaven smiled down upon a blinking little baby boy and christened him Warren—good old easy-go-lucky Grandpa Warren.

Being born at such "an early age," he learned very soon to chew a good sized quid of Schnapps tobacco and expectorate its liquid results in a bee-line squirt to a hole twenty-five feet away. Growing older and filled with pone bread and sauer kraut, he tickled the loamy nature 'round the old Warren Harrill place to the rollicking tunes of "Old Hen Cackle" and "Turkey in the Straw."

The word deliberation is known only to the subject of this sketch. Once upon a time, when this grandpa was a young man, it became his painful duty to settle a petty grievance in fistic combat with another young man of the same age but of perhaps better physical capabilities. With very deliberate movements he calmly laid his gold spectacles on a nearby log, adjusted a loose shoe string, pulled off a new tie and collar, clamped down on a half plug of tobacco, pitched his straw hat to one side, spat upon his palms and with a soft Bible word of challenge, he cut loose some long arm punches and stiff uppercuts with a precision of machinery that sounded like the thunder rumble of a coming storm. With just as much deliberation he put his things back in proper place and after straightening out a few bones that had been called into the slams and slaps, he whistled his way homeward.

"Mammy," (Aunt Bet) began the warrior, "You should have seen me put the panic to a feller up town while ago; I tell you folkses, that arm may look little, but it's some cat when putting fellers to bed." About that time his

mother appears with a long peach tree "pacifier" in her hand and leaves the scene after a few applications, with Warren holding a tear bucket in one hand and vowing with the other high up in the air that "I'll never do it again."

Being a single man he is not married. Some might think he was too slow to come to the point of proposing, but the real reasons may be defined thusly:

First, it has been his misfortune not to find the fulfillment of his ideal. Second, because he is not "old enough." Third, and the real sure-enough reason, because he loves his freedom and is not ready to go to war. He hopes, though, some day, to find this lady of his dreams and make a happy home in the singeing summers and windy winters of Red Oak, Oklahoma.

Warren's schooling was limited to the Houlka schools, where he used his keen perception to advantage in making good grades and keeping in close touch with the heads of his classes. Sickness kept him from advancing as far as his ambition wished to go. Pneumonia and typhoid fever confined him many months, but he came through every time by the careful nursing of his father and mother, Richard H. and Bessie Isbell Rockett, also by the timely and faithful administrations of the two Dr. Walkers.

For some years Warren worked on the farm as a steady hand. When the brick machinery was put in by R. A. Pulliam at the new town, Warren was employed to feed the grinding muddy jaws of the big revolving mixer for several months.

On the 27th day of June, 1908, he left Houlka for Wilburton, Oklahoma. Staying there awhile he left for other towns roundabout in search for health. Finally he put up his sign at Red Oak, doing a grocery business with his father for three years. Since then he has done much active work in the Masonic Lodge, gaining quite a reputation in all the immediate towns 'round Red Oak. Owing to an impediment in his voice he has had to give up a nice position as Masonic lecturer. He knows Masonry to a "T" and his ambition is to go some day to the highest pinnacle of the great fraternity.

He now holds a good position with the largest firm of his home town, and is already in line for promotion to more responsible work. Warren's health is his only drawback in the way of great success, still he deserves great credit for the advancement he has already made and will make in the run of life. Everybody knows Warren as a sound, moral, trustworthy gentleman.

WILLIAM J. STACY

Cotton Buyer.

Contemporary with the great siege of Paris in the year 1870, the genial "Bill" Stacy was born on June 15th, near the small town of Reid, Calhoun county, State of Mississippi. He was a "strictly good sample" of young America, and grew up on the farm of his father and mother, Isaiah D. and Mary O. Hutchins Stacy, the father of Scotch-Irish and the mother of Dutch lineage, until he was equipped to solve the problem of living by his own resources.

Until he was 16 years of age he attended the public school at Poplar Springs. and then, by good management on the part of his father, he was sent to the Pittsboro school for two terms. After that he studied the higher branches at Houston, going home between sessions to help make cotton and corn. Before his marriage, he went to the Banner school for a part of two terms.

On October 22, 1893, he and Miss Stella E. Hutchinson were "jined" together for the better, for with her excellent qualities of womanhood and industry, they have lived the life of ideal happiness from that time until now. Myrtle, Rufus, Lola and Harry are the children of this devoted family.

In 1894, Mr. Stacy began work as a salesman in Banner and for eight years labored steadily in that capacity. Then in 1902, he went to Nashville, Ark., and after three years there, moved to Houlka on January 18, 1905. At this place he engaged in the mercantile trade under the firm name of Stacy

Bros. & Stubblefield. For six years this business occupied his time and in 1911 he sold out his stock to other parties and on November 27th moved with family to Houston—just in the outskirts of Houlka! In that town he is putting all of his business knowledge and a “few nickels now and then” into the buying of cotton for the Beadles Cotton Company. He’s Billy-on-the-spot and would not fleece a man out of a point or a pound or a dime if he knew that he could get away with it. He grapples with the bulls and the bears, punches them in the middling with sometimes nominal success and sometimes fair—bagging his pants with “profits” and ties his “margins” in a bundle of quotations for the future. A cotton man, but all wool and two yards wide. Compressed within his body and soul are all the manly traits of the manly man; wrapped about his life is the trust in God, and spun about his frame is the ambition of “Do all the good I can for my family, friends and for suffering humanity.” Woven around him is the motto of “Never look back,” and in the weaving he has cornered the market with his friendliness and good will.

At the age of nineteen he joined the Missionary Baptist Church. When he moved to Houlka, the church elected him the superintendent, and in that position he served as the teacher of the Bible class with earnest and appreciative consideration of the beautiful precepts laid down by the Blessed Son of Him who knoweth all things and whose love exceeds the comprehension of mortal man. In all the activities of the town he was right there with the glad hand.

Mr. Stacy is a loyal member of the Masonic Lodge and the W. O. W. His membership is now at Houston where he keeps up the good work by punctual attendance and by faithful attention to their principles. He is withal a man among men.

FARRIS ALVIN STACY Dentist.

This excellent “tooth yanker” was born way down in Calhoun county at the little town of Reid, on January 7, 1884. Few months later his teething period was on in full force and before many days had passed he successfully erected several little monuments to his credit and to the delight of his parents, Isaiah David Stacy and Mary Hutchins Stacy. His father is a native of Calhoun and his mother is a native Georgian, moving into Mississippi in 1859. Their ancestors being of the Dutch and Irish.

In the rural schools roundabout Reid, Farris received a good common school education, limited though to what he wanted to study and what he didn’t want to study, for in those days a pupil could drag over a second or third reader until it wore “slap out.” In the meantime, he worked as a steady hand on his father’s farm. During his boydom he enjoyed the real old-fashioned toothache, and then it was, that he determined to be a “tooth dentist” and relieve others of their—money. After cutting his wisdom tooth or teeth he left for the Louisville College of Dentistry in the fall of 1909. Three years of close attention to study and practical work found him ready for a diploma in June, 1912. In the summer months of 1910-11, he did dental work at Houlka to help pay tuition at Louisville, Kentucky.

All of a sudden, possibly a little “suddener,” he was married to Miss Dannie Anderson, a very beautiful and charming young lady of Pontotoc county, on December 30, 1911. She finished a little school she was teaching up in the red hills of her home, while Farris finished his course at Louisville.

Doctor Stacy moved to the hustling town of Oakland, Mississippi, in the summer of 1912 and began a permanent and lucrative practice of his chosen profession. Reports come from that town telling of his success as a “tooth carpenter,” and as a man worthy of any trust that might be bestowed upon him. There is much “false” work about his dental surgery; still he guarantees it and his patients cash-up satisfied.

Farris is a Woodman of the World and a member of the Psi Omega Dental Fraternity of the Louisville Dental College, an organization that promotes friendship and advancement among the graduates of that school.

His ambition is to be one of the best dentists, in equipment and skill, in the State of Mississippi. Every day finds him on the job, grinding away on somebody's repulsive fangs. He gets on to other people's nerves sometimes, and, gee-whizzikin! how it hurts the-er-er-the dentist! Sometimes he meets with a clean mouth and other times otherwise. Some teeth seem to have no bottom, others hook their triple rooted fangs around the collar bone and retire for life. One or two caverns he has met with caused him to use up three sacks of Portland cement and then had room to lay in or inlay some more. He has many experiences with different people among his patients and he sees always the funny side of everything.

He is careful, cleanly, sanitary. His office is a model of neatness and his instruments are kept in good sterilized condition from patient to patient.

Farris is an affable, genteel gentleman. Pleasing in manner and in conversation—smiling of face and a cheery "hello" for everybody. He is indeed a self-made young dentist—always pulling to attain an end and by this characteristic, although in the mouth of adversity, he has filled the bill.

DOYLE STUBBLEFIELD Dentist.

More than forty thousand Doctors of Dental Surgery were grinding into the very soul of more than forty thousand teeth, burring down and down into more than forty thousand pocket books for the twice-times-thrice amount of forty thousand bones. Outlays of gold were made into inlays of gold when the wily Taggart tipped off the process that revolutionized Dento-facial Orthopedia, or to be more dignified, the filling of a bum tooth with molten scraps of gold that had been extracted from the pearly pits of the other fellow's thirty-two aching monuments. These dental architects were drawing molars and money, played on the ivories with their whirring engines to the tooth's contents and everyone of them had a nerve to pull the most obstinate snaggle or the purse-strings of the national chewers association with absolutely "no pain." Everybody wanted a headlight of Klondyke construction, or a beautiful bridge to span the cavernous cavities in their bicuspid, canines and incisors, regardless of the cost. Inlays were laid to rest with all the crowning glory of impressive dental science and the patients settled calmly back in the five-hundred-dollar plush chair and murmured, "Can I See Any Stars In My Crown?" Before the proficient prophylactist or the old orthodontist (my what an ache!) could finish the anchoring of the gold mine into their mouth, they had seen a thousand stars and every point had a pain that whizzed thru the nerves until they were withered wrecks of wit and wad.

Now it came to pass that the profession was not complete—a large void in their ranks must be filled. Then came Doyle Stubblefield, the greatest of them all, on November 7, 1886, in the town of Banner, Mississippi. Here was then the man to fill the bill, and his father and mother, George W. and Virginia Ellen Freeman Stubblefield, who are of Scotch-Irish lineage or extraction, sent him to the Banner High School when he was of school age and then to the Sarepta Normal for more knowledge of the classics in science and in English masterpieces.

In all of his classes he was the leader and his grasp of the intricacies in the deeper works of the master minds of mediaeval and modern men, marvelled the multitude for many miles around. Then he came with the family to Houlka and became the manager of the Houlka Drug Company.

From that position he entered into the first year of fundamental dental training at the Louisville College of Dentistry and after two years of faithful work passed the State Board of Mississippi with second honors, the first man being a graduate of the above institution. What a grade he would have made if he had only finished his third year and then tried the Board! In the Summer he practiced his profession in the mouth of Houlka and vicinity and then in 1913 graduated, on May 29th, with special honors. Immediately upon his return to Houlka he began the full-fillment of his life

work. In a neat and well fitted office in the rear of the bank he ground and pulled his way into the very "hearts" of the people with his gentlemanly manner and cautious attention to every little ache developed by chewing too many toothsome "cats." Everybody thought there was no man but Doyle who could completely fill their expectation and they and "us" still think so. He could give them a "falsetto teeth" with all the ease of the greatest dentist and they had a fit, too.

His ambition is to stand at the head of his profession, and he is fast drawing to that end, for he lives and works in the motto of "Do the right thing in every particular." Doctor Doyle is a Baptist, a Mason and a member of Psi Omega Greek Letter Fraternity. In fall of '13, he bought the office fixtures of Dr. Smith at Houston and is now quieting the aches and eagles of those good people with much skill and success.

ROBERT LUKE THOMPSON

Dentist.

"Bob" Thompson was born, as he puts it, in the nineteenth century, in a log house two miles west of old Houlka. His parents, James Thomas and Cornelia DeLashmet Thompson, were of English and French descent, their ancestors moving into "Ole Miss" long before the war.

Thru Houlka High School was his first step toward a course at A. and M. later on. Then he went to Macon, Ga., and completed a business education in one of the well known commercial colleges. Before going to Atlanta to study dentistry, he taught school in the town of old Houlka and in Calhoun County. In June, 1905, he secured his first license to practice his profession, beginning in Houlka before he went to Wynne, Ark., for permanent work. There he has been since 1907 doing satisfactory work under the firm name of Crain & Thompson. His business keeps him at work both night and day, building bridges, making plates, quieting nerves, laying cement and concrete walks and doing other scaffolding up and around the roof of the mouth. He is gaining quite a reputation as an expert dentist, doing much delicate work by the most modern method known to the men of "push and pull." Neat in his work and appearance, accurate in every little detail, and highly regarded as one of the best in the Association of Dentists in his district.

Doctor Thompson is a Baptist and at one time was Secretary and Treasurer of the Houlka Sunday School. Working on the farm was his "chief delight" all thru his teens. The dinner horn always rang too "early," night came too quick and the sun rose too late to do a good day's work. His letter was very interesting and from it I have gathered quite a few funny incidents of his life.

First impressions last always, and his first real one was hunting a guinea nest and jumping from a fence on to a plank with two big nails sticking innocently upward. Thru his foot ran those nails and from his eyes ran tears larger than the eggs he had just found when he jumped in all ecstasies and enthusiasms down to examine the contents closer. Wails and supplications went homeward and before assistance could arrive he thought his appointed time had surely come.

Another impression was eating an Indian turnip with the "big boys." Some more wails was the result. Then came a time when he was doing about three chills per week. All the family had gone to church in old Houlka. Being of an inclination to know the inside of things, how they were put together and how taken to pieces, he mounted a chair and with one long reach and a grunt he grasped his father's watch and at once proceeded to see where its appendix and oblongata were located. After every piece was out, he realized that he needed help in putting them in again. Putting the watch aside, he immediately had the most convenient chill of his life. His father advised a good whipping; but his good mother had the matter postponed indefinitely. Quoting verbatim:

"Mother understood that the misdemeanor was caused thru curiosity and not from downright meanness. She most always understood and was always my best friend. Whatever success I may have attained, I give her more credit than I take unto myself because of her faithful training and patience."

That is a noble sentiment and it is true in so many of the cases in this book. About this time he wanted an education, more than he could get in walking two miles morning and afternoon to the school at Houlika. Just then his father died and left him without a hope for the education he so eagerly sought. Things moved about the same, with his elder brother, John Seley, as his adviser and helper in many things. Advertising literature from a business college fell into his hands and he quickly fell to the fact that a \$50 job was awaiting him somewhere. With a salary like that he would become rich, if not wealthy. Packing up his duds, he drove sixteen miles to a railroad, bound for Macon, Ga. Never had he ridden on a train. Wonders began. Had to stop over in Montgomery, Ala., and was at once surrounded by "cab, mister" and "hotel, sir." There was some "trick" about those cabs, so he walked to the hotel "on foot." A hotel appeared with a buffet attachment and somehow he couldn't go in. After walking up and down the front of it for several times, he at last went in and registered. The clerk called a porter to show him up to room. Now, Robert Luke had never seen an elevator. When the porter had closed them up and they went scooting upward, Bob felt he was dropping and quickly unfastened his gallon bucket grip for immediate use of his pop-gun. There was a trick somewhere and he was sure to get the trickster. When the floor was reached and the porter called "all right," Bob could only "all right what?" Finally he was shown to his room and left to think over his first ride on a train and an elevator.

He never realized anything from his course except experience and thinks it worth the money spent. In all of his life, Doctor Bob has been a moral, clear-cut gentleman. His ambition morally is, "To live a life consistent with the profession of Christianity." As regards his profession it is, "To be of service to humanity and to prosper." His motto is one of the best that can be chosen from anywhere and that is Channing's Symphony. He makes no pretense of having attained its teachings; but places it on his desk where he can see it every day, even if he can only touch it in places.

Everybody in Houlika knows "Bob" as a true Christian, hard working man.

BENJAMIN AQUILLA THOMPSON

Clerk and Foreman

On August 31, 1883, when cotton was in the bloom and the watermelon on the vine; when the twilight of evening had fallen into the dusky darkness of inky night, and when the rounded cheese of the oriental creamery had shot across the sky until it hung directly over Houlika, the man in the middle beamed a golden smile down into the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Thompson in recognition of their new little son, "Ben."

When old enough to work on the farm, he applied himself with all the vim and vigor of growing manhood, going to the Houlika school two miles east during a few months of each winter. There he gained a good common school training and coupled with the practical education drawn from the world's greatest text book, human nature, he has come into a well-informed man of the business problems of the day, and with this he is equipped to carry out his ambition of "Own a home and be prominent in business," along with his motto of "Honesty is the best policy."

In 1903 he left for Texas and began working for the M. K. & T. R. R. As a Pullman car conductor he worked faithfully for several months until he gave that up to work at another position in the city of Memphis. In Memphis he has lived almost his whole time since leaving home and now is employed by a large firm in that city as clerk and foreman. During the baseball season he is connected with the Turtles as manager of the ticket

and grandstand departments, looking after the gate receipts and the order of the seats and diamond.

Ben is a member of the Baptist Church and of the Masonic Lodge. Is not married but keeps his lamps peeled for the ideal of his dreams, one who knows how to cook, sew, dress neatly and keep a spick and span home. She is somewhere and Ben will one day find her and if she agrees to settle the difficulty, so shall it be. Ben is some "humdinger" when it comes to lady killing, for he can do the eye-roll and the winkum business to the tune of tangotamale with all the ease of a Fifth Avenue swell.

When he is your friend he's your friend for keeps and will do anything under the twinkling stars he can do. Will go out of his way to help those in distress or do a favor for you if you ask it. A gentleman is Ben from his noggin to his toes.

ROBERT BRAXTON WALDROP Merchant and Banker

The time was October 12, forty years ago. The place was three miles north of Houston in a neat little cottage of log and plank and the boy was Braxton Waldrop. His father, Joseph Smith Waldrop, and his mother, Mildred Linzey Phillips Waldrop, were of Scotch-Irish ancestry—the former being a native of Mississippi and the latter a native of South Carolina.

Braxton attended the common schools of Chickasaw until he was twenty and then for a short time took a commercial course in a business college of Nashville. The rest of his education was gotten by diligent study at home, burning old Standard Oil for all it was worth into the midnight hours. All of his spare time was spent in familiarizing himself with the higher texts of college courses and in that way he secured an education that has materially helped him thru many trials in connection with the County Superintendency.

In 1893, he began work as a teacher in the public schools of his native county and for five years discharged his duties to the pleasure of all his patrons and pupils. Each year his reputation grew into larger proportions and in 1900 his popularity with the voters of Chickasaw elected him to the office of County Superintendent of Education. His margin was 300 votes over a very strong man in the race. Serving the term out efficiently and successfully, he entered two more terms without opposition. In 1911, when politics was red-hot, he again ran for the same office against Mr. George D. Riley and was defeated by 275 votes.

The ten and one-half years that he served in this capacity showed a remarkable development of the school system. He personally looked after every detail of the work with much zeal and patience, instilling a desire in the minds of every teacher to become more proficient and to use more modern methods than they had heretofore been accustomed to in the general exercises of class work. Schools flourished, better salaries were given to the teachers, better houses were builded and longer terms of free school established. Education progressed by leaps and bounds and the results of his administration show very plainly in the statistics of the State that Chickasaw was on a much higher plane than it had been in all the history of the county. The percentage of the illiterate decreased rapidly and every year the enrollment of educable children increased by hundreds.

September 17, 1899, Mr. Waldrop was married to Miss Annie Fisher Harris, a lady of splendid character and the very one to make him a happy home, and the proud mother of Robert Arthur and Annie Fisher, the only children of this devoted couple.

Mr. Waldrop is a Methodist, a Woodman, member tribe of Red Men, Mason and a recent traveler thru the hot sands of the mysterious Mystic Shrine.

He is now interested in the mercantile and banking business and can be found in the drug store of Ritter & Co. selling Fletcher's Castoria and Lydia E. Pinkham's "Pale Pellets for Pink People" at Houston, Mississippi—a growing suburb of Houlka.

Brax or Brack, as many of his Houlka friends call him, is a real self-made man, generous, hopeful, sympathetic, kind. He estimates no man except thru his own experience, and then he forbears to pass judgment until he is sure of his facts. He has achieved by endurance—triumphed by perseverance—lives according to the manner of men—thinks and sees and feels the joys of a Christian life.

JOHN MOFFATT WALKER Insurance and Real Estate

Statistics show that John M. Walker adjusted himself in the happy home of William L. and Jeannette E. Moffatt Walker on January 22, 1865. We also have the "sweet assurance" that he has not lapsed, discontinued or expired since that time. His policy is an allotted seventy years with an assessment payable daily of right living and good will to man. He made the contract—paid the premium that must come always to be insured in the hearts of men, and is now on the list of "old liners" who have mutually grown beyond the hilltop of life and are now living on the surplus and dividends that were secured as a reserve for the maximum joys in the closing years of their masterful maturity. Not that he is an old man, by any means—just to see him with an amalgamated suit of clothes and the Mutual and Equitable smile that reads face value every minute in the day, and that fluctuating twinkle of his eyes when he greets you—well, he's about the "youthfulest young youth" that ever signed his name as an underwriter.

Mr. Walker participated in the exercises of the Houston High School and was examined both mentally and physically during the terms he attended. "Loading" was his long suit and his rating ran high in the "minimum" grades of the school. But occasionally he took a spurt and made himself good security of a great fund of useful knowledge—the income from that study making a capital sum in the general run of universal problems and which has been good policy to increase by daily payments of thoughts worth thinking and ideas worth reason. So his personal property increased many fold in brain percentage and his capabilities ran far beyond par in the standard measure of the Twentieth Century.

When he had reached the "age of accountability"—about twenty-two of them—his interest in the ladies grew into quite a lump sum of love. Partial payments of visits came so fast that the ladies didn't have time to get their "figger" in good shape, but they hustled about and risked the rest, for Young John was in the parlor thinking up fidelity chinning and whether he would ask the lady could she cook a Premium ham or compensate him with enough industry about the house if he should decide to turn over his life insurance in her name. He put in his application four or five times before Miss Maggie Shell claimed its acceptance and on December 30, 1887, that most excellent lady became the wife of happy John Moffatt Walker, until the old mortality agent claims his own. Only two children have been born to this devoted union, Wales L. and Margrette Shell.

In the insurance and real estate business, he has succeeded. With his undaunted energy it was due him to succeed. Today he is considered one among the most prominent insurance men or underwriters in the state of Mississippi. He knows his business too, and that is the essential of all success. From the beginning of Marine insurance and then for Widows and Orphans in England about 1699, he can tell its history just as easy as he can write a policy and sell a lot.

He does a good business in the town of Houston where he has lived since moving from Houlka many years ago. In policies, he can fire you, storm at you, flood you with expert knowledge, accidentally makes you sign and there you are—insured from Helena to breakfast. Will rent anything, anywhere, even his clothes. His life is one of ardent love for his friends and family—genial and pleasant and a man who sticketh closer than a brother, yea even a porous plaster. Indeed a man of help to the poor and needy—a big heart and purse for them all.

Mr. Walker is a Methodist, a Mason, Shriner and W. O. W. "Honesty is the best policy," is his motto and possibly his ambition is a hope that his policy holders will never die.

CURTIS REID WALKER

Optometrist.

Three miles east of Houlka, on August 9, 1872, Curt Walker sighted the first parents he ever had. After much blinking and twinkling, squinting and glinting, he recognized the family and settled back on the pillow in a calm realization of the important event. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Walker, never saw a better-looking specimen of roly-poly humanity; he was a spectacle that the people for miles around came to view with loving eyes and a snuffy kiss on his beautiful brow. Lachrymal effusions effused effusively while he was afflicted to all this limelight and with a big yell he told them to douse the calcium and take a slant at something else.

After many days he adjusted his eyes to the busy world about him and not the most minute object came into his vision that he didn't lamp it with the best focus he could bring to play upon the panorama. Every ray of light from the sun, every beam and every optical illusion of his boyhood, in their reflections and refractions, convergent and divergent, made an impression upon the retina of his eyes and being transformed to his brain thru the optic nerve, developed in him the science of Ophthalmics and a great desire to help the people "see" the happy and wonderful things of life.

At the Mississippi Normal College of Houston, he gained a good school education and making for himself the name of a far-sighted and an all-round pupil. In the school room the defective eyesight of the students, or to be dignified like Curt can "spread on" when talking in "specs," known as Astigmatism, impressed Doctor "Optokon" Walker with an inspiration of remedial and immediate attention upon the part of the patrons and health officials. Statistics show an awful lack of eye testing and necessary preventive for this dread disease. Anyhow, the paralysis of the eye is exactly a twin to your pocket book. So Curt hiked to the hedges and valleys of the country and made cross-eyes straight and straight eyes stronger. "Ten bones per each" was not a sad sight any way you look at it and now he is at Fulton making every peep count.

In 1890 he began work in a drug store in Atlanta, Ga., and since that time has traveled over many of the states in the picture business for a big Northern firm. From that he took up the study of Optometry and has made a success from the very start. He's got the nerve, the object in view and the function of winning.

In 1905, Miss Maggie Louise Martin, a very refined lady and Christian character, became his happy wife for thick or thin, or "I will and he wilted." Only two children have blessed this union, Winfield L. (deceased), and John Martin.

He is a Methodist and a Mason and lives the ambition of "To provide something for my family." A good man, a gentleman.

GARRETT LAFAYETTE WALKER

Optician

Once upon a time, way back in the pyramidal period of ancient history, a "young baby was born." Other babies were born, too, but none in all that land were so beautiful as young "Cap" Walker. The great pyramids looked down upon him and beheld the one and only certified wonder of the world. He grew and prospered and builded for himself a huge monument out of thousands of crossties, hewed in the land of the Sahara and constructed with a mathematical precision that only the true weather-eye of "Cap" could accomplish with the arithmetic of those centuries dead ago. It is the greatest engineering feat the world has ever known and nobody to this day knows the secret of his success but the Sphinx and "Cap" himself. A riddle that will never be solved so long as this big genius shall live.

When he tired of all this fame, a new thought struck him—a thing that would have wrecked the average man's brain, but not the wonderful Cap's. So he turns an astronomical eye toward the mirages and sandstorms of the Egyptian country and decides on a very "speck-tacular" object.

"Ah, but I'll be an optician, an optometrist, an eye operator—ay, ay, sir, the eyes of these deserted people need to be re-visioned. The glass peepers worn here are fakes, they ruin the cornucopia of their cosmopolitan and cause a balled-up condition of their sockets. Ah, me! I can fitem. A pebbled lens and a glass rim at ten bones per—ah, we can coin the spondulix! If my mother could only see me now."

Early next morning, "The Egyptian Enterprise" came out with a big box-car type advertisement of Cap's great microscopic, philosophic and Oliver Optic sight-seers. The patients poured in and it wasn't long before Cap's assortment was almost depleted. Everybody's eyes were wrong, everybody must have store fronts and together with the smooth memorized spiel and the low price of ten bucks per look, everybody bought and went their wobbly way seeing sights. He made money and is making money still. Today he can write a check for a bean and a half and then have a bank account of six bits left. Cap was some eye opener in those days and really he was the direct cause of Pharoah seeing so many locusts, frogs and vermin thru a seven-cent glass and a ninety-eight cent frame. He had those country people seeing more visions and impossible things than the world has ever known. The glasses of "Cap" enabled Moses to see the promised land and helped Caesar cast his die across the Rubicon. If Jacob had been supplied with some of Cap's extra guaranteed windows, he would have seen thru Laban's plot and likewise the brothers of Joseph would have known him when they first peeled their blinks in the land of famine. The Sphinx to this day wears the largest and costliest pair of specks that Cap has ever fitted in all of his wide experiences. Other "Optikons" had tried and failed. Cap was the man to deliver the goods.

The eloquence, the business manner, the earnest appeal and the wonderful spiels of Honorable Garrett Lafayette Walker, son of William L. and Janet Elizabeth Mollatt Walker, won for him the love of Miss Alma McCord, a lady of refined character and many accomplishments. They were married on December 4, 1904, at Houston. There are three living children who make "Poppy Cap" and "Mommy Cap" mighty happy in their cozy little home.

There is only one Cap Walker—there will never be another. Quaint, original, unique Cap. Big-hearted, kind, lovable. He is a Methodist, Mason, W. O. W., Tribe of Red Men and member Retail Clerks Union.

Cap is of Scotch-Irish ancestry, his people moving into Mississippi from Alabama and Georgia way back in the thirties. He attended the schools of Houlka and Houston until he was old enough to hit the trail for his lonesome. His first real work was in Houston, after his parents had moved to that place from the Walker farm southeast of Houlka, now the home of J. W. Hamilton. Cap's ambition is to be successful in life and loyal to his fellowman. "Onward and upward," is his motto. Quoting a part of his letter he says: "Beginning life with the dawn of the year 1878, I have made a steady march thru a jungle of thorns and a garden of roses. Sometimes the bitter cup has been sweetened—at others it has overflowed. I married when young; sallied forth on the sea of matrimony and have had a ten-year sail with the finest of weather and the sweetest of mates."

Everybody likes Cap. He's friendly, social, good-natured and always busy. Never too busy though to help a friend in need. Lastly, he is a man who does not adhere to the saying that number one comes first.

SAMUEL SIDNEY WALKER

Pharmacist.

Solemn Sid—timid Sidney—gloomy Samuel—grumpy Sam Sid, and reserved Samuel Sidney was born on May 23, 1891. His progenitors, Doctor and Mrs. W. C. Walker, wondered at such a quiet human in their family;

his brothers had been expert artists with the vocal chord and happy smiles, but here was Sid the silent, Sid the submissive, Sid the serene, the Sphinx, the serious, the sad and sedate Sid, somber, sorrowful, sluggish Sidney. Why wouldn't their son shine? The nature of the Walkers had gone wrong someway; blood wasn't running true to life.

After much "consulshun" with doctor-books and psychological authorities, Dr. Walker decided to "go-at" the renovation of that boy's silence and moroseness. In Schooner bottom were two goats, laden with the best Hoyt's perfume that could be bought at that time. The owner gave them as payment for "Doctor Bill" and they were brought to the glum kiddy at home, and at first he didn't take to their "odoriferous fragraney" with any happiness whatever. But somebody got fooled—that same Sam Sidney butted into the world of sunshine and smiles in two days and before three kicks and a jump he was the brightest whooping whizzer that ever whizzed in Houlka. He was Sid the sizzler, the scenic wonder of the town; smiles "smole" all over his face and he rode those goats from roof to treetops and from Lizzard Lope to Possum Trot like a whirlwind on fire at both ends. His picture, astride one of those goats, is an old album near me and if ever a boy looked happier, seated on the concrete backbone of a goat—well, he is yet to be born. From that day, Sid has been the jolliest, most good-natured, quick-witted, happiest and most pleasant young man that Houlka has produced in a long time. At repartee with anybody, he is Sidney who can come across. Jokes are his delight and he can deliver the goods any time and anywhere. If he fails to come back at you with a better one than you sent, I'll "settum up to the soda fount."

Sid's early education was obtained in the old Houlka schools and from the classroom he went to work in the Houlka Drug Company at the age of twelve. In this capacity Sid found his vocation in life and he has naturally grown into the pharmaceutical business with eagerness to learn more of its scientific principles and its fundamental applications to the chronic complaints of a gullible public. What he doesn't know about medicine—the Pharmacopoeia or Materia Medica supplies. Believe you, he's some pharmacist. Listen at him:

"Who's this camphor?" Sid looks at the bonehead waiting for the prescription and finally hears an answer of "Whud ud yer say?" with a mingled feeling of pestling his mortar box with a punch to the right and a dose of wood alcohol. That is a mere sample package and a rather weak solution. Hear him sometimes juggle his funny-bone with wit and wisdom and be satisfied with a laugh that will burst your face into happiness and split your side with joy.

Sid is a Methodist and M. W. of A. Holds the big ticket to funny land and carries the grip of the mighty mitten wherever he goes. Sid is the motto of "Let cheerfulness abound with industry," and the ambition of "If there be some weaker one, give me strength to help him on."

He is now working with E. P. Wilson in Houston, having worked in the Ritter Pharmacy for several months before taking his present position. He "compounds" a good salary and has the entire confidence of every citizen Chickasaw County can claim. That's some few, but everybody knows Sid. We can't help it—we love him and he loves us.

JAMES FRANKLIN WEEKS Assessor Pontotoc County

When Houlka waked into the morning of December 10th, 1877, another little visitor made his debut in the home of James Weeks and Frances Bowles Weeks, and immediately had the family to inscribe the name of James Franklin in the middle of the Bible, raising the property of the happy father and mother to the valuation of a million dollars.

His parents, both of English descent and born in Mississippi, were of limited means and when James Franklin was old enough to work on the farm, after the family had moved to Gershorm, four miles north of Houlka,

in 1878, he applied himself diligently and with midnight oil as his lonesome companion finished the prescribed courses in Cooper Institute, Troy, Algoma, Houlka and Houston. It was far from easy sailing for he had to work his way thru them all. Tenacity of purpose, a will of strong determination, encouragement from a few of his friends to keep on, and the enthusiasm he had for the learned lore of ages gone forever, were all great helps to mould his future into work well done. From the first of his schooling he followed the ambition of his soul: "To be the greatest possible use to mankind," and in all of his career the motto of, "Striving Upward" has been his daily thought and action.

When he was only nineteen he began teaching in the public schools of Pontotoc County and for fifteen years instructed the youth of that section with much credit to himself and to the delight and praise of all the patrons and pupils.

Then he became interested in politics and announced for tax assessor. Many of the students he had taught back in his school days were now ready to vote for him and did so to the tune of a big majority over four opponents. Altogether, his assessments are fair, showing good judgment and knowledge of property values. Besides this office of responsibility, he makes a good crop every year to help along the high cost of living. Not to raise it; but raze it every way he can. Frank is a quiet, easy going man. Friendly, member of church and W. O. W.

March 13, 1904, he was married to Miss Viola Stacy, a lady of splendid character and accomplishments, just the wife for deserving Frank. Three children, Gravett, Talmage and Mary Frances, are the happiness and pleasures of this loyal couple. In his rounds of the county, he finds many, (just like his brethren find in other counties), people who persist in singing, or at least hum in some way, the old song: "I Love To Tell a Story." Then comes, "For My House Is Worth Nothing Less" than exemption rates. He has all kinds of people to deal with—good people—some not so good and others very provoking to extreme misrepresentation.

DAVIS LEROY WELDON

Teacher of Farm Mechanics and Animal Husbandry

A letter from a lady in Brunswick, Tennessee, who signs herself as Kate L. Nichols, came to me, enclosing a nicely written sketch of Leroy Weldon. Quoting a few sentences from her interesting letter:

"I am sending a delayed sketch of our friend, Mr. Weldon, for your request really deserved a prompt reply and Mr. Weldon is a worthy subject, too.

"If God had given me a son like Leroy I would be a happy woman. I am glad that he is receiving recognition while he is young and ambitious, for appreciation is such a stimulus to young people. I wish I could tell you with glowing words how he is beloved by his co-laborers and how his work excites the admiration of us all."

The following is the life story which the kind lady sent me:

"Eight miles southeast of Houlka, on the Houston and Okolona road, there was born on August 15, 1891, a youth destined to be known among men before he was twenty-five. Davis Leroy Weldon, son of James Whitfield and Ellen Matilda Flaherty Weldon, is of Scotch-Irish descent. With those who first blazed the trail his ancestors came across the mountains from South Carolina and drifted down to Mississippi where they left their impress for honor and integrity in every community that they ever lived in.

"Losing his mother early in life, later his father, Leroy was reared by an aunt, Mrs. Mosely, who threw around him the best influences.

"He received early instruction in the Marion school, near Houlka, until at the age of sixteen, he entered the preparatory department at Mississippi A. and M. There he took a four-year course, graduating with Bachelor of Science Degree.

"In 1912 he entered the employ of B. H. Bull & Son, exporters and breeders of pure-bred Jersey cattle, Bramton, Ontario. 'Mid those vast herds of surging cattle, afar off on the shores of the Great Lakes, 'mid summer's shine and winter's blast, mingling with French-Canadian, Indian, Scotch and English, there came to him—still a boy in years—an experience richer and more varied than come to many men in a long life-time.

"On this trip he visited the cities of St. Louis, Chicago, (where he attended the National Dairy Show); two weeks in Toronto, at the Canadian National Exhibition; across the wild, unsettled regions of Ontario, between the cities of Toronto and Winnipeg, traveling hundreds of miles without seeing a dozen English-speaking people. From Winnipeg westward across the fertile provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, emerging from the Great Western plains at the city of Calgary, making minor stops at Regina, Moose Jaw and Medicine Hat. From Calgary he pushed on to the foot-hill country and across the mighty Rockies. There he viewed lakes fifteen feet in depth and clear as crystal, so clear that the smallest pebble might be seen perfectly at the bottom. He followed the Crow's Nest Pass on the Canadian and Pacific Railroad. The first stop on the coast was New Westminster, a suburb of Vancouver, where a week was spent very profitably at an agricultural show. Thence on to a Provincial Fair at Victoria. The return trip, across the continent, was made in the early part of October; just as the Great Northern plain was receiving its first layer of the great white blanket.

"Teacher of Farm Mechanics in Bolton College Agricultural-High School during the spring of 1913, he accepted the position of Assistant Agriculturist and teacher of Animal Husbandry for the full term of 1913 and 1914.

"His connection now with one of the best known and best equipped institutions in the South is but a well-deserved recognition of merit and ability.

"He is a young man of splendid promise, whose ambition is to attain the highest and best, and to incite others to seek the upward path."

All the Houlka people know Leroy as a model young man, moral, lovable. Never did anybody say wrong of him. Working his way from the very start, he has accomplished that which comes to those who persevere. A true and loyal member of the Church, a trustworthy gentleman. A man who doesn't trouble trouble and attends to that business which concerns himself and not the business of the other fellow.

Just twenty-eight miles by turnpike out from Memphis is the place of his work. From this work, no doubt, he will go higher in the ranks of his chosen profession.

JOSHUA RICE WILLIAMS

Physician and Surgeon

Two years after the Civil War, August 3, 1867, J. R. Williams was born 'midst the hills and valleys of old Red Land, four and one-half miles north of Houlka. Oliver Williams, his father, moved into Mississippi from Tennessee. Regina Cockrell Williams, his mother, came from South Carolina. Both are of pure Anglo-Saxon origin.

Rice, as his Houlka friends know him, was one of the older children in a large family of nine. Reared on a farm it was his "pleasure" to hoe the corn and chop the cotton along with the rest of the boys. Old man Ambition came along one day while young Rice was grubbing sprouts and left a little note of Opportunity. He seized it with both hands and immediately hurried off to College. In the year 1894, he was graduated from the University of Tennessee. In 1896, he completed the medical course at the University of Nashville, receiving high honors and being chosen as president of his class.

During the vacation months between 1893 and 1896, he practiced medicine in old Houlka with Doctor W. C. Walker as the senior partner. Going day and night he gained much valuable experience that enabled him to keep abreast with the great and wonderful progress of the medical fraternity.

November 26, 1896, Doctor Rice was happily married to Miss Nona Hobson, an excellent young lady of old Houlka. Felix T. and Regina Williams are the two children of this union. Some few years ago his wife died after a severe illness of several months duration.

Doctor Williams is well known in the Masonic work of Mississippi. He has served his home lodge at Houston as Worshipful Master for a number of years and was elected Grand Master of Masons for the year 1911, a position of high honor, demanding brilliancy and perfect working knowledge of all the great principles of Masonry. He was the ready man for the place and filled it with the entire satisfaction of all the Mississippi Masons and with much credit to himself.

He is a member of the Presbyterian Church, a Mystic Shriner, Odd Fellow, Knights of the Maccabees, Knights and Ladies of Honor, Knights of Pythias, Woodmen of the World, Woodmen Circle and Order of the Eastern Star. In them all he is a punctual, faithful member.

Doctor Rice does a big practice in the town of Houston and in the country adjacent. Enjoys the esteem and confidence of all his fellow men and is what the world calls a most successful man. Consistency, continuity of things undertaken and the spirit of keep-on-keeping-on has been the record of his life from his 'teens to mature manhood.

His ambition now is "to leave the world better than he found it." He has a unique motto that more people should think about in their daily lives, and not only think it but put it in practice: "It is easier to do anything right than to explain why you did it wrong."

JAMES LAFAYETTE WILLIAMS County Prosecuting Attorney.

Know all men by these presents, that the above-mentioned James L. Williams, alias "Jim," was born on November 9, 1877, in the domicile of Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Williams, in the County of Pontotoc, State of Mississippi, United States of America. Be it further spread over this sketch that the aforesaid, in county aforesaid, grew into his 'teens before he was bound over to Houlka, bringing from the aforesaid county, all the goods and chattels, hereditaments and appurtenances appertaining to freehold property in said county to said town by the said Jim Williams.

Be it further known, that the said Jim, after a brief school life in the said county of his birth, did without malice aforethought attend the school at Houlka, studying in said school divers and sundry literature, said lore being from time immemorial or into the period that the mind of man runneth not to the contrary notwithstanding still. No man ever accused him of contributory negligence—never an affidavit brought against him for misdemeanor; not once can a man show that the said Jim ever indulged in "writs of error," "waiver of issue" or ever did a deed under false pretences. He was always there with a smile, everybody loved him and he loved everybody! Common law procedure!

From the little Justice Court at Houlka he made an appeal to the higher court of the University of Mississippi. In the class room he was never in arrears, never put a plea for abatement of work, delved deep into the laws of Moses and Blackstone, always brought forth the evidence of hard study and the decision of the judges of his examinations found him guilty of a degree in the literary department and a second degree of Bachelor of Law.

After the sentence of "Well done, thou good and faithful Jim," had been passed on him by the Supreme Court of the aforementioned institution, he made a motion for a new trial of life in the town of Indianola, county of Sunflower, and State of Mississippi. After practicing law there for a while, swamped with clients with all kinds of cases, both criminal and civil, he announced his candidacy for County Attorney of aforesaid Sunflower. He was found guilty of 300 majority over W. D. Watts, by fair advantage and without malice for said opponent, on August 1st, 1911. In this capacity he is serving his constituents, and those who are not, with equal justice to all and

special privileges to none. Broad justice is his delight, and the quibbling technicalities of the law are an abomination. Cares not for public odium when he knows that he is right and knows that right will finally prevail. Testimony of his brilliance and his knowledge of humanity corroborate into the fact that he prosecutes his daily work with the proverbial strength of Gibraltar and with the unwavering spirit of never give up. Gives counsel to counsel—helps plaintiff and defendant.

Be it also inserted in the record of his life that the said Jim, for the term of seven years, was incarcerated as a teacher in the public schools of Pontotoc, Chickasaw, Winston and Jasper counties and also in the Indianola High school.

Be it further known to the people of Mississippi, that James L. Williams has a full vested title to the office of County Prosecuting Attorney, an estate in expectancy to some heir that may have some assigns on his heart and who he might want to be the administratrix of his household and also an estate in the aspiration of the Supreme Bench of Mississippi. Conditional limitations included thereof. Sunny Jim—the graceful Jim; the lovable Jim; manly Jim.

It is further known that the said or aforesaid Jim is a loyal Blue Stocking Presbyterian, K. T., 32 degrees, and Shriner. In all of them he lives up to the rules and regulations with all the zeal and enthusiasm of the public spirited man.

“Jim”—and that is the familiar appellation so much used by the Houlka people in speaking of him, and their words are always praise—will be “Jim” the perfect gentleman, if there ever was a perfect man from Houlka, until he passes into the judgment of the Higher Court where legal transactions are void and where he will plead his last plea for the life of the aforementioned, aforesaid James L. Williams. If you should have the pleasure of going into his office, you will hear him humming the old familiar tunes of “When My Neighbor’s Trials Are O’er” I will not “Resent Fee.” Or “Nearer Thy Wad To Me,” for “I Defend ‘em All.”

In proof whereof for the foregoing, an outline of this man’s life personally appeared before me in the shape of a letter from the above-mentioned Jim, and hereby make solemn affirmation that the foregoing brief of this man’s activities since his birth, is true according to law and to the best of my knowledge and belief. In witness whereof, is an Underwood typewriter, sworn and transcribed before me, this tenth day of March, A. D., (or after dark), nineteen thousand and fourteen.

OLIVER COCKRELL WILLIAMS

Medical Doctor.

Some time between 1800 and 1900, “Ol” Williams, as the Houlka people know him, was born into the home of Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Williams, near the little village of Red Land, Pontotoc county.

Working on the farm during the crop season and attending the public schools during the few months of winter, he grew up into a youth of great physical endurance—the champion muscle of all the boydom activities at that time.

A strong ambition to be a doctor developed into a reality in the University of Tennessee, and after he graduated there with honors, he began the practice of that great profession in his home town of Houlka and vicinity. Later he moved to West Helena, Ark., and resumed his practice under the firm name of Williams & Rogers, 2251-2 Plaza street. There he enjoys a large practice among the good people of that town and effects many wonderful cures of suffering humanity. He is highly esteemed by the citizens of that growing suburb, and is rapidly making a wide reputation as a most skilful medical man.

Doctor Ol was married to Miss Mary Florence Robards in the year 1900—the ideal of his dreams and the one woman he was proud to call his wife and

the mother of three bright children—Oliver Robards, Robert Henry and Mary Florence.

He is a regular and loyal member of the Presbyterian Church, also of a few well-known fraternal societies. Ready at any time in the day or night to help those in distress, he lives peacefully with his devoted family in the true fellowship of home life and human endeavor. Lifts himself above the grovelling passions of the rabble and lives nobly to the duties of the Divine Doctor who went about the earth healing the lame and the sick.

PAUL DAVIS WILLIAMS Mobile & Ohio Station Agent.

Good old "Possel Paul" made his debut in the great county of Chickasaw way back in the prehistoric days of America. Inscriptions on some old stones that were found near the town of Van Vleet tell of his birth on August 8, 1887. Born at an "early age," he soon learned to toot a horn and take up imaginary tickets from the chickens and pigs. Miniature railroads kept the yard of his home torn into trenches, fills and cuts. Spools, wheels and everything resembling rolling stock were joined together in regular railway style. He dreamed of trains, drew pictures of engines, thought only of the rattle and rush of the monster moguls that quivered from the touch of the engineer at the throttle and shot through the towns and villages like an iron ball speeding from the mouth of a Gatling cannon.

Growing older, he attended the rural schools of his town and kept his teachers doing the "humpty-strut" to keep up with this young railroad man. He was some fast train in his books, rushing through them without wreck or mishap. Never stopping for coal or water and on time at every call. Mighty trains of thought ran through his brain as the engines of his body gathered momentum for a steady pull over the steep grades of life.

For a few sessions he attended the High School at Houlka. In 1903, he began work for the Mobile & Ohio mudline railroad as a telegraph operator at Van Vleet. His work was efficient and well up to the high standard of M. & O. operators. His salary was increased after months of work well done and now he is Freight and Passenger Agent for the same peavine branch at Calhoun City.

On September 8, 1909, he was married to Miss Antoinette Gates, of Okolona, a lady of splendid character and rare accomplishments. Paul is a "popper" now, and his father and mother, Fife Williams and Virgie Davis Williams, are as proud of their little grandson, Richard Gates Williams, as grandparents could ever be. Paul is a member of the Baptist Church, a W. O. W. and a member of the Railroad Telegraphers Union. His ambition is to be a prominent railroad man, own a private car and leaning back in a plush chair, he can dangle his little man on his knees and with a fifty-cent El Commercio 45 degrees north he can day-dream of the time when he listened to the click of the keys and sold tickets for a living. Paul is a true Christian gentleman and a moral young man in every sense of the word. Has no bad habits and if there was ever a quieter boy this side of Jordan, he is yet to be born.

ROBERT SAMUEL WILSON Government Agricultural Agent.

R. S. Wilson was born at Van Vleet, Miss., July 16, 1875. He was the fourth son of William Hamilton Wilson and Eleanor Jane Mauldin Wilson, both of Scotch-Irish descent, and moved to Mississippi when quite young from South Carolina. Both died when Sam was a very small boy, not only leaving him with very little means, but also the responsibility of assisting in the support of a dependent family, including an afflicted sister who never walked in her short life of nineteen years. Under these circumstances it naturally followed that Mr. Wilson's early opportunities were very meager.

From the time he was thirteen years old until he was twenty-two he attended only three school terms of from two to four months each. His life, although in the face of these difficulties, was far from being a gloomy one, for he had the happy faculty of getting a lot of fun out of life in spite of the disadvantages. A cheerful disposition has always been his greatest asset in the life he lives. He always arranged to keep a good pack of dogs and after a hard day of manual labor, would thoroughly enjoy chasing the elusive opossum and the festive raccoon until the wee hours of the night. When approaching manhood he was considered almost indispensable at the country log rolling and the social function that went along with it. If the man across a log from Sam could come up level without a grunt he was some man.

Few with whom he came in contact dreamed that he was continually chafing and longing for the educational advantages and opportunities of life that fell to the lot of his more fortunate acquaintances. At the age of twenty-two, having lost his afflicted sister and finding himself without home ties, he started out in search for success in a busy bustling world, a hope he had always cherished from the beginning. Being equipped for nothing else he hired himself to Mr. W. M. Holliday, near Houlka, as a common farm laborer. For eleven months he labored, proud in the possession of the ten dollars per month and board that he drew. But this was not all that he gained in this year's experience. To the moral influence of associating with this splendid Christian gentleman, in whose home he lived, he attributes more credit for future success than the much needed dollars that he earned as pay for his services. By stinting himself in the actual necessities of life, he accumulated during this year enough money so that by living at the home of his brother and paying a nominal board in cash and the remainder by doing chores at night, morning and Saturdays, he was able to attend the Houlka High School for about seven months. He did not finish the session, however, as his eyes could not stand the strain to which they were subjected during the late hours with imperfect light. Having been a close student at home, he was able at the end of this seven months to stand the County examination and secure a first grade license to teach.

Returning to manual labor until the following fall he secured the principalship of the Mount Zion school a few miles west of Houlka, and taught there for one session. He frankly admits that this is the only bunch of kale that he ever drew in his life that he did not earn. No reflection on the school whatever. He declined re-election until he had secured a regular course in some reputable college. Then Mount Zion was too small to think about going back to teach.

To get a college education at the age of twenty-three with less than one hundred dollars in his jeans was not a problem of easy solution. About this time Mr. Wilson, by accident, attended a farmer's institute conducted by representatives of the A. and M. College. These gentlemen inspired Sam with their able talks and he listened with about the same feeling that a hungry waif has when he looks through the show window of a restaurant. Prof. Wilburn happened to mention a young man of his acquaintance who came to college without money; worked his way through and had made quite a reputation in the world of science. This was a revelation to Sam, and offered an opportunity too good to be missed. He did not even wait for the school to open; but at once packed up his bandana and drove sixteen miles to a railroad. With just enough money to buy a uniform, books, matriculation fee and one month deposit for board, he began work as a twenty-four-year-old "Prep." He made up the entire nine months in three and entered the second year as full Freshman. For five years he remained in college paying all of his expenses and graduating in June, 1904, with high honors. In addition to this, he attended the meetings of the Dialectic Literary Society, holding at one time or other every office up to president and anniversarian. Besides this, he was treasurer of the Y. M. C. A. for one year. In four seasons he missed only one game on the 'varsity football team. When the team was engaged in mopping up with other colleges everybody knew who was playing left tackle without looking. They knew "Old Big Wilson" was on the job. The secret of all this success is fully told by a characteristic remark of the lamented Dr. W. H. Magruder. Mr. Wilson after winning the Freshman

Declamation medal and the Dialectic Sophomore Debate medal, succeeded in winning the Magruder medal for the best original address in the Sophomore class. Expressing his thanks and high appreciation of the honor bestowed upon him, Dr. Magruder replied: "I am glad you got it, Wilson, for you deserve it. But don't get it into your head that you are unusually bright, for you are not. You have succeeded here by hard work and that is what you will always have to do." Mr. Wilson accepted this piece of advice in characteristic good humor and has adopted it as the keynote of his life.

After graduating he spent one year with the State Experiment Station after which he retired to private business. In February, 1907, he was employed by the U. S. Department of Agriculture in what is known as the Farmers' Co-operative Demonstration Work. This work attempts by actual tests on individual farms to convince farmers of the effectiveness of scientific methods in farming. The farmer is not asked to accept the opinion of the government representative, but is given an opportunity to cultivate a portion of his farm under the direction of the agent and see for himself whether or not his profits are increased. In counties where this work is carried on one such demonstration is located in each community as an object lesson, not only for the benefit of the farmer on whose land it is located, but also for his neighbors. Field meetings are held on these demonstration plots and the farmers in the community are invited to come and inspect the work and discuss details with the agent of the government. This work was originated in Texas by the late Dr. S. A. Knapp in a small way to combat the ravages of the Mexican boll weevil, but owing to the success of the work and the demand for it by all the progressive farmers, it has been extended throughout the South, and now there is a movement in Congress to extend it to every part of the United States. Mr. Wilson accepted at first a subordinate position, but has been promoted very rapidly until he now has charge of all this work in the State of Mississippi. Over forty men employed by the U. S. Government are under his direction and report their work to him. He is an enthusiast with regard to this work, and sees great visions of its future. Under his careful guidance the work has come to stand not only for better methods of cultivation for certain crops, but stands for a better general system, better soils, better homes and better rural civilization. The demonstration farms are used only as a nucleus around which to work for general rural improvement.

Besides his regular official duties, Mr. Wilson is called upon to do a great amount of agricultural lecture work. By no means a Prentiss, his efforts along this line are characterized by an earnest desire to give facts in as few words possible. He gets right down to the subsoil and talks straight, looking you in the eye and driving every fact home in a plain convincing manner. He means business and farmers profit thereby when they listen to his lectures of common sense explanation. Although his work has been thousands of dollars to the farmers of Mississippi, and has been complimented frequently by Congressmen and other high officials of the government, he says that the compliment that he appreciates most was paid him by an illiterate North Alabama farmer. After listening to one of Mr. Wilson's plain simple talks of about forty minutes' length, the old farmer rushed up, shook his hand and said: "You warn't cut out for no speaker but you shore do tell something every time you open your mouth."

On December 12, 1911, he was happily married to Miss Fannie Maude Gunter, the beautiful daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Gunter, of Columbus, Miss., and a member of a large and popular family of that place. The marriage was an unusually fortunate one and a happier home would be hard to find. The union has been blessed by the birth of one child, Eleanor Frances Wilson, a handsome, rollicking red-headed girl fifteen months old and the winner of the grand sweepstakes prize at the recent Better Baby Contest, held at Columbus, in which many babies participated.

Mr. Wilson is a member of the Methodist Church and has been for two years a Steward in the First Church at Columbus. Houlka is proud of Sam and the great work he is doing for the uplift of the common weal. Withal a successful man.

JEVA WINTER

Educator

Since April 18, 1881, Winter has been with us—not the “blizzing blizz,” but good old warm-hearted Jeva. His birthplace was in a little home near Reid, Miss., where his parents, John William and Charlotte Price Winter, lived before moving to Houlka some time in the early nineties.

Here, Jeva helped do the farm work and ginning for a few years, in the meantime, attending the regular terms of the village school. He diligently applied himself to every task and led his classes during the completion of the limited curriculum with much rapidity and thoroughness.

From Houlka, Jeva went to the Mississippi Normal College at Houston and by close attention to duty graduated with honors. After a few weeks he procured a license and began to teach the three R's in various schools of Chickasaw and adjoining counties. Under his guidance, the school at Mantee sprang into notoriety as if by magic. A big new building and many boarders, besides dozens of educable children that had never enjoyed a good school in that vicinity were the results of his patience and continued perseverance.

Athletics interested him from the very first, and he knew that by instilling the spirit of the game in the pupils, better work would naturally be accomplished. He coached the teams, played with his pupils and always conducted the games in a true sportsmanlike manner. In every form of this activity, his teams were highly successful and the exercise increased the mental ability of his students three-fold. Jeva is an all-round player in all the sports of the athletic field—a good pitcher, first baseman and fielder. Just any part suits him, and my! it's farewell, popper, when he hits a baseball square on the nose. Get another ball, is the next yelp from the opposing pitcher.

On October 25, 1905, he was married to Miss Della Worrell, daughter of Uncle Billy Worrell, the one-time popular hotel man of Houlka. She is a most excellent lady of fine intellectual ability and social pleasantries, and since their marriage has helped Jeva in the class room and in the home—working always to advance both in the knowledge of educating others—and to that end they are striving faithfully and successfully.

Two children bless the home of this family and go to make father and mother very happy and ambitious.

Professor Winter is a graduate of the University of Mississippi, finishing the regular four-year Pedagogical course in the year 1912, after three years of hard study and “sticktoitness”—a thing that very few students do in three years time. In his Senior year, he was an instructor in the department of Physics, teaching and preparing experimental tests in the laboratories of the lamented John Wesley Johnson.

It was the pleasure of many of us college boys to spend Sunday with Professor and Mrs. Winter in their little University cottage back of the campus proper and to enjoy the good old home cooking always to be found in their happy home. A change from sawdust, salve, zip, bullets, gristle and sinkers was always welcome. It was a day of happiness and many of the boys will remember the jolly good times we had with this family after days and days of grinding the bone.

Jeva is a Methodist and a Mason—loyal to both and ever ready to respond when duty calls. All through his college career and throughout his whole life he has stood for high ideals and square to the right, fighting every inch for his sincere convictions and coming out victorious and untainted in every case. The activities of college life saw Jeva right in the middle, helping put down this and pushing that, until the boys knew him as a wide-awake, liberal and broad-minded man.

“To be a help to humanity” is his ambition, and that is exactly the life he is living today. His motto is, “Do unto others as I would that they should do unto me.”

Jeva's school life has been his happy days, for he has known the wiles of all school boys in their devious ways to avoid study. He has snapped to

go for water and wood and to play mumble-peg before returning with what he had no idea of ever bringing—especially if the wood was uncut and the well too far. It's the road of all school boys and he had his fun just like the rest of us. His pals were the old blue-back speller and McGuffey's readers. White's, Robinson's and Ray's Higher were "figgered" from addition to pi and from pi to logarithms. Then a trip through the poverty-stricken pages of Wentworth's trigonometrical pauperisms and mystical mortifications of Euclidian and Newtonian enigmas until his brain almost flew off at a tangent into the Rigid Dynamics of Indeterminate Co-efficients. But he mastered the thing and right now he can count up to a hundred and one and add four cows to seven sheep with a mathematical exactness, horizontally, perpendicularly, vertically, anyway, anytime, even to the tenth part of a circulating decimal.

He is now teaching young ideas how to shoot, at Thorn, Miss., a little school way down in Calhoun county. There, he is making progress that characterized his work at other schools. He will, no doubt, be heard from in the educational advancement of Mississippi. Kind, accommodating, worthy of any trust and a friend to man.

JOHN DeCAMP WINTER. Medical Doctor.

John D., the younger brother of the man just preceding, was born on January 29, 1886, in the little village of Houlika. Another great medical man had come into the world to practice one of the highest professions known to civilization. He grew and waxed strong in the use of farm implements and in the general work about his father's home. He liked to pick out splinters and see the other fellow take castor oil—hence a decision to delve deeper into the many mysteries of a human being; to find the remedy for the different forms of suffering, and by close attention to every detail make for himself a good name in the world of medicine.

From 1891 to 1902, he was a regular student in the High School of his home town, completing the higher texts with much credit. Indulged in all the athletics among the boys and helped materially in the big concerts so numerous in the happy days of the long ago. Then in the year 1903, he went to the Agricultural and Mechanical College at Starkville and industriously worked thru the sessions of '03 and '04—'04 and '05.

Few months later, John D. went to the University of Nashville and began his medical course. His record in that school was remarkable—his reputation went abroad and Houlika began to puff up with pride for her son. Even before he graduated in April, 1909, he passed the State Board of Medical Examiners with either the highest mark or along with the very first who did climb over.

Two years before he graduated from the Medical College, Doctor John began a few experiments on the people of Judah in Pontotoc County, about April 15, 1907. That is always necessary in the profession, for they must start on somebody and generally do as good doctoring as can be found in any part of the country. So with his pockets full of Doan's Regulets, Fletcher's Castoria, Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound, Thedford's Black Draught, Hostetter's Almanac, Peruna, Swamp Root, Simmon's Regulator, Tichenor's Antiseptic and various other "yerbs" and potions to ease the mind of the dying, he rode his way thru the jungles doing good. And the remarkable thing about it all, they are still living and happy in the praises of the young Doctor Winter. He made good from the very "off startin'" and is continuing his good work in the town of Lambert, in the Mississippi delta, where he moved in May, 1910, from Judah.

February 13, 1910, Doctor Winter was married to Miss Lela Myrtle Gillespie, a young lady of fine character and beauty. One child, James William Winter, is the center of this devoted couple's happiness and life.

Doctor Winter's motto is: "At all times be a man." The very life he lives shows this characteristic trait and all of the Lambert people think of him as their close and confidential friend. His ambition is: "To make the

best of life." Thru all of his life, he has made the most of it and lives happily whatever comes or goes. He is a great hunter and hundreds of coons and other fur-bearing animals have unknowingly trapped themselves in the hidden snares placed in holes and logs of Schooner bottom. From this he commands a good revenue from fur companies. He is a manly man—a friendly man—a Christian man.

WILLIAM WASHINGTON WOOTEN Progressive Farmer

In Fairfield District, South Carolina, when the old red hills and gullies were glistening in the shimmering heat of a sultry summer sun, and the clouds of war were about to burst into the rattle and roar of Fort Sumpter, there was born a little boy into the humble home of James A. and Martha Robinson Wooten, on the 12th day of July, 1858. That boy was "Coby" Wooten.

One year after the war he moved to Lee County in Mississippi and after one year of farm work he moved to Chickasaw, near Okolona, 1867, and for a few years tilled the prairie lands of that section with the average success of the farmers at that time. Then in 1874 he moved to a farm near Houlka and made crops every year until about 1899 or 1900, when he was employed by Mrs. Sallie A. Harrill to look after the business about the home place while her son, O. M. Harrill, was in Washington. For a few years he attended to this work with perfect satisfaction, living as a member of the family in all the pleasantness of a man of his character and gentlemanly conduct. In all the affairs of the town he was a helping hand, and in the meeting of the Masonic Lodge and the Woodmen of the World he lived into its work with all the happiness of brotherhood and good will to man that a man like "Coby" Wooten could easily do. Always had a good word and a smile for everybody.

It was my pleasure to sit up way into the midnight oil and listen to the weird tales he would tell of the old days in the Carolinas—my hair standing on "tiptoes" as the ghostly apparitions unfolded themselves from his tongue. Tobacco tags were valuable in those days and he "chewed" Schnapps until his mouth ran red with artesian velocity just to give me the tags.

On March 13, 1902, he and Miss Ava Brown came to a definite conclusion and the lives of this devoted couple were joined into one forever and forever. She is a very industrious lady of Christian character and the proud mother of four children, Walker, Oscar, Bernard and Mattie. Living on the farm in Calhoun, near Vardaman, Miss., they make Daddy "Coby" the happiest man in all the world.

Mr. Wooten, or "Ooten" as some call him, is a member of the Baptist Church. In his good letter he says that, "It has always been my aim to do all the good I can and as little harm as possible. Houlka seems like home to me and when I am there on a visit the memories of the long ago come back to me and make me feel that no place is so dear as Houlka and its people."

WHIMS—FANCIES—ECCENTRICITIES

In no place is there to be found more curious, whimsical, cosmopolitan concourse of human nature than in the church. People of all classes, humors, gloomers, grouches, grumps, smilers, optimisms, pessimisms, conservatives, radicals, saints, sinners, reverent and non-reverent, some to show off, others to see, many to speculate, a few to pass away the time, two or three to laugh and talk, some to snore and some to worship.

Take for instance, a service at evening time, when the visiting minister is exhorting on one of his "memorized" sermons. The occasion happens to be on Sunday night, the last service of the protracted meeting. The church is crowded—many have joined—others are on the brink—a few pass up and down the aisles, throwing their arms about "cousins" and beseeching them to hustle up to the mourning bench. It is the only chance some poor soul has to play hands with a friend as she proceeds to wash them with her forced tears and looks "so appealing like" right down into his liver. More go up through this sort of stuff on pure politeness and gallantry than really would go otherwise.

We will say that this meeting exists in mind only, therefore it has no direct reference to any denomination, creed, community or people. Such meetings, though, happen the year round in almost every town and if the wooden pulpit could speak, it might tell a tale untold.

Let's begin with "Miss Rhubbur Kneck" who is always at every service with her brother, father, mother, cousin, aunt, uncle-in-law and out-of-laws. Everybody who comes in, the neck twists around and the eyes likewise. The congregation assembles, some quietly, others with scrapes and drags. "Old Reverend Kaint Stopp," the visiting preacher, takes his ease on a sofa behind the pulpit. Then comes "Ole Miz Skandull Toater" with "Miss Gadabout Gossipp" and her little sister "Teller Tale." "Ole Thinggumbob Snifflewiper" and his brother "Kernel Whippersnapper" come shuffling in, followed by "Mister Hym Hiester" and "Mister Trubbul Maikor." On the other side comes "Miss Dimpul Cheak" and "Miss Dimun Whring" with their friends "Miss Powdir Dabbur" and "Miss Painter Faice." Then "Miss Hunnie Fuzzle" trips in with "Miss Hiegh Steppur" and her sister, "Miss Hobbill Skurt," and her cousin "Miss Side Splittum." Just before the services begin, in comes "Old Sleap Lait" with "Mister Slow Poake" and his friend, "Klodde Hopper." With a rush "Miss Wrussel Heatherbloom Skyr" and her sister, "Miss Bussell Padd," sit noisily down beside "Miz Forrin Hair" and "Miss Prissie Priss." The song is announced and the "Choir Invisible" rises into a singing pitch. A few rusty lips begin to tear loose with an "Amazing Face, What An Awful Sound, That Raved On A Stretch" of uneasiness and finally died into a murmur of relief. "Old Brother Amen Korner" is called on to give his same old prayer—so long that God gets tired listening and goes on about His business in another church. After the old man has prayed for every living soul he can think of, he begins on the dead ones; all the time asking the Lord for more than anybody in the world deserves or will ever get. He prays "make us thankful" stuff, when it is the duty of all to be thankful and not ask Him to "make us" do thus and so. Many go into sleep of natural monotony and others find time to see what the women have on and what they haven't got on. A few find time to arrange some innocent hooks and eyes and especially "Miss Pinnye Plackett" who is afraid the poor thing will come loose. "Miss Pianner Slammer" unconsciously touches a key and the man who is praying takes it as a hint to wind up and leave the rest until next time.

The preacher now "takes his text" and the members settle back into thoughts a hundred miles away. They leave it with him, thinking he is capable to handle the subject, for he "has been paid" to do so and they let him rip, rear and roar until their nap is out and then get to squirming for him to quit. Just at this period he doesn't care to quit and the squirming becomes a fidget. "Old Backker Chawer" and "Granny Snuff Dippur" find a crack to "squirt at" and "Uncle Tum Tum Komplaint" sitting near "Major Whiskey Soke" begins to grunt in unison with "Mrs. Tootzie Wootzie's"



Main View Ferguson-Palmer Lumber Mill.



New Lumber Yard Ferguson-Palmer Co., of Paducah, Ky.

"Whiney Kidd" and finally gets up and shuffles out to "see about the horses." "Miss La Valliere" and her sister "Miss Kutter Dashe" whisper audibly and "Old Bro. Lasses Sopper" pulls out his watch to see how many more hours he must do without food. With a snap it closes to the quivering shock of "Miss Nervous Recke" and to the last words of the preacher.

While the sleepy choir sings the time-worn joke of "Some Day We Will Understand," the deacons take up the collection. More fidgeting. It was in this pocket and that pocket and the other pocket; but now the nickel can't be found. The only piece available is a lone copper cent—the continual joy of a collection plate. "Ole Klose Fist" and "Ain't Gotter Cent" are always there. "Old Uncle Kold Shoulder" looks out the window when the hat is passed his way and "Old Tite Wadd" looks longingly down into the hat and grumbles to himself that the minister "Is gittin it all." The man who begrudges what little the pastor does get, should try living for a year on his meagre income. But "Ole Mister Struckit Rich" and young "Dollar Bill" come to the rescue of the perishing and flip in some crisps that you can hear "crisping." The preacher is watching every move with an eagle eye and when he hears an eagle flapping you can see his lips making a noise like biscuit and ham. The choir then jumps into the song, "Gather Them In," while part of the audience murmur, "How Shall We Escape?" Very few sing "Pass Me Not," for as bad as they hate to give it up, the best plan is to "Remit Fee" and be done with it. Old farmers think more about "Will There Be Any Crops On My Ground" and the proverbial pun of "My Calf Has Never Yet Been Sold" than they do fussing over religion. In the meantime some one of the choir is grabbing frantically for a "Lost Chord" while the others are vociferously and screamingly vocalizing on "More Than Their Tongues Can Yell." Young "Miss Airgrette Feather" is doing the best she can on the rat infested organ, while the rest of the young "Honey Loves" are wishing she would make a mistake and inwardly commenting about her position on the organ stool. Babies are whining for bread or to go home. From some little bag the mother brings to his mouth a big "hoe cake" or a tea cake and the "sweet thing" munches to his "tum" content. Several men are waking from the soothing sermon. Into pockets they go for tobacco and many have their cigarette rolled ready to be lighted when the service is over. Converts stand about awkwardly—scared speechless. Beads of perspiration hang about their necks. The general handshaking begins and half the hands you meet give no response—awful, awful, never owned a grip in their lives. When will they get thru, thinks the housewife who just knows that she will have to "Knead Her Lily Flour" again when she gets home and that the old hen is burning to a cinder right that minute. The old "Stay-at-home" who "Took His Wife To Let Her See" hopes she has seen it all and then worries her for the next month about not knowing the text preached from; but still she knows just to the thread what "Miss Changeable Silk" and "Mrs. Spangull Wrufful" had on. "Miss Oald Made" looks disgustingly at some of the husbands the "fool wimmin" chose for their "Everlasting Harms." "Messrs. Muttin Hedd, Holler Hedd, Bigg Hedd, Whisker Fuzz, Piddul Doer, Piffle Puffer, Kalamity Howler, Bone Hedde, Kuss Wurde, Poar Mee, Dollar Grabber, Akin Paine, Hott Haid, Simpul Mynd, Will Worrie, Skinfint, Setter Down, Lazy Knocker, Krissmus Spree and Bigg Eye" are all there possibly for the first and maybe the last time. The sermon didn't agree with them and he was not the right kind of a preacher anyhow. The minister gets it in the neck, back and side; finally he goes to heaven, plays around the throne and pityingly watches his former members work the crops in the fertile fields of Kingdom Come. Many thoughts as to the other fellow's religion think themselves into a frenzy during the sermon. How can this man go to heaven and how that one will shoot "lickitum split" to roaring ruins below. Each thinks himself "a shore ticket" for the pearly portals above; never considering the punches they will get on the road. The other fellow is not a member of this or that church and therefore he is gone forever. This seems to be an almost universal thought—that the other fellow, unless he belongs to "My Church" will never eat ambrosia. It's silly to the extreme. Not all believe this; there are many liberal people besides the bunch of "narrows." Some say the other fellow does not read his

Bible right. What's the use of fussing? For a dollar you can buy "absolute proof" that your way is the only way.

But back to the meeting. The tune "hiesters" have finished. The parson pronounces the benediction as he looks thru the ceiling trying to find God to listen. The congregation is relieved, and so is God.

The meeting being at night not so many were asked to "go home with me." But think about the close of a Sunday morning service. The sermon is forgotten in the rush of invitations. They let loose and more than half don't mean it but do so just to have something to say. More than half get stung. You rush home to "fix" and think in great long lurid phrases just why you asked so many home with you. You hustle thru the pantry for extras—the wood is wet and the biscuit won't rise—the cook is gone—everything is wrong—the milk is sour—the butter needs support, and here they come in the front gate. With a thousand and two apologies you scatter all thru the dinner and watch closely for something that might go crooked. To get the guests' mouth just as far from a biscuit as possible, you and your husband chat of things "furrin" and slyly wink at the kids to be quiet with words of "What is the matter with this and that."

While they are chewing as carefully as they can according to life insurance regulations, we go back to the church and see the crowd disperse. Instead of going right home many of the good old souls have to deliver a series of kisses. As you hurry out some old lady snatches your arm and with her snuff dripping from the corners of her mouth she raises herself in a puckering attitude and plants the smack square at you. You turn your cheek to catch the dose and stiff arm the "old thing" with all your might. After you have told her all the history of the family in answer to her million questions she delivers one more "calamity" right on your mouth. Out the door you first think of "spattooing" but reconcile yourself with a rub of a handkerchief that is smaller than the kisses just prescribed. At last the people shuffle homeward and not half of them so hungry as they thought for just before the sermon closed.

The meal is about down now and after the "rehashments" are served they gather on the front porch for a discussion of everybody and everything. You begin at the beginning and go to the end—then from end to beginning and next from the middle both ways. You take a drink of water and start all over again. Think you, "Will they ever go home." Your shoes pinch and your new clothes don't feel good. Honest, cross your heart, don't you think such thoughts? But they stay for supper. What cruelty to animals! Then all assemble at the supper table. You sigh more excuses about the edition of the "Review of Reviews." The guests are called on one by one until some nerry man sympathetically and graciously begins: "O Lord, it is the same thing we had for dinner. Be with us in times of famine. Save our bodies from junk and revive us again." They stay over night and not a spare bed. "O Why Do They Wait." The davenport is the only "Refuge" and a very present help in time of sleep. You spend a restless night trying to think up a suitable breakfast. Now we leave them with you and bless you for thou art the chosen children.

FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!

Just as this book was about ready to go to press the most disastrous fire Houlka has ever known occurred on the morning of March 17, 1914. The fire was discovered coming from either T. J. Phillips or Green & Combs brick buildings. Hundreds of people responded to the alarm of a thousand guns and saved some of the stock from the different stores. The loss was over \$75,000 and only partially covered by insurance. The losers are, T. J. Phillips & Sons, Green & Combs; O. M. Harrill, J. E. Cobb and J. C. Beasley; L. A. Turner, Howard Roberts, Ashkenaz and Ross Kimbrough. Two of the wooden stores belonging to W. H. Griffin and J. W. H. Baskin. The Houlka Hardware and Furniture Co. lost heavily; but are coming back again with a modern fireproof steel building. IF. IF. IF. IF. IF.

THE BLIND TIGER BANQUET

If you make a noise like a dollar, a blind tiger will open his eyes. Dollars made so many noises before Christmas the tiger didn't have time to go blind. When the eagle screamed he heard it.

So it came to pass that all the whiskies roundabout decided to call a banquet to celebrate the profits of the season—the season being 369 days long. The year had been one continual jag on a spree. Men had doped to death from supposed to be guaranteed “pure food.” Therefore the reason of rejoicing, they had made money and destroyed homes—what did they care—that was their plan—their ambition.

Old Hayner and I. W. Harper, the great grandfathers of booze, had their stenographer, Jack Ratlin, who lived down on the Yannissee near Redway pike and whose father, Jo Blackburn, owned the little Red Mill at the Catawba Port, to notify all the family in the great nation of RUM to be present in good old Bourbon, Kentucky State, where the Wurzburger flows under the Anheuser-Busch.

Just out of Bourbon the meeting would take place on Sunnybrook farm and before Sundown all the Specials and especially the Yazoo Special were made up in the centers of whiskey traffic. Some came from the Hermitage, Yellowstone, Cedar Brook, Green River, Runnymede, Clark River, Gannymede, Memphis Springs, Beale Avenue and Oakwood, on engine 444, fired by Old Pepper and throttled by Johnny Walker. Liquor flowed freely—corks were drawn and everything was in a fizzing and effervescent exhilaration.

Louis 66 was master of ceremonies, with Old Peter Cooper, Old Grandad, Old Overholt and Old Taylor as his Cabinet. The Clubs, Chickasaw, Canadian, Murray Hill, Gayoso and Crescent were all there from the same VAT in “Jimmyjohns,” “suitcases,” pints, quarts and gallons. A Silver Cloud hovered over the little Mossy Dell banquet hall that looked as if it were a Cascade of neclared sunshine blushing in the mingled sweetness of golden happiness. Lincoln Springs sparkled from the Red Cliff of the Oaklawn mansion. The Wayside Inn was full to the brim with the Pride of Kentucky and the Upper Crust of Crystal Glenn and Greenwood. The old soldiers from Seven Pines and the Greenbrier band marched in with Old Jefferson from Monticello and John Paul Jones from Lake Madeira. All wore Four Roses in lapels and the Morning Smile with which all Cordial men greet their friends. Old Plantation colonels were there, wishing each other Good Luck with their distilleries for the next year's destruction of life and property. Old King of the the Woods was there with his faithful watchdog, Old Nero, and Forty Nine other brands that he had gathered from the wildcat worms in the quiet of the night.

Sitting about the Green Lawn of the open air hall were now gathered all the Cream of Kentucky with a Pabst Blue Ribbon flowing in the silken breeze. The chairman arose and delivered by the “express” wish of the Big Four, Sambucetti, Baumgarten, Jones Supply and Old Guckenheimer, the 101 Proof reasons of the Why-Not of Whiskey-Straight. Glasses tinkled as the Old Quaker held his wine high and in a Mellow Grain tone “drank the health” of Old Jordan, while the Old Owl and Old Crow of only Three Feathers sat blinking on a nearby Oak Branch. Old Dominick made a very eloquent talk on Copper Kettle distilling, how he was Bottled in Bond and how he made twenty-five barrels of chemical death out of one barrel of Kentucky Corn; Manhattan Cocktail reeled the audience with his knowledge of the peaceful panacea of the soul and how he evades the law with the ease of the expert politician. Brown Bottled Schlitz with Red Raven Splits made a few hops across the stage under the direction of Budweiser and Bass. Everybody sipped a little Beerine, Vodka, Tonica, Sherry, California Grape, Duffy's Malt, Kohlman's Korn, Apricot, Apple and Peach Brandy, Applejack, Persimmon Beer, Cider and Gordon Gin. Golden Cream as the Golden Gift of the Loyal Club was served and Rev. Champagne effervesced quite a funny after-dinner speech on the Rock and Rye road to a royal and radiant reputation. Sour Mash

77 explained the nine cents to make a gallon and the 90 cents to coax Uncle Sam. The Old Hunter raised up and told the Old Foresters how to find the juice for "medicinal purposes only" or for the great thirst of "snakebite." Old Jamaica Ginger let loose some fiery stuff that told in a statistical way the millions of gallons made and sold and the thousands of killings and fights caused by his enemy Whiskey. Ginger Ale figured that the money spent for drink would construct a plush-lined stairway into the portals of Kingdom Come and provide free transportation to all who desired to make the trip. Then it would build enough good roads to extend all over the land of America and have plenty to give Europe. It would send every child in the world to school, provide life and work for all the poor of the slums and tenements and convert the entire world to Christianity. On and on he went astounding the old soaks and speers that wallowed in the late volcanic disturbances. Mountain Dew began to rise or fall in regular Dewdrop fashion about the banqueters and although they came there in good old Whiskey Straight they were leaving more or less crooked.

Still it was a great success and all joined in to express in fullest Spirits the enjoyment of the occasion and their intention to make Whiskey a little more removed from corn and other ingredients that used to make the ropy-rich molasses brand of generations dead ago.

THE PROFESSIONS OF "WHO'S WHO."

In the one hundred and fifty-three sketches a close tabulation shows that sixty-five of them are Woodmen; fifty-seven Methodists; fifty-four Masons; forty-one Baptists; thirty Merchants; twenty-five Presbyterians; twenty Progressive Farmers; thirteen Knights of Pythias; ten Doctors; ten Preachers; nine Teachers; eight Salesmen; six Odd Fellows; five each of Red Men, Lumbermen, Shriners and Furniture Dealers; four each of R. F. D. Carriers, Cotton Buyers and K. O. T. M.; three each of Druggists, Opticians, Machinists, Dentists, Ginners, Pharmacists and Traveling Salesmen; two each of Carpenters, Mechanics, Jewelers, Millers, Contractors, Insurance Agents, Capitalists, Telegraph Operators, Telephone Managers, Railroad Agents, Barbers, Tax Assessors and members Christian Church and one each of Railroad Section Foreman, Blacksmith, Liveryman, Printer, Editor, Marshal, Butcher, College President, Cashier, Postmaster, Engineer, Supervisor and Cumberland Presbyterian.

The above is compiled according to the answers to my questions about their occupation. You will notice that the Blacksmiths, Machinists and Mechanics are rather mixed—but that is the form in the letters. With them all, Houlka is well represented in most all of the well known professions. Houlka is mighty proud of her big family and wishes for all of her sons the continuation of their successful lives for good to man and for the glory of the Divine Master who made it possible and who made it well.

THE CIRCULATION OF "HOULKA YESTERDAY TODAY"

Copies of this book will go to the Hawaiian Islands and into the following States: Oregon, Colorado, Illinois, Kentucky, Missouri, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, District of Columbia, Virginia, North and South Carolina, Alabama, Tennessee, Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana, Florida, Oklahoma and a "few" in good old Mississippi. It is very pleasing to me to know of this wide circle of friends and the book goes out with the hope that you will read it from cover to cover and from its pages gather a more kindly feeling for Houlka and her people. To all of you who have the patience to read every line—I thank you with all the heart and soul of a boy who wants to Help His Friends.

LAMENTED MEN AND WOMEN OF HOULKA

James Warren Alexander	Isbell Harris	Mrs. Madie D. Pulliam
William Baskin	Kelly Hobson	John McNeil Reed
Floyd Berry	R. T. Hobson	Dr. P. W. Rowland
Mrs. Emma Cook	W. M. Holladay	Miss Lucy Savely
Aquilla Delashmet	Claude Hollingsworth	Uncle Charlie Saxon
Bart Delashmet	John L. Howard	James Thompson
Milton Fleming	Mrs. Lucy Ivy	Lause Thompson
Mrs. M. Fleming	Jasper James	L. O. Towery
Caspar Fleming	Green Johnson	Mrs. J. S. Waldrop
Mrs. C. Fleming	F. Taylor Marion	William L. Walker
James Grimes	A. L. McJunkin	A. W. Westmoreland
Walker Hancock	Davis McJunkin	Will Whitehead
Warren Harrill	Willie McJunkin	Willie Wilson
William Harrill	Bankston Marion	Oliver Williams
Aunt Bet Harrill	George Marion	Elliot Williams

SOME OLD STANDBYS

It is a well-known fact that we could hardly "get along" without the colored people. Of course we could if we had to, but we don't and therefore.

We all know their loyalty, their love for the "white folks" who help them if they try to help themselves. Never in the history of the world did a race of people stand by their "Massa" and "Mistress" as did the Southern colored population during the awful years of War and Reconstruction. Many went to the front with the soldiers and the others stayed at home to forage and keep the men supplied with sufficient food. Houlka has her share of these loyal people and the following names are just a few that make up the better class:

UNCLES

Dave Turman
Louis Hobson
Mike Hobson
Ellison Hobson
Antony McConnell
Ned Beeson
Dol White
Sidney Love
Ike Gordon
Ephram Bugg
Clint Fountain
Jake Moore
Aleck Hill
Berry Hill
Wiley Ware
Sam Robinson
Alex Davis
Tillman Johnson
Wash Bean

Ann Nails
Easter Cummings
Cat Beeson
Jennie Cox
"Man Danie"
Liza Gordon
Dessie Cockrell
Sallie Townsend

Bob Williams
Will Tabb
Charlie Stubbs
Walter Coleman
Creed Fountain
John Townsend
Tom "Mike"
Frank Hobson
Nominee Cockrell

YOUNGER STANDBYS

Harry Bradford
Bluford Fitzpatrick
Bedford Hobson
Major Bugg
Dan Bugg
Will Bugg
Lee Bugg
Forest Bugg
Gus Evans
Ambrose Rogers
Twick Rogers
Dock Rogers
Frank Rogers
Burl Moore
Jake Moore, Jr.
Bud Beeson

Sock Nails
Floyd Nails
Andy Hedgespeth
Belia Bradford
Liny Moore
Martha Fitzpatrick
"Mot" Rogers
Kate Turman
Fannie Williams
Jo Coleman
Waddell Atkinson
Morris Thompson
Whit Reid
J. J. Reid
George Hedgespeth
Will Pickens Gregory
Ellis Jennings
Curry Montague
Jake Walls

AUNTIES

Ponie Isbell
Tabb Rogers
Harriet Hill
Rose White
Chanie Hill

These people have their churches and Sunday Schools and are as a whole very law-abiding and God fearing in their daily life. The Baptist Church at Macedonia is served very efficiently by Rev. W. H. Davidson of West Point. He is a remarkable example of what a colored man can do if he tries. His oratorical powers and his Scriptural interpretation are blended into a great work for his people. The Methodists at Houlka are served by the very original Rev. Wintes. Withal they are a very harmonious class.

LITTLE THINGS

The old saying that "little things count" is certainly a blessing to a sick man. It is especially true in the life of a boy who has been unable to walk for over two years.

It seems that everybody has been in to see him and from almost everywhere. In fact, during his sickness and on up to March 27, 1914, he has had 1777 visits—men, women, boys, girls, tots, both white and black, making a total of 597 people. That's some visitors; but not another sick man could have enjoyed their visits any more than he did. They have been his life, inspiration, happiness and education. Never has a visitor left his room without leaving some new thought that made the boy think—made him look deeper into the wonders and blessings of life, and brought new joys and happiness to his soul. So then, his visitors have been a great blessing—far more than they think—far more than he deserves—still they have been so kind, so good, so friendly, so interested in his recovery, that he can never thank them enough so long as he lives; but assures them that he appreciates their visits and the many other little kindnesses to the very utmost, and then another utmost.

Thru the almost twilight hours of his life; thru night after night and day after day of incessant pain, he has come now into the joys of convalescence—due solely to the skillful surgeons and to the devotion of his family and friends. How good it is to have friends—loved ones near you to do anything possible for you—sacrificing their energy, their money and every little thing that would make a boy happy and to keep him from thinking of pain.

To the nurses and doctors in the University of Virginia Hospital, where he was compelled to go under ether for an operation after a "grandstand" fall at Jackson, Miss.,—to the schoolmates of his at that institution and also at Ole Miss., he wishes to thank with one long-drawn-out "Thank you" that would reach around the world.

To his mother, Mrs. Annie Harrill Reed, whose careful attention, devotion and love for him has been his very life, there comes another "Thank you," reaching a billion times around. Besides this, she gets at least fifty thanks per day for the many things she does for him and especially her help in the preparation of this book.

To his brother and sister, Mac and Ruth, who have read to him, fed him, taken dictation, dosed him with water and lemonade, scrubbed his feet and laundered his ears, joked with him, laughed with him, filled him with grape juice and who have done for him all that he could ask or wish, some more thanks go their way.

To his grandmother, Mrs. Sallie A. Harrill, who has kept his room filled with the choicest flowers of her garden and his tum-tum filled with pop corn and peanuts from some mysterious bag in the attic; who has kept his fire going with the nicest pieces of kindling and blocks and who has brushed the naps out of his hair with all the tenderness of a lovable grandmother there comes a bushel of thanks and good measure.

To his Uncle O. M. Harrill, whose great big heart has overflowed with many hundred kindly actions to numbers and numbers of Houlka people,

besides his fatherly care for the sick boy and who has cheerfully furnished him with a very costly adjustable bed, electric lights, fan, waterworks, typewriter, encyclopedias and everything else he could think of for the boy's comfort and entertainment;—to his Aunt Hattie, who has prepared for him many little dainties of the pantry to put under his plaster cast, brought him fruits and sweetmeats from town, dosed him with vile "yarbs," scratched his back and otherwise helped him thru his two years of "loafing"—both of them he wishes to thank and keep on thanking without end.

To his Aunt Mary Pegues and her children, Willie, John Reed and Mary, who have all been so good to visit him, bring or send such nice fruits and cakes and help with many other little things of love and devotion;—to his cousin, Mrs. Raymond Trimble, and her husband, who have been so kind to help when his mother was away with a sick sister;—to his Aunt Emma Sadler, who has visited him and made for him cakes when almost unable to make the trip;—to his Uncle Sam Hodges, who has visited him with smiles, good cheer and books;—to all those friends who have been constant helps to him with their well-wishes and for all the little things they have sent him, he joyously exclaims "THANKS." ONCE MORE—THANKS.

To Harry Bradford, who has been with the Reed family for over thirty years, nursing this young man when he was a toddling baby; caring for him all thru his life of more happiness than gloom and having the absolute confidence of all the family; waiting on him from the time he came from the hospital up to this very minute, night and day and between times, always ready at the sound of a long and a short push button ring; who dresses his wounds with the care and ease of an expert; lifts him to a Morris chair or wheel chair when he wants to "change;" rubs him, scrubs him, loves him, shaves him, makes him behave, keeps woodbox stacked, grunts for him, hunts for him and does everything under the sun a man can do to help ease the pain of a "bum hippo" without a grumble or a grouch;—then to Belia Bradford, who cooks for him the nicest biscuit and ham, the soupiest soup, the lightest of bread, the tenderest of chicken and turkey, the sweetest tea-cakes, the egggiest eggs, the juiciest of potatoes and the best of every little thing she can find; who churns for him the milkiest milk and the yellowest butter and who is always ready to do anything for him at any hour of the day or night and who goes about it with all the happiness a soul could ever wish for—therefore to both he extends his sincere thanks and a big "red nicker."

So it is from day to day that he enjoys the big little things of his family and friends and never a night passes that he doesn't thank the great Giver of all Gifts with all the emotion and humbleness of his happy soul.

GADABOUT GOSSIPING

A tiny piece of "news" when it goes the rounds gathers more moss than it can conveniently carry. Some people's imagination is unlimited and when hear-say news begins to circulate it spreads like a bonfire—there is no end. Before it has gone far it looms into the longest and most alphabetical tale ever heard of—and cross your heart, it will have fuzz on it so thick and slimy that an anthropoidal animal would look at it in shame and a Protolithic dinosaur would go crazy with envy. A little added to what you have heard makes just that much more. Some of the most flat-footed, 23-jeweled six-cylindereed, ball bearing, 90-horse powered falsehoods have and always will spread over the country world without end. Possibly it is not meant to do harm, but it does and causes much grief and unhappiness.

JUL 21 1914

AFTERTHOUGHT

It has always been my ambition to be an author or an editor and now it has come to me in a small way in the publication of this book. The preparation of this work has taken much time and study—besides a great expense of dollars. Although every click of the typewriter has sent pain all through my “Caster Plast” I have enjoyed it and have come to love those whom I have written “up” with much more regard for their struggle upward than heretofore. I am sure that you will notice many mistakes, but thru it all I have tried to be as accurate as possible from the outlines I received from the men herein. Many may say “Why did he say this about so and so and not about the other fellow” and of course you are at liberty to criticise it just as you wish for if there were no criticisms the book wouldn’t be worth one cent. To write up these men and to try to get each as different as possible was “some job” and whatever I have said wrong about you please forgive a fellow who “meant well.” My thanks for your assistance in kindly answering my letters go to you with the love of a boy who thinks that a boost to the right man at the right time and especially before he has passed beyond is the best act man can ever do for his friends. I have tried to deliver the goods for your money’s worth and wishing all of you continued success and a happy life, I’m looking at you as the happiest boy in all the world,

RAD HARRILL REED.

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